



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

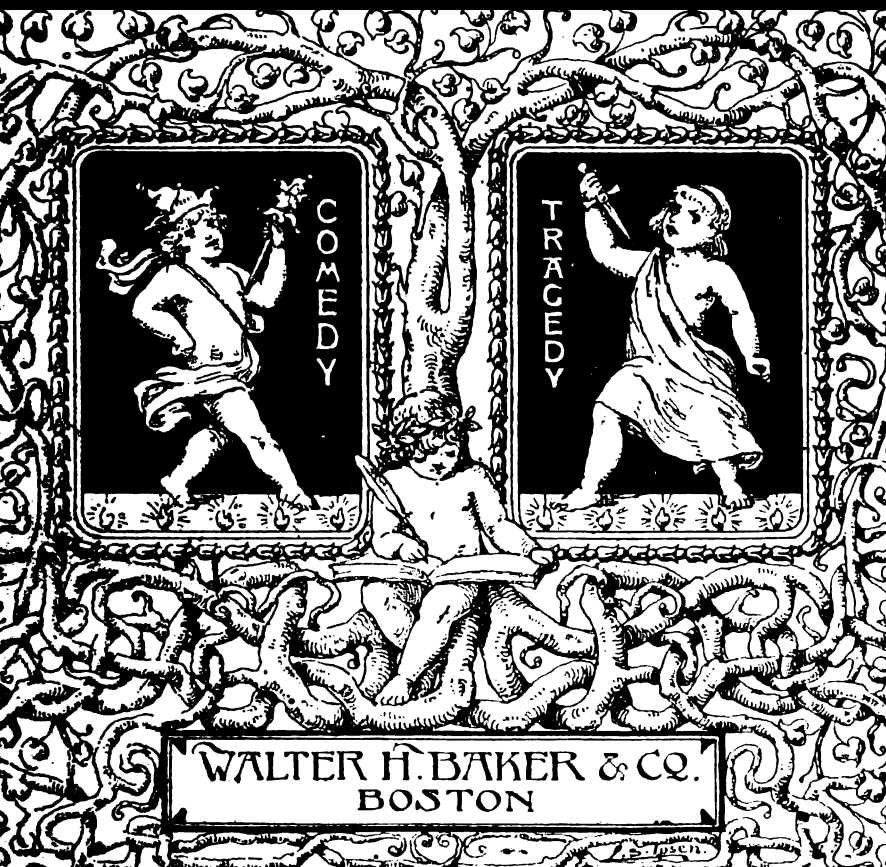
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



The Emigrants' Party

Jessie A. Kelley

DAL 2228.9.15

*

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

**FROM THE LIBRARY OF
FRANK EUGENE CHASE**

(CLASS OF 1876)

DECEMBER 3, 1920

Contents.

The Emigrants' Party.
Fun on the Bingville Branch.
Her Weekly Allowance.
Our Church Fair.
Miss Prim's Kindergarten.
The Pedlers' Parade.
The Revel of the Year.
Santa's Surprise.
Scenes in a Restaurant.
Squire Judkin's Apple Bee.
The Suffragettes' Convention.
Taking the Census in Bingville.
The Tramps' Convention.
The Village Post Office.

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

BAKER'S EDITION
OF PLAYS

The Emigrants' Party

Price, 25 Cents



COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

THE AMAZONS Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, not difficult. Plays a full evening.

THE CABINET MINISTER Farce in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Costumes, modern society; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

DANDY DICK Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours and a half.

THE GAY LORD QUEX Comedy in Four Acts. Four males, ten females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening.

HIS HOUSE IN ORDER Comedy in Four Acts. Nine males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE HOBBY HORSE Comedy in Three Acts. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery easy. Plays two hours and a half.

IRIS Drama in Five Acts. Seven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

LADY BOUNTIFUL Play in Four Acts. Eight males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, four interiors, not easy. Plays a full evening.

LETTY Drama in Four Acts and an Epilogue. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery complicated. Plays a full evening.

THE MAGISTRATE Farce in Three Acts. Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interior. Plays two hours and a half.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

The Emigrants' Party

An Entertainment Introducing Folk
Songs and Dances

By

JESSIE A. KELLEY

*Author of "The Village Post Office," "Taking the
Census in Bingville," "Tramps' Convention,"
"Peddlers' Parade," "Suffragettes' Con-
vention," etc., etc.*

BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1914

* The Emigrants' Party

CHARACTERS

FRANZ PIERROT, *French.*

HANS GRIMM

GRETCHEN, *his wife*

ELSA, *their daughter, ten years* } *Germans.*

ROBERT CAMPBELL

DONALD MACGREGOR } *Scotch.*

JAMES MACDOUGAL

PATRICK FLANNIGAN

MRS. FLANNIGAN

MICHAEL MURPHY } *Irish.*

BRIDGET SULLIVAN

ALGERNON HEATON

EDWARD RALEIGH } *English.*

LEE SING, *Chinese.*

REMUS STRONG

DINAH, *his wife*

CHLOE, *a child three years* } *Negroes.*

PIETRO MAZETTI

ROSA MAZETTI

ANTONIO LEVAGGI } *Italian.*

FRITZ SCHNEIDER

KATRINA SCHNEIDER, *his wife* } *Dutch.*

ABRAHAM GOLDSTEIN

REBECCA, *his wife*

MAX, *a son of twelve* } *Jews.*

ISAAC RUBENSTEIN

JACOB RUSACOW

FERDINANDO COLOMBO, *Spaniard.*

SUSANNE SMYTHE, *a society lady.*

CAPTAIN, DOCTOR, INSPECTOR, POLICEMAN, STOWAWAY.

More women and children of all nationalities may be added, preferably in costume, and they may take part in the concert. Other people, presumably from among first class passengers, may also come in at the time of the concert and take part. A group of Japanese maidens in kimonos might give a fan drill.



COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY WALTER H. BAKER & Co.

STAGE SETTING

The stage should be fixed to resemble the deck of a ship, and it may be as simple or as elaborate as desired. Life-buoys made from air-cushions covered with white and having a ship's name painted in black letters may be hung around. Water pails, camp stools, life-preservers, flags, pennants, sails reefed to masts with flags and lights suspended from rigging may all be used to advantage. Numerous ideas that may be easily carried out will suggest themselves to make the scene a realistic one.

COSTUMES

INSPECTOR and **DOCTOR** wear dark blue uniforms with brass buttons, caps with appropriate lettering.

POLICEMEN and **CAPTAIN** in uniform.

PATRICK and **MICHAEL** wear coarse laborer's attire, **MICHAEL** with red wig ; **BRIDGET**, very showy, cheap attire with enormous hat having straight feather standing upright ; **MRS. FLANNIGAN**, calico dress, shawl and bonnet.

DINAH any bright costume with red bandanna on head ; **CHLOE**, bright yellow or blue ; **REMUS**, old clothes with buttons off, holes, general shiftless appearance, but with tall hat and gloves.

SCOTCHMEN in plaid, kilt and cap.

CHINAMAN in regulation Chinese costume with queue.

SWEEP very dirty and ragged, smutty face.

ANTONIO and **PIETRO** in ordinary shabby clothes with soft black felt hats ; **ROSA** black velvet with red trimmings, scarf over head.

KATRINA, **GRETCHEN**, **ELSA**, full bright colored skirts, tight bodices with kerchiefs, stiffly starched, flaring white caps ; **HANS** and **FRTZ**, blue suits with big puffy trousers. **OTHERS**, any appropriate make-up, some with beards, wigs, old style hats, etc.

All have large cards pinned or tied on dress or coat. These the inspector examines and compares with his list for identification. All have numerous bundles tied up in quilts, newspapers, etc., the more grotesque the better, also old-fashioned bags of all sorts.

PROGRAM FOR CONCERT

A program is given in the text as a guide, but it may be varied or a totally different one given. The songs suggested are old familiar ones and may be found in almost any collection of songs. The recitations suggested are in "Werner's Readings and Recitations, No. 38. Dialect" (35c.), with the exception of "John Chinaman's Protest" and "Sockery's Kadacut Kat," which may be found in "Soper's Dialect Readings" (25c.). Folk songs and dances are found in "Folk Dances and Games" by Caroline Crawford (\$1.50), and "The Folk Dance Book" by C. W. Crampton (\$1.25). These books may all be obtained of Walter H. Baker & Co. Newer, popular airs of the day may be used, if desired, also chorus, quartette and duet work. A band or Victrola might be used, also accordion, harmonica, or cornet. The whole entertainment may be varied, less of the text used, women take the parts assigned to men in some instances, parts doubled and various other changes to suit the needs of the society giving the entertainment. Other songs are suggested below :—

SONGS FOR ENGLAND

Roast Beef of Old England.
God Save the King.

Rule Britannia.
The Country Pedler.

GERMANY

The Watch on the Rhine.
A Mighty Fortress is Our God.

FRANCE

The Angelus.

The Marseillaise.

SCOTLAND

Annie Laurie.
Auld Lang Syne.
Scotch Lassie Jean.

Blue Bells of Scotland.
Highland Laddie.
Robin Adair.

Campbells are Coming.

SPAIN

Ave Maria.

Spanish Cavalier.

IRELAND

Kathleen Mavourneen.
Low Backed Car.

Come Back to Erin.
Wearing of the Green.

NEGRO

Old Black Joe.
Dixie Land.

Nellie Gray.
My Old Kentucky Home.
Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground.

Other dialect recitations may be found in "Dick's Dutch, French and Yankee Recitations" (30c.), "Baker's Comic and Dialect Speaker" (25c.), and "Baker's Humorous Speaker" (25c.).

NOTES

Be careful to speak very slowly and distinctly, as dialect is rather hard to understand. Practice the story telling. A story is spoiled or made in the telling. Repeat the jokes, and give the audience time to get the points, also make the jokes local wherever possible. A good deal of fun may be made with a lunch feature; the Germans with sausages and pretzels, Irish with potatoes, Italians with macaroni, Frenchman with frog, etc. The detection of smugglers, bringing in local hits, is another good feature. Men and women may be talking in groups, children playing, some half asleep nodding in chairs, others lying down. Put all the action possible into it, but be careful that there is no noise or confusion to prevent the audience from hearing what is said.

ABRAHAM GOLDSTEIN. For vy?

PAT. Becuz the devil wud niver think uv loking for an Oirishman in a Jew's graveyard.

ROB. (*to DONALD MACGREGOR*). Why are you sa quiet, mon? Are you afeerd you are going to dee?

DON. Tut, tut, mon, I ha' same false teeth, dinna ye ken, an' I'm afeerd o' wearin' thim oot if I talk ower mooch.

FERDINANDO COLOMBO. You lika a mana I knowa. Too meana to getta haira cutta, wait tilla colda weather, den he wetta his haira (*goes through motions*), wenta outa doora tilla haira froza harda, den he breaka his haira off. Save da mona.

EDWARD RALEIGH (*very bald headed*). Hi come hover hin the steerage to save the money, but Hi'll not do hit hagain. Hi hexpected to find some bugs, but when Hi find them has large has this Hi don't hintend to sleep with them.

(*Holds up very large toy bug.*)

ABRA. My votch stopped last night.

ANTONIO LEVAGGI. Whatta da matta?

ABRA. A bedbug got between de ticks.

(*ED. scratches head furiously.*)

FRITZ (*to ED.*). Vy don't you chase dem out in de open? You can't catch dem der.

MICH. Phwat are yez doin' annyway? Picking thim out?

ED. No, Hi ham not picking them hout, Hi ham taking them has they come.

BRID. Oi'd loike to be axin' yez wan question, Mister Raleigh.

ED. What his hit?

BRID. Oi'd loike to be axin' yez if yez hev to toie a sthring around yer head to be after knowin' how hoigh up to wash yer face?

ED. This his what comes hof coming hover hin this beastly place. Hi'll not stand hit. Hit's devilish.

KAT. How vos you dare to swear pefore me?

ED. Hexcuse me, Hi didn't know you wanted to swear first, Dutchy.

JAMES MACDOUGAL. Dinna ye ken, mon, the everlastin' bliss that cooms to a' those wha' swair not at a'—everlastin' bliss, mon.

PAT. An' begorra, it's everlasting blister to those who do swear, everlastin' blister, man aloive.

FRANZ. Zay, Pat, deed you hear zee news?

PAT. No, Frenchy. Phwat wuz it?

FRANZ. Ze devil, he die last night.

PAT. (*taking penny from pocket*). Is thot so? Here thin is sum money fur yez. Me fayther tould me niver to pass an orphan in distriss.

FRANZ. By zee looks of zee face I theenk you had bettaire save zee money.

PAT. Phwat's the matter wid me face? Shure, a man can't choose his face, nor his hair, nor his oiyes. He's lucky if his woife will let him pick his teeth.

FERD. Signor Flannigan is—what you calla eet? Patriotic. He wear de color of the country he go to.

PAT. How is thot?

FERD. (*pointing*). You hava de redda nosa, de whita tie, an' de bluea eyea.

PAT. Shure Oi can't be hilping me red nose aiyther.

JACOB RUSACOW. I dell you how you vos cure dot nose of peing red.

PAT. How?

JACOB. Shoost keeb on drinkin' dill it vill grow burple.

PAT. Did anny of yez iver see me wid more than Oi cud carry?

MRS. FLANNIGAN. Shure, Oi've often seen yer wid a load you should hev made several trips after.

(*Laughter.*)

MICH. Oi say, Pat, phwat's the difference betwane you an' the moon?

PAT. Oi dunno.

MICH. The moon is full wanst a munth an' yez are full ivery noight. Say, Pat (*laying hand on PAT.'s shoulder*), Oi was radin' jist the other day how a man was so full uv alcohol that whin he wint to blow out a candle his breath tuk foire an' he wuz blown to paces.

PAT. Hear me say it, Moike, hear me say it! His breath tuk foir! Shure Oi'll niver doie that death annyhow. Listen to me, b'ys. Oi, Patrick Flannigan, knowin' me grate wake-ness, dapely sinsible of me past sins, an' the grate danger Oi've bin in, hereby take me solemn oath that so long as Oi loive, under no circumstances phwativer will Oi, listen, b'ys, blow out a candle agin.

(*Laughter.*)

HANS. Keeb still. Der docther ees comin' ub.

GRETCHEN (*very seasick*). Vill you dell me vot don't come ub on dis poat.

Enter DOCTOR.

DOC. (*to GRET.*). What's the matter? Weak stomach?

GRET. Vot for you dink I haf weak stomach? Vosn't I throwing it as hard as anypody?

FRITZ. Dat vas one queer ting! All de passengers vas heaving an' if dot vosn't enough de captain gave de order for de ship to *heave* too.

DOC. (*to REBECCA*). How do you feel to-day?

REB. I don't feel preddy vell. I haf a horse in my throat.

(Hand at throat.)

ABRA. Dot ish not right. She mean she haf a colt in her head.

DOC. (*laughing*). She must be a horse jockey. A *horse* in her throat and a *colt* in her head. (*Goes to PAT.*) You're not looking very well.

PAT. Bejabbers, no, Oi hed sich a headache in the noight thet begorra Oi couldn't lift me head from the pillar till Oi hed got up and walked around the room a bit.

DOC. Do you ever wash your eyes out?

PAT. Shure, an' Oi do ivery marning.

MICH. Howly Moses, how do yez iver git thim in agin?

(ISAAC edges up to DOC.)

DOC. (*to ISAAC*). What do you want?

ISAAC. Would you gif me anodder eye?

DOC. Give you another eye? Where do you want it? In the back of your head so you can see the money faster?

ISAAC. No, no, I hear der vas one great game in America call dey paseball but it costs a tollar ter see dey game.

DOC. Well, how would another eye help you?

ISAAC (*holding up middle finger*). I would like it right on de end of dis finger den I could shoost shove it through the knot-hole in dey fence und see der game for noddings.

DOC. Why don't you spend a dollar? What are you saving your money for, anyway?

ISAAC. Mine little nephew here he haf a birthday next week und I vant to puy him a present.

DOC. What are you going to get him—a tricycle?

ISAAC. How much dey cost?

DOC. About twenty dollars.

ISAAC. Too much money.

DOC. Buy him a bicycle then.

ISAAC. How much dey cost?

DOC. Oh, about fifteen dollars.

ISAAC. Too much, too much. I tink I vait till de winter and get him an icicle.

REB. Vell, perhaps ve vill wash de windows und let him look out to celebrate. De poor poy ish not very well, doctor.

DOC. (*examining tongue*). I think he has worms.

ABRA. Vell, now, Rebecca, you always say, "Vy ish it ven you go fishing you take Max und not Ikey?"

REB. Vell, vy ish it?

ABRA. Didn't you hear de dochter say Max had de vornus, and don't you vant de vornus when you go fishin'?

ALG. Noah couldn't 'ave fished much when 'e was in the hark.

FRANZ. Why ees zat?

ALG. 'E 'ad honly two worms, 'adn't 'e?

ANTONIO (*to DOC.*). You tola me to putta de musta plasta on my chesta. I have no chesta so I putta heem on my trunka. Is data alla righta?

DOC. What was the matter with you?

ANTONIO. I hava de haya fever.

DOC. Hay fever!. Where did you get that?

ANTONIO. I danca with grassa widow.

DOC. Well, when you get ashore you better go to a bath house and buy some bath tickets. You can get ten tickets for a dollar and then you can have ten baths.

ANTONIO. I do notta wanta tenna teeckits. Tenna teeckits lasta tenna year. Perhaps I notta liva tenna year.

JACOB. I vent to a bath vonst. Ven I cum home I say to mine vife, "I haf lost mine vest." "How did you do so?" she say. "I don't know, it vas lost in der bath. Ven I dress mineself I could not find it." De next year I go to the bath. I cum home und say to mine vife, "Vot you dink? I haf found mine vest." "Vere did you find him?" she say. "Unter mine shirt," I tell her, und it vas lost von year und I neffer know ver it vas.

DOC. (*to FRANZ*). How are you, Franz?

FRANZ. Zee pills you left me, doctaire, I puts zem in zee

pocket and in zee night I put zee hand in zee pocket and swallow seex of them so queeck before I find out zay was zee collar-buttons instead of zee pills. Zat is bad. What shall I do, doctaire ?

DOC. That's all right. You've swallowed the collar-buttons, now just swallow a handful of button-holes and it will fix it. (To REB.) You seem to be coughing a good deal. (*Thumps her chest a little.*) I'm afraid you have pneumonia.

ABRA. (*wringing hands*). You are the most oxtrovagant woman I effer see. Vy couldn't you get a less expensive disease? Oxtrovagant family, her brudder just like her.

ISAAC. Where is her brudder now?

ABRA. He vas deat.

ISAAC. Vot for he die?

ABRA. He vos sick an' ve didn't know vot vas dey truble an' de doctor gife him an examination an' he say he got "a pen on the seatus" und dey got to put him in de hospital und make an operation on him, so dey took him to de hospital und cut him from de stumick to dey back and he didn't find "a pen on the seatus" at all. All dey found vas an absince, und dey sewed him up again mit cord und he die. Den dey put him in a box mit de sign "Opened by mistake" on de outside.

DOC. (*to MICH.*). Did you take the medicine I told you to?

MICH. Shure Oi did, an' Oi thought Oi wuz kilt entoirely.

DOC. Did you take just the amount I told you to—just what you could put on a dime?

MICH. Oi didn't have a doime—Oi used two nickels instid.

DOC. Are you crazy, man? I wonder it didn't kill you.

MICH. Shure, Oi thought if Oi wasn't living this marnin' Oi'd be ded.

DOC. Weren't you afraid to meet your maker?

MICH. No, indade, dochter; it wuz the other gintleman Oi wuz afrade to mate.

GRET. (*taking ELSA to DOC.*). I dink mein fraulein look seeck.

DOC. (*examining ELSA*). Looks like measles or mumps.

GRET. Vat is de diff'rence between de measle und de mump?

DOC. In the mumps you shut up and in the measles you break out. (*BRID. squirms about as if in great pain.*) Well, well, some one else sick. What is the matter with you?

BRID. Shure, docther, Oi swallered a purtater bug an' Oi tuk some parres grane to kill the craythur but he's still raisin' mischafe insoide of me.

DOC. (to DON.). What are you looking so blue about?

DON. Rabert here tauld me last nict tha' I couldna' swaller ae aig withoot braiking the shell.

DOC. Did you do it?

DON. I did, an' noow if I jump about dinna ye ken I'll braik the shell an' cut me stomach wi' the pieces and if I stay quiait the thing'll hatch oot and I'll have a Shanghai rooster clawing me insides.

DOC. I think I'll leave. Too many new diseases for me.

[Exit.

ANTONIO (to PAT.). I betta youa I coulda swallow youa.

PAT. Swaller me! Bejabbers Oi'd loike to see yez thry it.

ANTONIO. Alla righta. You laya downa on seata, take offa boota.

(PAT. does so. ANTONIO bites PAT.'s toe.)

PAT. Och, howly Moses, ye're boiting me.

ANTONIO. Wella, you olda foola, deed you thinka I goa swallow you whola? I maka youa another betta. I betta I maka youa geet outa chaira before I aska you twica.

PAT. Oi'll bet yez can't. (Sits in chair.)

ANTONIO. Alla righta. Geeta uppa.

PAT. Oi'll not.

ANTONIO. Wella, staya thera till I aska you againa.

(Goes off. Laughter.)

REMUS STRONG (to DINAH, who has mirror in hand and is putting stuff on face). Fo de Lo'd! What you doin' with mah shoe-blackin', Dinah?

DINAH. Dis ain't yoah shoe-blackin', you fool niggah. Dis mah massage cream.

CHLOE. Dah Lo'd shoe-polished me real good 'fore he sent me to yo', didn't he, mammy?

DINAH. Doan yo' care, mah honey. Yo's white inside and yo' jest as smart as dat po' white trash. You just show these people how smart you be an' I'll give you something powerful good.

CHLOE. Will you give me some bread an' 'lasses?

DINAH. Yo' mustn't say 'lasses. Yo' must say mo'lasses.

CHLOE. How's I gwine to say mo'lasses when I ain't had none yet?

DINAH. Tell dese white trash de four seasons an' I'll give you some 'lasses.

CHLOE (*finger in mouth*). Pepper, mustard, salt and vinegar.

MRS. F. Shure, she's a dear little craythur. She makes me thoink of me little Annie. Shure, she's the tinder-hearted little gurril. She'd knock yer brains out wid a famp uv a stone if she saw you just hurtin' a fly.

ABRA. (*to MAX*). Now, Max, you shoost show them how mooch you know. How many vas twice two?

MAX. Tervice two ish six.

ABRA. No, no, six vas too mooch.

MAX. Don't I know dot, fadder, already some time ago. I shoost said six so dot you could peat me down to four.

JACOB. Dot poy will be a pizness success.

ABRA. Yes, ven you zell a coat to a man vat wants a coat, dot's noddings, but ven you zell a coat to a man vot don't vant a coat, dot's pizness. You tell him dot coat cost you elefen tollars and you zell it for three. He ask you vy you afford to zell it for three, und you say, "Mine friendt, I zell so many, zat's where I make," and he take the coat.

JACOB. I go in the clothing peezeess, but I don't know how to make the prices on the bapers vot you put on the clothes.

PIETRO MAZETTI. Dat maka no diff'rence. Maka one dotta lika dis (*making dot on paper*) for one dolla, two dotta for two dolla and lika thata. I do thata waya. One daya whena I ees awaya from the stora a whila I missa a coata an' I say to my mana, "Whera ees da coata watta hanga on dees hooka?" "Eet is solda," he saya. "How much mona you getta?" "Twenty dolla." "No, no, I say dat coata was marka four dolla." "No," he say, "eet was marka twenty dolla." "Getta tagga," I say. He getta tagga, I looka at it, I smila an' I saya, "Blessa dat little flya. He maka dos'other dotta."

ABRA. Von day a man shoost prought back a suit of clothes and say dot der buttons come off the first time he vore it. "Yes," I say, "so many peoples admire dot coat dat you swell mit pride and bust dose buttons off." Den I call to mine wife, "Rebecca, don't let Rachel come out; dis shentleman looks too enticing in dot new suit of clothes." Den I say, "I

change it if you vos like"; but he would not part mit it for noddings.

ISAAC. It ish hard to blease some beoples. I zell a man a coat for tree tollars. He bring it back and say it was full of moth. I ask him what he oexpect for tree tollars—humming birds?

JACOB. Vot you say if a customer ask you if dos vool clothes will shrink?

ABRA. If dey are too beeg for him they vill shrink, if they vos not too beeg they vill not shrink one mite.

ISAAC. I don't know vat I do mit mineself ven I get to der land.

JACOB. I know a rich girl vat wants ter get married. Get a path, clean yourself ub and she'll marry you in a minute.

ISAAC. Y-a-a-s—but subbose I clean mineself ub und she von't marry me. Too beeg a risk, I tink.

MICH. Oi'm going to jine the union.

PAT. The union! An' phwat is thet?

MICH. Shure, yez pay so much a wake an' if you don't like yer job yez just quit yer wurrk an' all the others will stop out of sympathy wid yez.

PAT. How do yez git their sympathy so aisy?

MICH. That's aisily done. We ax a phrenologist phwat part ay the head has the bump of sympathy an' thin we jist go at thim wid clubs an' make the bump very big.

MRS. F. A foine way an' it must be a foine counthry. Phwat koinde of wurrk do yez be doin', Moike?

MICH. Oi wurrk on the strate. Shure there's lots of folks thet loive in foine houses thot dig in the strates loike meself and they're afther bein' so proud uv it thot they put their name on a board forninst their house with M. D. after it. At first I couldn't understand phwat it meant, so I inquired uv a gintleman an' he smoiled like everything an', says he, M. D., mud-digger of course, so bejabbers Oi jist went home an' put me name on a board with M. D. afther it and put it out forninst me house. Ain't I jist as good a mud-digger as anny wan of thim?

ANTONIO. I stucka in de mudda onca.

MICH. How fur in wuz yez?

ANTONIO. Uppa to mya knee.

MICH. Why didn't yez walk out?

ANTONIO. No, no, I canna walka out. I wronga enda uppa.

MICH. Oi fell into a deep hole onct. The boss called down, "Arrah, Moike, are yez kilt entoirely? If ye're dead, spake." "No," says Oi, "Oi'm not dead, but Oi'm spachless." "Who'll we sind to brake the news gradual to your paypil?" says he. "Sind Hooligan, he'll do it gradual," says Oi. "Do ye moind how he stutters?"

JAMES. How mooch do ye airn the day?

MICH. Three dollars.

JAMES. How mooch the week?

MICH. Three dollars.

JAMES. I thought ye ha' three dollars the day?

MICH. Shure Oi did. Wan day a wake is enough to wurk.

DON. Dinna ye ken, mon, thot ye aight to puit the dillers in the bank?

MICH. If Oi put my money in the bank whin cud Oi draw it out agin?

FRITZ. If you pud it in to-day you vos can get it to-morrow by giving a fordnight's notice.

ABRA. Ven I get married I gife mein vife a bank and I say, "Efery time I kiss you, Rebecca, I vill gife you a tollar, so efery time I kiss her I pud a dollar in her bank. When we open de bank I find two dollar and four fife dollar bills, und I say, "Rebecca, how ees dis? I only gif you a tollar at a time." "Yes, but odder beoples are not so stingy like you vos," she dell me.

PAT. Oi hev a paper. Oi think Oi'll be seeing if annybody is looking fur me to wurrk for them. (*Reads from paper.*) "Oi hev two noice airy bedrooms for gintlemen twenty-two fate long an' ten fate wide." Begorra, they must be giants in this counthry we're a-comin' to. (*Reads.*) "Wanted, a bright smart young man to be partly outside the store and partly behind the counter."

MRS. F. Shure, Oi'm thoin' it's a quare counthry. Partly outsoide the store and partly behind the counter. Don't yez go to thot place, Pat; they moight be cutting yez in two paces.

PAT. (*reading*). Widdy in very comfortable circumstances wishes to marry at onct two sons.

FRANZ. Eet ees zee Mormon.

PAT. Here's a chance for yez, Bridget. (*Reads.*) A farmer wants a woman to wash, iron and milk two cows.

BRID. Shure, an' Oi'll not take that job. Oi'm willin' to

milk the craythers but Oi'm not willin' to wash an' iron thim. It's strange notions they do be havin' in this counthry.

PAT. How would yez loike this? (*Reads.*) A woman for light house work.

BRID. Ain't a lighthouse wan of thim staples on a rock? Oi'd be afrade Oi couldn't git ashore fur me Thursdays.

PAT. Here's a job fur yez, Frenchy. (*Reads.*) Man wanted to bite the wings off of flies and sell them for currants. 'Thot would be a foine job.

FRANZ. Yes, eet ees good.

PAT. Here is a job for yez, Heaton.

ALG. What his hit?

PAT. (*reading*). Wanted, a kitchen oculist.

ALG. What his that? A kitchen oculist?

PAT. Bejabbers, it must be wan thot digs the oiyes out uv purtaters. (*Reads.*) Wanted, a man with a wooden leg to mash purtaters. Raleigh, you kin take thot and kape Heaton company in the kitchen. (*Reads.*) Wanted, a barber who will shave wan soide fur five cents.

FRITZ. Von side? Vich side?

PAT. The outsoide, uv course.

FRITZ. I vos goin' to make de sausage in Ameriky.

ROB. You canna maik sausage a dog would eat, mon.

FRITZ. De sausage it all right. Noddings matter mit sausage only dog von't eat dog, see?

KAT. Be sure to kill your dogs first, Fritz. You remember dot time you machine it squeak and groan and squeal an' dey policeman come in and dell you, "Hey, Fritz, dos sausage vill be shoost so goot eef you vill kill de dogs before you vos grind them."

MRS. F. Shure, Oi'm hoping to git some washin' to take in. Do yez know, Moike, where Mrs. Finnegan who used to loive in Tipperary is loiving now? She wrote me she'd be afther gitting me some washing.

MICH. Mrs. Finnegan, the wash woman?

MRS. F. The same wan.

MICH. I don't know where she loives but she hangs out on Water Street.

PAT. We'll hev to be foinding a pig first thing an' Oi'll hev to get some boards an' build a pigstye under de parlor window.

FRANZ. Zat ees one quaire place to build zee pigstye. Why do you put eet zair?

PAT. To kape the pig in, uv course.

ABRA. Shoost save de money, mine friendt, don't puil dot pigstye.

PAT. Phwat will Oi do?

ABRA. Shoost tie a knot in de pig's tail and dot vill be a pig's tie, von't it?

PAT. Begorry, Oi'll do it. The Jews are wan smart people. They know how to save the money.

ABRA. I dells you anodder way to save de money.

PAT. Phwat's thot?

ABRA. Shoost get a house near de railroad track, go out efery day und make faces like dot. (*Makes up face.*) Dat engineer he get mad, throw coal at you. You go pick it up, you don't haf to puy coal to burn.

PAT. That's a foine idee but Oi niver could make up such a face as that. (*Makes up numerous faces.*) Oi'm afrade Oi can't wurrk thot.

REMUS. Mah cousin said he'd get mah a job as a diamond cutter.

HANS. You wouldn't know how vos to cut diamonds.

REMUS. I sure does. Doan I know how to cut grass?

HANS. Grass vas not diamonds.

REMUS. But they's grass on a baseball diamond, ain't they, so doan I cut da diamond?

BRID. Begorra, Oi wisht Oi hed a place. Julia, me cousin, tells me uv so miny quare doin's uv her mistriss thot me heart is in me mouth entoirely. She ses as how her mistriss is thot fond of rading thet she ivin cooks out uv a book. She tould her wan day to cook the mate in the spider an' the poor gurr! spint a whole hour down in the cellar among the cobwebs before she cud foind wan big enough, an' she jist got to her wurrk whin thot mistriss called an' axed her would she bring in a cricket so out she wint and hunted and hunted but nary a wan could she foind so she wint in an' axed if anny other boog would do; she cud get a grasshopper aisy. An' phwat do yez think it wuz she wanted all the toime? Jist a little stool. Such hay-thenish names. And the spider, would yez belave it, was a kittle.

Mrs. F. Och, Bridget, Oi'm afrade we'll be sorry we lift ould Ireland. You'll be missing yer fine beaus.

BRID. Julia says whiniver I git lonesome fur gintlemin's society, to pour plinty of coffee grounds down the sink poipes an' it will sthop up the poipes.

KAT. Vot for you do dot?

BRID. Shure, she says, thin the mistriss has to send for a plumber an' a carpenter an' ye're shure of gentlemin's company fur the nixt few days.

GRET. Vos de black ants make trouble in Ameriky?

BRID. No, but I hear the white uncles do. Oh, the mistrisses do be foinding a lot uv fault. Julia said she made some foine lukin' poies wid a pretty mark all round the edge and the loidy say, "Where did you git thet pretty design thot you mark the pies wid, Julia?" "Indade, ma'am, Oi jist done it wid me tathe," an' would you belave it the mistriss wuz thot mad she ordered her to remove it from the table at wanst and they had a table full uv company, too. Thin she says to Julia, "You may bring in the nuts if you have cracked them." "Yis, ma'am," says Julia, rale peaceful loike, "Oi've cracked all but thim big walnuts an' it'll take stronger jaws than mine to manage thim, but Oi got the others cracked wid me tathe all right," and thin she was mad agin. Thin she's always axin' Julia if they's nails in her shoes, till Julia says wan mornin', "If you plaze, ma'am, there is nails in me shoes." "What kind of nails?" ses she. "Toe-nails," ses Julia. Whist! here's the captain wid wan uv thim swell loidies now.

Enter CAPTAIN and SUSANNE SMYTHE.

CAPT. This is the quarter-deck.

SUS. Oh, indeed, have you no fifty cent deck? What a shame! (*Grabs CAPT.'s arm.*) Oh, didn't the boat strike something then? Will we go down?

CAPT. Can't say as to that, ma'am. Depends on the kind of a life you've led.

JACOB. Mine koodness! Ish de ship going to sink?

ABRA. Vell, let it sink. Vot do we care? Ve don't own it. After all life is bud a dream.

ISAAC. Nod much id aind. In efery dream I efer had I vas gettin' more money den I could spend.

CAPT. (*to SUS.*) You never saw a clock like this before. It will run three months without winding.

FERD. Christo-Colombo, I vonder how long de clocka would runna if itta was wounda uppa.

CAPT. And this picture is a work of art; it cost five hundred dollars.

SUS. How lovely!

ABRA. Imbossible! Dat picture no more den ten inches

vide and I got mine whole store front bainted for four tollars und a haf.

FRANZ. Why do zee captaine take zee long, long step?

JAMES. To save his shoes, mon!

REB. (*with MAX by hand going to CAPT.*). Vot time de train leave for Kansas?

CAPT. Five o'clock.

(REB. and MAX sit down.)

PAT. (*to CAPT.*). How fur is it to Truro?

CAPT. Twenty miles.

PAT. Faith, we'll niver be able to walk there the day.

MRS. F. Och, Pat, shure thot's not much. Twinty moiles; that's only tin apiece; we kin do thot aisy.

(REB. and MAX again go up to CAPT.)

REB. Vot time de train leave for Kansas?

CAPT. I told you five o'clock. (REB. and MAX sit down again.) Did you people hear the thunder in the night?

MICH. Did it raily thunder?

PAT. It thundered as if hivin an' airth would come together.

MICH. Why didn't ye wake me thin for you know Oi can't slape a wink whin it thunders.

(REB. and MAX again go to CAPT.)

REB. Vot time de train leave for Kansas?

CAPT. (*angrily*). That's the third time you've bothered me asking the same question. Now, don't bother me again.

REB. I vouldn't pother you so much, but leetle Max here he say you move your mouth so funny he like to hear you say it.

DINAH (*with envelope and stamp in hand*). Do Ah put this stamp on maself?

CAPT. No, you'd better put it on the envelope.

ALG. His the train to Burlington halways behind time?

CAPT. No, it is usually behind the engine.

SUS. I've been invited to go sailing this summer and I'm going to buy a lot of starboard and port tacks to take with me. They seem to use so many of that kind of tacks on yachts.

[*Exeunt CAPT. and SUS.*]

FRANZ. Zee time ees so long, I zay let us have one concert

to make zee time to fly. Let us seeng, let us dance, let us speak zee piece.

FRITZ. Dot vos one goot idee.

PAT. Bejabbers, jist the thing !

ED. You be master hof ceremonies, Frenchy.

FRANZ. Zee maistaire of zee ceremony. What ees zat ?

ED. Hask the folks to speak, to sing, to dance.

FRANZ. I will do zat with pleasaire.

(FRANZ asks different ones to sing, dance, etc. *Emigrants clap performers, make remarks between selections, etc. The following program is simply a suggestion and may be varied or changed entirely. Other suggestions are to be found in the front part of the book.*)

PROGRAM FOR CONCERT

Irish Song. *The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls.*

Spanish Recitation. *Christo Colombo.*

Darky Banjo Song. *Way Down Upon De Swanee River.*

Dance. *Highland Fling, or Scottish Folk Dance.*

Irish Recitation. *Mr. Dooley on the Grip.*

Violin Solo. *Hebrew.*

Italian Recitation. (*Man with hand organ, girl with tambourine.*) *Da Strit Pianna.*

Dance. *Irish Jig, or Irish Folk Dance.*

Darky Lullaby. (*Colored woman with baby.*) *Waitin' for the Moon.*

Irish Recitation. (*Woman.*) *Bridget McFine.*

Spanish Song. *A Spanish Cavalier.*

Japanese Fan Drill.

Scotch Song. *Annie Laurie.*

German Folk Dance.

Dutch Recitation. *Sockery's Kadacut Kat.*

French Song. *The Marseillaise.*

Darky Cake Walk.

English Song. *Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes.*

HANS (*looking out of window*). Here ve vos in dot harbor at last. Och, mein cracious, look at dot beeg puilding. I vish I own dot puilding.

FRITZ. If you did, vould you gif me haf ?

HANS. No, I vould not ; you can make your own vishes.

PAT. Look at the litters on it. I. O. O. F. Phwat does thim litters mane?

MICH. I. O. O. F. Shure, it must be the height of the building. 100 fate.

PAT. Uv course. (*Excitedly.*) Bejabbers, will yez look at thot thing?

MICH. They do be callin' thot an electric car.

PAT. Wid no horses to pull it! Bejabbers, the Ould Nick himsilf must be pullin' it wid a stroing.

FRANZ. And what ees zat zing?

MICH. They call thim things automobiles. Shure an' yez want ter look out sharp for thim too. I wuz standin' near the car track wan day whin I saw wan of thim bastely things comin' up the strate, so I stipped to wan soide, out uv the way, and the front of it wint by me all right, but the back of it swung round and knocked me down. Now, phwat do yez thoin' of thot? Whin yez stand in front uv thim they run over yez an' whin yez git out of the way to let thim pass, they turn around an' kick yez.

PIETRO. I fraida to goa on dat landa.

MICH. Onct I wuz in wan of thim wid the boss whin it run over a man an' a strame uv blue cum runnin' out of him. "Oh, begorra," says Oi, "it'll go harrud wid us. We've killed wan of thim blue-blooded Yankees." We jumped out quick and found he wasn't hurt at all, at all, had only broke a bottle of blueing he hed in his pocket; but bejabbers it give me wan turrible froight, I wuz that afraid it wuz his blue blood.

Enter CAPT., DOC., INSPECTOR, POLICEMEN.

(*INSPECTOR has large sheets of paper, examines tag on each immigrant and compares with his paper. DOC. goes around looking at eyes, skin, etc., for symptoms of disease. CAPT. and DOC. sign the INSPECTOR'S large paper. Immigrants crowd up with their numerous bundles, POLICEMEN drive them back repeatedly. STOWAWAY, a London chimney sweep, appears, also CHINAMAN who tries to keep out of sight.*)

CAPT. (*to STOW.*) Where did you come from, you young rascal?

STOW. Hi was behind the pork barrel 'iding.

CAPT. What am I going to do with you? Take you back with me?

STOW. Please, Mister Captain, don't take me back.

MRS. F. The poor crayther is wake from hunger. Here (*giving boy a chunk of bread*) take this, me bye, an' Oi'm thinkin' the koind-hearted captain will let yez land wid the rist uv us.

INSPECTOR (*to HANS*). Name?

HANS. Hans Grimm.

INSPECTOR. Married?

HANS. Yes.

INSPECTOR. Any children?

HANS. Elefen. Ten lifing und von married.

INSPECTOR (*writing*). Let me see, this is the thirtieth?

HANS (*who has ELSA by hand*). No, no, I shoost dell you I haf elefen children. Dis is der elefenth one.

INSPECTOR. I meant the thirtieth of the month.

(*INSPECTOR runs over paper quickly saying, "light hair, blue eyes, five feet ten inches," etc., consulting tag which they have on and comparing for identification.*)

DOC. (*to DINAH*). Open your mouth and let me see your throat. (*DINAH opens mouth very wide.*) You needn't open it so wide. I intend to stay outside. You're all right.

(*Passes on to others.*)

INSPECTOR (*to ABRA.*). Name?

ABRA. Abraham Goldstein.

INSPECTOR. This your wife?

ABRA. Yes, dot ish mine vife.

INSPECTOR. She's not very beautiful.

ABRA. Mine vife ish not beautiful weezout, but she ish beautiful weezin.

ANTONIO. Why notta turna her insida outa thena?

ABRA. Beauty ish only skin deep.

FRANZ. You might skeen her zen.

INSPECTOR. What is your boy's name?

ABRA. Max.

INSPECTOR. Why do you call him Max?

ABRA. Vell, because dot ish his name.

INSPECTOR. He's a bright looking boy. (*To MAX.*) You may be president of this country some day. Every boy here has an equal chance. You have your chance.

MAX. Mister, I vill sell you mine chance for a quarter.

INSPECTOR. What, wouldn't you like to be president?

MAX. I vould radder pe der secretary of de treasury.

(POLICEMAN *puts arm around* BRID.)

INSPECTOR (*to* BRID.). Why do you let that policeman put his arm around you?

BRID. Shure, it's against the law to resist an officer, ain't it?

INSPECTOR (*to* FRANZ). Married?

FRANZ. I am goeing to meet zee bride in zis country.

INSPECTOR. Been married before?

FRANZ. Seex times.

INSPECTOR. Six times! That's a good many times.

FRANZ. Yes, if zee Lord will take zem I will furnish zem.

INSPECTOR. I think you act crazy.

FRANZ. No, no, not crazy. Zee trouble ees my last wife make me sleep under zee crazy quilt.

INSPECTOR (*reading*). Condition of health. Have you any disease?

FRANZ. I walk in zee sleep.

POLICEMAN. Begorry, Oi wisht me brother could. He'd be on the force now.

INSPECTOR (*to* FRITZ *who has on very short pants*). Guess there's been a death in your family.

FRITZ. No, der vos not.

INSPECTOR. What are you wearing your pants at half mast for then? You must be going to college. What is your occupation?

FRITZ. Sailor.

INSPECTOR. Sailor? I don't believe you were ever on a ship.

FRITZ. Vot for you tink I valk over from Germany?

INSPECTOR (*consulting paper*). I see you have been in jail. What for?

FRITZ. Vell, it was shoost like dis. The pig took upon him to sleep in mine garden for three nights und I shoost took him for room rent.

INSPECTOR. Would it hurt your feelings if I should tell you that you lie?

FRITZ. It vould not hurt mine feelings but it might hurt mine knuckles.

DOC. (*to* FRITZ). Your clothes need washing.

FRITZ. I haf a suit of clothes for efery day in the year.

DOC. Where?

FRITZ. Dis is it I haf on.

DOC. (*examining nose*). Your nose is frozen. I don't know as I can let you land.

FRITZ. Och, mine koodness! I haf carry dot nose fordy year unt he nefer freeze hisself before. I no understand dis thing.

INSPECTOR (*to MICH.*). Married?

MICH. Yis, but Oi've lift the ould woman in the ould counthry.

INSPECTOR. You'll miss her very much, won't you?

MICH. Oi'm going to buy a bulldog and he'll growl all the toime so it will same jist like havin' the ould woman.

INSPECTOR (*consulting paper*). Red hair. You ought to make a good soldier.

MICH. Why would Oi make a good soldier?

INSPECTOR. Because you're "Reddy."

(*Looks at MICH.'s eye.*)

MICH. Phwat are yez lookin' at?

INSPECTOR. Nothing.

MICH. Thin ye'll foind it in the jug where the whiskey was.

INSPECTOR. What is your eye in mourning for?

MICH. For Kiley.

INSPECTOR. Is he dead?

MICH. Shure, he will be the nixt time Oi git a chance at him. He's the wan thot give me the black oiye.

INSPECTOR (*to BRID.*). That's a fine hat you have on, but it's so high I can hardly see the top of the ship.

BRID. Shure, if yez see the bill thot come wid it. It's so hoigh yez couldn't see the skoie.

INSPECTOR (*reading from paper*). Complexion, hair, eyes, bust —

BRID. Bust! What bust? Shure Oi dunno. Oi didn't hear annything bust.

INSPECTOR. This evidence shows that you threw a stone at a policeman.

BRID. Begorra, it shows more than thot. It shows Oi hit him.

MRS. F. Shure, an' that policeman wuz a brick.

BRID. Then bejabbers Oi wuz a bricklayer. I knocked him flat.

INSPECTOR. Where are you going?

BRID. (*winking at others*). Oi'm goin' to git married.

INSPECTOR. Where is the man you are to marry going to meet you?

BRID. (*aside to others*). Jist watch me fool him. (*To INSPECTOR.*) At the praste's.

INSPECTOR. Where does he live? Do you know how to find his house?

BRID. Me Cousin Julia tould me jist how to git to it. She sed you walk up the strate til you cum to a strame, over the broidge until yez cum to a road that woinds around a store but not to take that strate, thin go on till Oi cum to a pig-pen shingled wid sthraw, thin turn the strate round the falde and go on till I cum to a big house, where a road runs into the woods and don't take that strate, thin go on till Oi meet a hay-stack and the next is a barn. He don't loive there but go a little further an' Oi'd see a house on top of a hill about two miles away and if Oi go in thot house an' ask the ould woman that loives there she could till me better than she could. So Oi'll foind him aisy.

INSPECTOR. All right. Pass on. (*To MRS. F.*) How old are you?

MRS. F. How ould am Oi? It's none uv yez business how ould Oi am. Oi suppose ye'd like ter ax if Oi have false tathe, if me husband bates me, if Oi droink, whot size shoes Oi ware, if Oi'm wan uv thim millionyaires and a lot uv other fool questions.

INSPECTOR (*to DOC.*). How old should you say she was?

DOC. To her face or behind her back?

INSPECTOR (*to PAT., who has a pipe in his mouth*). You're not allowed to smoke here.

PAT. Oi'm not smoking.

INSPECTOR. You have a pipe in your mouth.

PAT. Shure Oi have fate in me shoes, but Oi'm not walkin'.

INSPECTOR. How many children?

PAT. Fifteen. They are cumin' over in the nixt boat.

INSPECTOR. You have a pretty big family to support?

PAT. Oi hov thot; an' if they didn't all airn their own livin' Oi couldn't support thim at all, at all. Begorry, there's wan thing Oi'd loike to see before Oi lave this boat. Oi'd loike to see the man thot swings thot pick.

INSPECTOR. What pick do you mean?

PAT. Thot pick over forninst.

INSPECTOR. That's the anchor.

PAT. Och, begorry, Oi thought it wuz a pick.

INSPECTOR (*to PAT., who is loaded with bundles*). Why don't you buy a trunk?

PAT. Phwat should Oi buy a trunk fur?

INSPECTOR. To put your clothes in.

PAT. To put me clothes in? An' go naked? Niver a bit uv it will Oi do at all, at all.

INSPECTOR (*spying CHINAMAN*). Here, you Chinaman, you'll have to go back. No Chinaman allowed in this country.

MRS. F. The Chinese are haythens. Shure, Oi do be rading thot they lit the gurrl babies loive six wakes, thin they take thim down to the river and fade thim to the lobsters.

ALG. They do wise than that hin this country. Here they let them grow up hand then give them to the lobsters.

(CHINAMAN recites "*John Chinaman's Protest*" while INSPECTOR and DOC. are looking over the rest of the passengers.)

CAPT. All ready to land. (*Girl dressed as COLUMBIA, red, white and blue costume with gold crown, appears. Stands in centre of stage while all unite in singing "Star Spangled Banner."*) Pass out this way.

(POLICEMEN keep people in line as they pass out of door over which is draped an American flag. The men all remove their hats as they pass under the flag.)

CURTAIN

New Publications

PIECES PEOPLE LIKE

Serious, Humorous, Pathetic, Patriotic and Dramatic
Selections in Prose and Poetry for Reading
and Recitation

One hundred selections in prose and verse by Chauncey M. Depew, Col. John Hay, Hezekiah Butterworth, James Russell Lowell, John Boyle O'Reilly, Robert G. Ingersoll, Bill Nye, James Whitcomb Riley, T. W. Higginson, W. H. Seward, Clement Scott, Joaquin Miller, E. C. Stedman, Brander Matthews, John G. Saxe, Joel Benton, Charles Follen Adams and others. 214 pages.

Price, 25 cents

BAKER'S COMIC AND DIALECT SPEAKER

Readings and Recitations for School or Platform
in Negro and Irish Dialect

One hundred and forty-three selections in prose and verse by Irwin Russell, Joel Chandler Harris, M. Quad, Mark Twain, Detroit Free Press, Texas Siftings, R. H. Stoddard, Samuel Lover, "Life," Joaquin Miller, Capt. Marryat, Cormac O'Leary, W. W. Fink, Margaret Eytinge, Wm. B. Fowle, Mark Melville, T. N. Cook, Lizzie N. Champney and others. 262 pages.

Price, 25 cents

CLUB AND LODGE-ROOM ENTER- TAINMENTS

For Floor or Platform Use

Comprising: "A Ribbon Race," any number, males and females; "A Variety Contest," any number, males and females; "The Shamrock Minstrels," four males, three females; "Apollo's Oracle," any number, males and females; "Plantation Bitters," nine males, eight females; "Gulliver and the Lilliputians Up To Date," ten males; "Dame History's Peep-Show," any number; "The Broom Drill," sixteen characters, male or female or both. 160 pages.

Price, 25 cents

Sent post-paid on receipt of price by
Walter H. Baker & Co., 5 Hamilton Place
BOSTON, MASS.

New Plays

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL MA'AM

A Play in Three Acts

By Arthur Lewis Tubbs

*Author of "Valley Farm," "Willowdale," "The Country Minister,"
"The Penalty of Pride," "Miss Busby's Boarders," etc.*

Six males, five females. Costumes modern; scenes an interior and an exterior, or can be played in two interiors. Plays two hours or more. An excellent comedy-drama, combining a strongly sympathetic dramatic interest with an unusual abundance of genuine and unforced comedy. The parts are unusually equal in point of interest and opportunity, are genuine types of rural character, truly and vigorously drawn and easily actable. No dialect parts, but plenty of variety in the comedy rôles and lots of amusing incident. An exceptionally entertaining piece, full of movement and action, and without a dull moment. Can be strongly recommended.

Price 25 cents

CHARACTERS

RICHARD ELLIOT, *storekeeper and postmaster.*

JAMES B. GRAHAM, *a commercial traveller.*

REV. MR. FLICK, *the village parson.*

HOSEA CLEGG, *who belongs to the G. A. R.*

SAM ALCOTT, *who has a more than better half.*

TAD, *just a boy.*

SYLVIA LENNOX, *the village school-ma'am.*

IDA MAY ALCOTT, *who has had advantages.*

MRS. ALCOTT, *her proud mamma—somewhat forgetful.*

ELVIRA PRATT, *a dressmaker.*

POSIE, *who was born tired.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—In front of the store and post-office on a morning in August.

ACT II.—Same as Act I, the middle of the same afternoon. If more convenient, these two acts may be played as an interior scene with very few changes of "business" and dialogue, the stage being set in that case as the inside of the store, with counter, post-office boxes, etc.

ACT III.—The home of the Alcotts, three days later.

THE SUBSTANCE OF AMBITION

A Drama in One Act

By Marie Josephine Warren

Three males, one female. Scene, an interior; costumes modern. Plays twenty minutes. A sketch of compelling dramatic interest by the author of "The Elopement of Ellen." A serious piece of high class that can be recommended.

Price 15 cents.

New Plays

THE COLONEL'S MAID

A Comedy in Three Acts

By C. Leona Dalrymple

Author of "The Time of His Life," "The Land of Night," etc.

Six males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening. An exceptionally bright and amusing comedy, full of action; all the parts good. Capital Chinese low comedy part; two first-class old men. This is a very exceptional piece and can be strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

COLONEL ROBERT RUDD, a widower of <i>North Carolina</i>	} <i>mortally antagonistic.</i>
COLONEL RICHARD BYRD, a widower <i>of South Carolina</i>	
MARJORIE BYRD } BOB RUDD }	} <i>not so antagonistic as their respective fathers.</i>
MRS. J. JOHN CARROLL, a widow, and Colonel Rudd's sister <i>in-law.</i>	
JULIA CARROLL, her daughter.	
NED GRAYDON, a young gentleman of exceedingly faulty memory.	
MR. JAMES BASKOM, Colonel Rudd's lawyer.	
CHING-AH-LING, the Chinese cook, a bit impertinent but by far the <i>most important individual in the cast.</i>	

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Early morning in the kitchen of the Rudd bachelor establishment.

ACT II.—The Rudd library, five days later.

ACT III.—The same. Evening of the same day.

BREAKING THE ENGAGEMENT

A Farce in One Act

By W. C. Parker

Two males, one female. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. A quick playing little piece suitable for vaudeville use. Very bright and snappy and strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

A PAPER MATCH

A Farce in One Act

By E. W. Burt, M. D.

Two males, two females. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays thirty-five minutes. Four rustic characters, all good. The heroine advertises for a husband and gets her aunt's old beau to their mutual horror. Very funny, easy and effective

Price, 15 cents

New Plays

THE TWIG OF THORN

An Irish Fairy Play in Two Acts

By Marie Josephine Warren

Author of "The Elopement of Ellen," "Tommy's Wife," "Endymion," etc.

Six males, seven females. Costumes, Irish peasant; scene, an interior. Plays an hour and a half. A little play of strong dramatic interest and quite exceptional charm of style and imaginative power, ideally suited for school performance. A close and accurate study of Irish folk-lore in the manner of Yeats, closely rivaling him in truth of atmosphere and in poetic quality. Highly recommended both as drama and as literature.

Price, in cloth binding, 50 cents

THE SENTIMENTAL SARAH

A Farce-Comedy in Three Acts

By Harold Hale

Author of "The Best Man," "A Tax on Bachelors," "The Plundering Mr. Brown," "The People's Money," etc.

Five males, five females. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays one hour and forty minutes. A bright and amusing play with a very even cast of characters. Lots of incident and plenty of action. The leading parts are two sentimental old maids, but their adventures are merely funny and never mawkish. Professional stage rights reserved but free for amateur performance.

Price, 25 cents

A ROW AT THE RUGGLES

A Comedy in One Act

By Harold Hale

Two males, five females. Costumes, modern; scene, an easy interior. Plays thirty minutes. A very vivacious and entertaining little piece telling a story of life during the honeymoon period, full of laughs and human interest. Easy, bright, up to date and generally to be recommended.

Price, 15 cents

UP AGAINST IT

A Farce in One Act

By Innis Gardner Osborn

Five males, three females. Costumes, modern; scene, an easy interior. Plays twenty-five minutes. A rapid and laughable complication of the vaudeville order with a cast of very even opportunity. An admirable colored character part, a "tough" young man and a burlesque old maid; other parts straight. Easy and effective; can be recommended.

Price, 15 cents

H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

MID-CHANNEL Play in Four Acts. Six males, five females.
Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors.
Plays two and a half hours.

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH Drama in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors.
Plays a full evening.

THE PROFLIGATE Play in Four Acts. Seven males, five females. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS Farce in Three Acts. Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY Play in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

SWEET LAVENDER Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Scene, a single interior, costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE THUNDERBOLT Comedy in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Scenery, three interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE TIMES Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females. Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

Recent Popular Plays

THE AWAKENING Play in Four Acts. By C. H. CHAMBERS. Four males, six females. Scenery, not difficult, chiefly interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening. Price, 50 Cents.

THE FRUITS OF ENLIGHTENMENT Comedy in Four Acts. By L. TOLSTOI. Twenty-one males, eleven females. Scenery, characteristic interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening. Recommended for reading clubs. Price, 25 Cents.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR Farce in Three Acts. By R. MARSHALL. Ten males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Acting rights reserved. Time, a full evening. Price, 50 Cents.

AN IDEAL HUSBAND Comedy in Four Acts. By OSCAR WILDE. Nine males, six females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening. Acting rights reserved. Sold for reading. Price, 50 Cents.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST Farce in Three Acts. By OSCAR WILDE. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenes, two interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening. Acting rights reserved. Price, 50 Cents.

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN Comedy in Four Acts. By OSCAR WILDE. Seven males, nine females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening. Acting rights reserved. Price, 50 Cents.

NATHAN HALE Play in Four Acts. By CLYDE FITCH. Fifteen males, four females. Costumes of the eighteenth century in America. Scenery, four interiors and two exteriors. Acting rights reserved. Plays a full evening. Price, 50 Cents.

THE OTHER FELLOW Comedy in Three Acts. By M. B. HORNE. Six males, four females. Scenery, two interiors; costumes, modern. Professional stage rights reserved. Plays a full evening. Price, 50 Cents.

THE TYRANNY OF TEARS Comedy in Four Acts. By C. H. CHAMBERS. Four males, three females. Scenery, an interior and an exterior; costumes, modern. Acting rights reserved. Plays a full evening. Price, 50 Cents.

A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE Comedy in Four Acts. By OSCAR WILDE. Eight males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening. Stage rights reserved. Offered for reading only. Price, 50 Cents.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

**BAKER'S EDITION
OF PLAYS**

**Fun on the Bingville
Branch**

Price, 25 Cents



**WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
BOSTON**

H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

THE AMAZONS Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, not difficult. Plays a full evening.

THE CABINET MINISTER Farce in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Costumes, modern society; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

DANDY DICK Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours and a half.

THE GAY LORD QUEX Comedy in Four Acts. Four males, ten females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening.

HIS HOUSE IN ORDER Comedy in Four Acts. Nine males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE HOBBY HORSE Comedy in Three Acts. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery easy. Plays two hours and a half.

IRIS Drama in Five Acts. Seven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

LADY BOUNTIFUL Play in Four Acts. Eight males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, four interiors, not easy. Plays a full evening.

LETTY Drama in Four Acts and an Epilogue. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery complicated. Plays a full evening.

THE MAGISTRATE Farce in Three Acts. Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interior. Plays two hours and a half.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

Fun on the Bingville Branch

An Entertainment in One Scene

By

JESSIE A. KELLEY

*Author of "Pedlers' Parade," "Village Postoffice,"
"Tramps' Convention," etc., etc.*

BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

Fun on the Bingville Branch

CHARACTERS

CONDUCTOR.

BRAKEMAN.

NEWSBOY.

MRS. MISTAKEN, *who gets on the wrong train.*

MR. AND MRS. ALGER, *and baby.*

MR. AND MRS. LEVAGGI

TONY, MARY AND PETER LEVAGGI } *an Italian family.*

MRS. FUSSY, *a rich woman, very fussy.*

ROBERT, *her nephew, anxious to please.*

MAME JONES } *bowery girls.*

LIZ SMITH

MRS. MULLIGAN, *with her four children.*

RUBE HICKEY } *who are going to the circus.*

SAL SOFER

EDYTHE RAY } *high school girls.*

PAULINE PORTER

MRS. CROSS.

FRANCES CROSS, *small daughter of Mrs. Cross.*

ALYSE PARKER } *matinée girls.*

MAYSIE RICHIE

SILAS NOSER, *who has a nose.*

JOHNNY JACKSON, *who asks questions.*

MRS. MARSTON, *who is taking Johnny with her.*

MICHAEL MURPHY, *who is polite.*

ISRAEL LEVITSKY, *who cannot speak English.*

MRS. PRECISE } *very prim ladies.*

MRS. MANNERLY

MR. SMARTY, *who tries to be funny.*

MR. AUSTIN, *who feels rather cranky.*

'RASTUS JONES, *a darkey taking his first ride.*

SAUL COHEN, *an elderly Jew.*

Neither the Levaggi nor the Mulligan children have any speaking part. Some characters may be omitted if desired and some can take two or more parts, as nearly all the parts are short and easy. The children's parts may be taken by adults dressed as children if desired.



COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

COSTUMES

CONDUCTOR, BRAKEMAN and NEWSBOY should wear coats with brass buttons, regulation caps. **MR. LEVAGGI** old black slouch hat, old shabby clothes. **MRS. LEVAGGI** scarf over head, poorly dressed, children bareheaded, rather dirty. They have many bundles done up in newspapers, old quilts, etc.

MRS. FUSSY, elderly, overdressed woman, with lorgnette and smelling salts.

MAME JONES and LIZ SMITH, cheap tawdry finery.

MRS. MULLIGAN and CHILDREN, as grotesque as possible ; the children should each have very large prominent figure "5" on hat or cap.

RUBE HICKEY and SAL SOFER, country costumes, old-fashioned and grotesque ; they carry old faded green umbrella and very large lunch basket.

EDYTHE RAY and PAULINE PORTER, rather loud, stylish costumes.

ALYSE PARKER and MAYSIE RICHIE, in exaggerated stylish dress.

MICHAEL MURPHY, overalls, jumper, brogans, old felt hat.

ISRAEL LEVITSKY, very old-fashioned derby hat, old clothes, long beard, bald headed.

'RASTUS JONES, old "Prince Albert" coat, either too large or too small, old-fashioned tall hat, very high white collar, large red necktie, white cotton gloves. He carries old-fashioned valise.

SAUL COHEN, old-fashioned derby, shabby clothes, long white beard.

MR. SMARTY, very showy suit, big diamond stud, ring, etc.

JOHNNY JACKSON, has freckled face, and something fixed over two front teeth to make them appear missing.

SILAS NOSER, ordinary attire, with very large false nose.

The others may be in ordinary attire.

STAGE ARRANGEMENTS

The obvious, and when stage room is scanty the best, way of setting the stage for this entertainment consists of chairs set in pairs on both sides of a central aisle running up stage from the front to the back exactly as seats are arranged in a railway train, the legs of the chairs at the back of the stage being lengthened in some way so that the audience may see all the passengers

clearly. The imagination of the audience will do the rest. The chairs in this arrangement should all face the audience, and may be covered with red or green cambric; but in these days when so much rattan furniture is available this may not be necessary.

Another way—and a rather better one when there is room—is to set the chairs in pairs in a row slanting diagonally down the stage from up right to down left, the aisle being supposed to be side on to the audience and the nearer row of seats to be omitted. This will give a full view of all the performers to the audience and make the dialogue between them and the conductor more easily grasped.

Any way is a good way if it be adapted to the place of performance and if it put the action clearly in the eye of the audience.

NOTES

Do not hurry the performance. Take time to act out everything, giving the audience time to appreciate the jokes. A pause does no harm. Do not go on while the audience is laughing. Sal and Rube by their actions can furnish an endless amount of amusement throughout the entire entertainment, being careful however to do everything in a quiet way so that the audience can follow what the other characters are doing. Mrs. Mulligan can also keep the people in an uproar of laughter by her sly winkings and grimaces to the other passengers while talking to the conductor. The Levaggi children do a great deal of eating, passing paper bags around continually. Johnny Jackson might stand in the aisle while asking questions, making himself as prominent as possible. All the characters should try to be in as conspicuous a position as possible while taking their main parts. Seats can be changed readily, passengers going to door, getting a glass of water and taking a different seat as they return. Rube and Sal should be in a front seat all the time.

A large doll may be fixed up for the Alger baby. This can be held near the parent's face and parent can imitate the crying of a baby.

All the children's parts may be taken by adults dressed as children if desired.

Fun on the Bingville Branch

SCENE.—*Stage set as on page 3.*

BRAKEMAN (*at door*). All aboard! Next station is Wayville.

Enter MRS. MISTAKEN, with very many bundles.

MRS. MIS. Does this car go to Sabine?

BRAKE. No.

MRS. MIS. (*snappishly*). Oh, dear, I want to get a car that goes to Sabine.

BRAKE. Well, I haven't time to go and get one for you. This train goes to Wayville. Hurry up, madam, or you'll get taken along.

(*MRS. MIS. tries to hurry; drops bundles; tries to pick them up; drops more; finally gets off. CONDUCTOR comes through to take tickets. MAME JONES and LIZ SMITH are both chewing gum vigorously.*)

CON. (*taking MAME's ticket*). Rained pretty hard yesterday, didn't it?

MAME. Yep, it did sure.

CON. It was almost like the Flood.

LIZ. The Flood! Wot wuz that?

CON. The Flood, you know. Noah, the Ark, Ararat.

MAME. I ain't hed naw time ter read the papers lately. Guess I ain't heerd of it.

(*CON. goes to MRS. PRECISE and MRS. MANNERLY for tickets.*)

MRS. P. (*to MRS. MAN.*). No, I have two tickets right here. You put yours right back. I'm going to pay this time.

MRS. MAN. No, indeed, you are not.

(*Fumbles in bag for ticket.*)

MRS. P. Yes, I am, too.

MRS. MAN. No, you are not. (*Still hunts for ticket.*)

MRS. P. (*handing two tickets to CON.*). Here are the tickets.

CON. (*looking at tickets*). Excuse me, madam, but these are not the right tickets.

MRS. P. Of course they are the right tickets.

CON. Sorry, madam, but they are not good on this line.

MRS. P. I'd like to know why not.

CON. They are beer checks, madam.

MRS. P. (*in great confusion*). However could those have got in my pocketbook?

MR. SMARTY (*laughing aloud*). Pretty good give-away that. Been going through hubby's pockets.

(MRS. P. and MRS. MAN. turn and give him an indignant look then whisper together as if explaining the matter.)

BRAKE. (*at door*). Bayview! Bayview!

Enter EDYTHE RAY and PAULINE PORTER. As soon as they are seated EDYTHE opens a box of candy and passes it to PAULINE. PAULINE takes a piece; starts to put it in her mouth; stops and gasps.

PAULINE. Oh, I forgot, our class is having a self-denial month and I've given up candy. (*Puts candy back in box.*)

EDYTHE. Nonsense! You're foolish to miss such lovely chocolates. They're dandy. (*Closes box; takes out school books.*) Mr. Hale gave us an awful lesson in Philosophy for to-morrow.

PAULINE (*abstractedly*). Did he?

EDYTHE. Yes, all about molecules.

PAULINE. Say, Edythe, I've decided to change my self-denial to pie. Open that box quick. (*Box is opened and both girls indulge freely in chocolates.*) What did you say you were studying, Edythe?

EDYTHE. Oh, molecules and atoms and photoplasms. I don't know which I like best, but Mr. Hale is just too sweet for anything. He's the one that tells about molecules and atoms. We girls are all just crazy about him. We've named our hats after him. This is my Hale hat. You see how the velvet is drawn down on the brim and caught there with a knot and a bunch of forget-me-nots.

PAULINE (*examining hat*). It's just too sweet for anything.

EDYTHER. I think it is perfectly, exquisitely lovely.

PAULINE. I must study my geometry.

EDYTHER. Do you like that?

PAULINE. Oh, yes, I think theorems are the divinest things! I'm just enraptured with theorems. Mr. Long's eyes look so beautiful when he is explaining them. I never know a word he is saying, I'm so in love with his eyes. I must study. Let the triangle A. B. C.—triangle A. B.— Oh, say, Edythe, do you like my hair done this way?

EDYTHER. It's awfully stylish, and classical, too. Looks fine. How do you like mine?

PAULINE. Turn your head round so I can get a side view.

(EDYTHER'S hat has a long quill or stick-up of some sort. MR. S., who sits just behind them, is leaning forward and the quill sticks in his eye, making him cry out and hold on to his eye.)

EDYTHER (turning around). Oh, I beg your pardon!

MR. S. Don't mention it. I'm all right; I have one eye left.

PAULINE. Isn't he a lovely, polite man? Have you learned your French lesson? We're going to that dance to-night, so we *must* get our studying all done on the train. (*Opens book.*) Je parle, tu parle. What are you going to wear to-night, Edythe?

EDYTHER. I'm going to wear that blue muslin with the pink roses; the one that has the ruffles on it.

PAULINE. Oh, yes, that's just a dream.

MICHAEL MURPHY. Be jabbers, Oi rickin her fayther didn't foind the bill fer it anny drame.

MAME. Gee, wouldn't yez like to be one of them swells, Liz?

LIZ. Naw, they git my goat.

BRAKE. Homer! Homer!

(PAULINE and EDYTHER get up.)

PAULINE. I've got my French and geometry all done.

EDYTHER. And I've done my Philosophy. We've studied awful hard all the way, haven't we?

PAULINE. Yes, my head aches, I've studied so steadily.

(EDYTHER and PAULINE get off.)

Enter RUBE HICKEY and SAL SOFER. SAL carries large basket. When part way down the aisle RUBE looks anxiously around.

RUBE. I snummy, whar is thet air lunch basket, Sal?

SAL. I hev it, Rube.

RUBE. Pass it over here quick.

SAL. It's turrible perlite of you to kerry it fer me, Rube.

RUBE. Perlite! Huh! I guess I don't take no risk of losin' thet air lunch. It's a lappin' good one maw put up fer us to take ter the circus.

SAL. I hope 'tis fer I feel empty as a barrel already. (*They finally get seated, RUBE having a great time finding a place for the basket.*) You kin set the basket right over thar, Rube.

RUBE. No, sir-ee! Maw told me ter look out fer them air pickpockets on the keers, but they've got to sit up nights ter git ahead of this air chicken. I ain't no greenhorn if I wuz brung up in Bingville. There, by gosh! I'd like ter see any blamed smart city chap git that basket. (*Puts basket on floor and puts both feet on it.*) Maw put a dozen biled eggs in thar. She found a nest the old white hen had stole under the rhubab. Six slabs of pie; a hunk of gingerbread, and some bread and merlasses. We live turrible high to our house. You'll hev to go some ter keep up with maw's cooking, Sal.

(*Chucks SAL under the chin.*)

SAL (*peevishly*). Huh, I reckon other folks kin cook besides yer maw.

RUBE (*putting arm around SAL*). Don't git mad, Sal. Say, won't we hev a great time at the circus? Golly, I'm jest a-goin' ter blow myself. I'll buy a hull quart of peanuts fer yer and some pink lemonade, too. I'll be dinged if I don't.

(*FRANCES CROSS has been eating most of the time; now has a tantrum; yells and screams, the mother trying in vain to stop her.*)

MR. S. (*very loud*). That young one needs a good spanking.

MRS. CROSS (*turning around*). It's none of your business and I don't believe in spanking a child on a full stomach anyway.

MR. S. Neither do I. Turn her over, madam, turn her over.

MRS. C. (*snappishly*). Some folks don't know enough to mind their own business.

FRANCES. If you don't give me some more candy I'll yell again.

MRS. C. But mother thinks you ought not to eat any more. It will make you sick. (FRANCES *begins to scream and kick*.) Here, darling, you may have just this piece.

(FRANCES *looks slyly round at other passengers, takes candy and stops screaming*.)

MAME. Gee, wouldn't I guv dat kid a sidewinder if she wuz mine.

LIZ. Wouldn't I jest?

(FRANCES *sticks out tongue at them*.)

NEWSBOY. Papers! Papers! Latest edition!

MR. S. (*trying to be smart*). Here, my boy, have you any of to-morrow's papers?

(*Looks around for others to hear the fun*.)

NEWS. Naw, I sold 'em all out day before yesterday.

(*Passengers laugh*.)

MR. S. I'll take one of to-day's, then. Here's ten cents, and you can have the change to buy a cigar.

NEWS. Tanks awfully, but you'd better keep it and buy a few brains.

(*Passengers laugh*. MR. S. *becomes absorbed in reading paper*.)

MICHAEL. Good fer yez, newsy. Oi'll toike a payper mesilf.

BRAKE. Elmwood! Elmwood! Change here for Hobson, Southbridge and Pemberton.

Enter MR. and MRS. LEVAGGI with three children. They have great time getting settled; much jabbering, presumably in Italian.

MR. L. (*handing ticket to wife*). You gif dees hafa teeckit to de conducta.

MRS. L. Why for I gif Tony's teeckit to de conducta?

MR. L. He aska how olda Tony was, and I no lika lie. You tella de lie.

CON. (*taking tickets from MRS. L.*). You'll have to pay full fare for that boy. He is over twelve years old.

MRS. L. No, he no twelva.

CON. Madam, he can't go on half fare ; he is too large, altogether too large.

MRS. L. (*many gestures*). Wella, he too larga now. He no too larga when de traina starta. He smalla then. Traina slowa, slowa.

CON. Where is the ticket for that girl? How old is she?

MRS. L. She be fiva in Juna.

CON. She looks older than that.

MRS. L. She poor little girila. She has lota trouble, maka her looka olda.

(MR. L. *sees quarter lying on the floor in the aisle ; gets up and gets it.*)

CON. Here, you, that's my quarter.

MR. L. Youra quarta had notta hola in heem.

CON. Yes, it had.

MR. L. (*showing quarter*). Wella, dessa quarta no gotta hola in heem, so notta your quarta. (*Puts quarter in pocket.*) No hola in heem.

(CON. *passes on to other passengers.*)

MRS. P. (*in loud voice to MRS. MAN.*). I never would have one in the house. It has always been my strict rule and I don't know as I can ever get over it.

MAME (*in loud whisper to LIZ, who is talking*). Sh! Stop yer yap. I want ter git wise to wot these old sticks back uv us are sayin'. Sounds like a scandal in high life.

MRS. P. I don't know as I shall ever get over the disgrace of it. My mother always said she never could hold up her head again if anything like that came into the family.

LIZ (*in very loud stage whisper, nudging MAME*). Say, Mame, it must be something orful.

MRS. P. To think she should do such a thing! None of us suspected, none of us dreamed she would do such a thing. You can't imagine the shock when I came home and found the new maid (*raising voice excitedly*) had ordered onions and had cooked some for dinner.

(MAME and LIZ let themselves drop over.)

MAME. Wouldn't dat jar yer?

LIZ. Say, dat's der limit. I tought sure it wuz a murder er a suicide.

BRAKE. Hayden! Hayden! Next station is Riggsville.

Enter MR. AUSTIN, hat off, very warm, wiping face with handkerchief. Sits down with MR. S.

MR. S. Been running to catch the train?

MR. AUS. (*sarcastically*). No, I was only running to chase it out of the station. (*Mops face vigorously.*)

MR. S. You travel on these trains a lot. What train do you consider the most difficult one to catch?

MR. AUS. (*snappishly, fanning himself with hat*). They're all the same to me.

MR. S. That so? I call the 12:50 a hard train to catch, don't you?

MR. AUS. I don't know and I don't care.

MR. S. Yes, the 12:50 is a hard train because it's ten to one if you catch it.

(*Laughs heartily at his own joke. MR. AUS. looks disgusted and keeps on fanning and mopping face. CON. comes along. MR. AUS. hands him ticket.*)

CON. You can't use this ticket on this train. It's only good on a later train.

MR. AUS. That ticket is all right.

CON. The road won't take it, sir.

MR. AUS. (*angrily*). Well, this blamed old road will never see another cent of my money, then.

CON. What will you do? Walk?

MR. AUS. No, I'll stop buying tickets, and pay my fares to you. No danger of the company ever getting a cent of it then.

MR. S. Does this train go as far as Garner?

CON. Yes, sir.

MR. S. Well, I want you to tell me when we get there. You'd better stick a stamp on your nose, or put a straw in your mouth, or tie a knot in one of your lips so you won't forget it.

(*Passengers watch and listen.*)

CON. It wouldn't be convenient for me to do those things,

but if you will kindly pin your ears around your neck I think I shall remember to tell you.

(Laughter among passengers.)

NEWS. Candy! Candy!

RUBE. Hi, thar, guess me and Sal will hev some of thet air stuff. *(After much deliberation RUBE buys two sticks of striped candy, and they both begin sucking them.)* Lapping good, ain't they, Sal?

SAL. Yes, they be—if you suck 'em they last a sight longer.

RUBE. I don't never let no gal say I'm a tight wad when I takes her to the circus. This candy cost two hull cents, but I told you I wuz a-goin' ter blow myself, and I be.

BRAKE. Riggsville! Riggsville!

Enter MR. and MRS. ALGER with baby, MRS. MARSTON, JOHNNY JACKSON and ISRAEL LEVITSKY. ISRAEL sits in front of MRS. MAR. and JOHNNY; takes off hat.

JOHNNY *(pointing to ISRAEL)*. Gee, look at that man's whiskers.

MRS. MAR. *(in loud whisper)*. Hush, Johnny, the man will hear you.

JOHNNY *(in very loud stage whisper)*. He don't need no necktie, does he? Don't show none with them whiskers.

MRS. MAR. Keep still, Johnny.

JOHNNY. I wish I wuz bald-headed like he is, then I wouldn't have to waste time combing my hair.

MRS. MAR. Will you keep still, Johnny?

JOHNNY. Say, will I have whiskers some day?

MRS. MAR. Perhaps so.

JOHNNY. Will you have whiskers, too?

MRS. MAR. Johnny Jackson, if you don't stop talking, I'll tell your mother, and she'll give you a good whipping.

JOHNNY. What'll you give me if I keep still?

MRS. MAR. I'll give you some candy.

JOHNNY. All right; let's see it.

(MRS. MAR. gives JOHNNY candy and he begins eating it. MICHAEL has been watching the ALGER baby closely, leaning over to do so. MRS. A., who has been watching him, finally gets exasperated.)

MRS. A. (to MICHAEL). Rubber! Rubber!

MICHAEL. Rubber? Begorry, Oi'm glad to be afther hearing it. Oi wuz afrade it wuz a rale choild.

MRS. A. Beast!

(Baby begins to cry, and MR. and MRS. A. try in vain to soothe it, talking baby talk, trotting it, etc.)

MR. S. (very loud). Why don't you sing to the kid? (MR. A. begins to sing something very poorly. Baby stops crying. MR. A. continues to sing.) Say, that's worse than the crying. Let up on that, for the land's sake, or you'll drive us crazy.

MR. AUS. I believe that's Sam Alger. Haven't seen him for an age. I'll have to go down and speak to him. *(Goes down; shakes hands; looks at baby.)* Well, well, but he's a fine little fellow, isn't she? How old is it now? Do her teeth bother him much? I hope he gets through her second summer all right. She looks like you, Sam, doesn't he? I've heard it does. Glad to have seen you. Good-bye.

(Goes back to seat, mopping face.)

MRS. MAN. (to CON.). Does this train stop at Fenrick?

CON. No, not unless some one wants to get on or off. Do you want it to stop?

MRS. MAN. Yes, I'd like to have it stop.

CON. *(pulling strap)*. We are right there now. This is Fenrick.

(MRS. MAN. goes to door and stands there talking to cat she holds in her arms.)

MRS. MAN. There, Ruffles, this is the place where you were born. You did want to see it, didn't you? Mamma told you that you should some day. Now, take a good look at it.

CON. Hurry up and get off, madam. I shall have to start this train quickly. *(MRS. MAN. comes back to seat. CON., crankily.)* Didn't you say you wanted to get off at Fenrick, madam?

MRS. MAN. Oh, no, I didn't want to get off. I only wanted you to stop the train so I could show this dear little kitty where he was born.

CON. Hang your old cat! We were late, anyway, and you've made me lose five minutes more.

JOHNNY. Say, that woman over there has two colors in her hair. What makes that? (MRS. P. *turns and gives him a black look.*) Say, wouldn't she turn milk sour if she looked at it-like that? See that feller down there hugging his girl! Guess he likes her, don't you?

(RUBE and SAL *look around and giggle.* MRS. A. *goes out, presumably into next car, leaving baby with husband.*)

MRS. MAR. You're the worst boy I ever saw in my life, Johnny Jackson.

JOHNNY. Say, I'm going to have a girl when I grow up. Did you ever have a feller? I shouldn't think any feller'd want you.

MRS. MAR. (*slamming JOHNNY down on seat*). You keep still or I'll box your ears good.

(CON. *comes to get tickets.* MRS. MAR. *hands him one ticket.*)

CON. How old is that boy?

MRS. MAR. How old do you think?

CON. Old enough to pay a fare, I should say.

MRS. MAR. Don't seem so to me.

CON. Well, you ought to know.

MRS. MAR. Yes, I suppose I ought, but I forgot to ask. He ain't my child. I'm jest taking him along with me to favor his mother.

CON. (*to JOHNNY*). How old are you, young man?

JOHNNY. I dunno.

CON. Well, madam, I'll have to charge for him if you can't or won't tell me.

MRS. MAR. (*loud voice, angrily*). His age ain't any of my business. It's yours, and if you make a mistake I'll sue your old road for damages. I ain't got but mighty little money with me, and if you make me pay and I run short and get in trouble and then his ma tells me that he's under age, I'll make your old road pay good for it. You advertise what you'll do, and if you don't do it there'll be trouble.

CON. If you say he's under age, I'll take your word for it.

MRS. MAR. I ain't a-sayin' a thing. It's for you to say, and I'm jest warnin' you that you'd better not make any mistakes, for his ma'll know, and if you take money that I need, it will go mighty hard with you if you're wrong.

CON. But you ought to know.

MRS. MAR. Why? Your road don't pay me for knowing; it pays you. But I'm not going to raise a rumpus. I'm jest warnin' you. How much?

CON. Perhaps we had better let it go.

MRS. MAR. Jest remember I didn't say he wasn't old enough, and I didn't refuse to pay.

JOHNNY (*to CON.*). Say, you ain't a two-faced man, are you, Mr. Conductor?

CON. A two-faced man! What are you talking about, kid? This ain't a circus.

JOHNNY. Cuz I wuz thinking if you hed two faces you'd leave this one at home and wear the better lookin' one. You couldn't hev *two* such ugly faces.

CON. What you need, young man, is a good horsewhip.

(JOHNNY *makes up face at CON.*)

BRAKE. Highland Square! Highland Square! Next station is Stetson.

Enter ALYSE PARKER and MAYSIE RICHIE. They stand at door saying good-bye to an invisible person.

ALYSE. Good-bye, dear; good-bye.

MAYSIE. Come over next Tuesday. Good-bye.

ALYSE. We'll be dreadfully cross if you don't. Good-bye.

MAYSIE. Oh, she'll come all right. Reggie is coming, you know. (*Both laugh.*) Good-bye, good-bye, dear.

(*Both wave hands and throw kisses.*)

BRAKE. Guess I've waited long enough for that mush. All aboard!

ALYSE. } Good-bye. See you Tuesday. Good-bye.
MAYSIE. }

(*More waving and kiss-throwing. In getting seated in front of MR. AUS., MAYSIE scratches him with her hat-pin.*)

MR. AUS. (*crankily*). Madam, you have scratched my face with that barbarous hat-pin.

MAYSIE. Don't be at all alarmed, sir; I sterilize it every day.

RUBE. Say, Sal, I'm gittin' turrible hungry. Let's eat one of them air biled eggs.

SAL. I be, tew, and I reckon I could eat a slab of pie, tew.

(RUBE has a great time getting up the basket. Gives SAL the old umbrella to hold.)

RUBE. Be keerful not to lose thet umberell, Sal. Paw paid seventy-five cents fur it, and we ain't hed it more'n twenty years. (*Hands out egg to SAL; takes one himself; puts basket back carefully; puts feet on it. They take shells off the eggs and eat large mouthfuls; much noise, etc.*) Guess I've got to hev something else. Seems ter be a turrible big hole in my stummick.

(*Gets up basket again; takes out great piece of pie for each.*)

ALYSE. Wasn't that actor perfectly, utterly exquisite in the play this afternoon?

MAYSIE. Oh, perfectly lovely. I just fell in love with him when he sang "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," and he looked right at me all the time he was singing it.

LIZ (*to MAME*). Say, he wuz a cheap skate. Drink to me wid thine eyes! Huh, a feller wot couldn't say, Drink ter me only wid soda water, and then treat yer ter two glasses, ain't wuth standin'-room at a truant officer's picnic. Hey, Mame?

MAME. Them's me sentiments, sure. Say, I used ter know that swell girl.

LIZ. Why don't youse go and speak to her then?

MAME. She ain't paid her fare. She might ask me ter pay it fer her.

(*Both laugh loudly.*)

CON. (*taking tickets from ALYSE and MAYSIE*). Arthur said it was pretty cold this morning.

MAYSIE. Arthur who?

CON. Our thermometer.

(*Girls giggle.*)

LIZ. Say, I went ter de movies las' night. Gee, they wuz great. Onct when I tought dey wuz goin' ter kill de hero I got so excited I swallered my gum, and den dey didn't kill him after all.

CON. (*to ISRAEL*). Your ticket. (*ISRAEL shakes head.*) Where is your ticket?

(*ISRAEL shakes head and makes signs that he does not understand.*)

MR. S. (to CON.). He doesn't understand English. Try him in German.

CON. (to ISRAEL). Can you speak German? (ISRAEL makes signs he doesn't understand.) Can you speak Italian? (ISRAEL still shakes head.) Speak Jewish language? (ISRAEL still makes signs.) Can you speak French? (More signs and head shaking.) I've spoken to him in five languages, and he doesn't understand any of them.

MICHAEL. Begorry, Oi didn't know Oi could spake all the langwidges, but if that's the way yez do it Oi kin. Oi'll hev a thry at the ould feller. (Comes over to ISRAEL.) Can yez spake Swadish? (ISRAEL doesn't understand.) Kin yez spake Dutch? (More head shaking and many gestures.) Kin yez spake Hungarian? Thin phwat in the divil kin yez spake?

(ISRAEL finally pulls out dirty envelope with ticket and note in it. CON. reads.)

CON. All right. Here's his ticket, and he's to get off at the next station.

MR. AUS. (to CON.). I'm sleepy. Guess I'll take a nap; put me off when we get to Yonkers.

CON. All right, sir, I will.

MR. AUS. It is important I should get off there, so be sure to wake me. I wake up pretty hard, and I may kick some, but don't pay any attention to me if I am ugly. I want you to put me off at Yonkers no matter how hard I fight. Understand? Here's a dollar to help you remember.

CON. All right; off you'll go, sure.

(MR. AUS. very soon goes to sleep and snores loudly. MR. S., who has been watching MR. A. trying to keep the baby quiet, now goes over to him.)

MR. S. (in loud voice). Say, a woman gave you that baby to hold while she went into the next car a few minutes, didn't she?

MR. A. (rather surprised). Yes.

MR. S. Just before we stopped at a station, wasn't it?

MR. A. I believe it was.

MR. S. (laughing heartily). I tumbled to the fact as soon as I saw it. You expect her back, I suppose?

MR. A. Of course.

MR. S. Looking for her every blessed minute, ain't you?

MR. A. I think it is about time for her.

MR. S. This makes me laugh. (*Laughs very loud and looks around at other passengers who are all listening.*) Young man, you're left. You've been played on for an innocent. Better turn the kid over to a policeman before the reporters get onto you and give you a big write up. Your friends will have a great laugh on you. That woman will never come back. You've got the kid on your hands.

MR. A. She'll come back all right.

MR. S. What makes you think she'll come back?

MR. A. Because she's my wife and this is our baby. (*Looks around.*) Here she comes now.

(*Passengers laugh.*)

MR. S. (*confused*). Oh—um—er—I see.

(*Retires hurriedly to seat among the roars of the passengers.*)

MRS. A. (*taking baby*). Mummy's little tootsie wootsie. Did it miss its mumsie?

BRAKE. Stetson! Stetson!

(*CON. motions to ISRAEL, who gets off.*)

Enter MRS. MULLIGAN and four children, SILAS NOSER and SAUL COHEN. SILAS sits back of MICHAEL and near MRS. C. and FRANCES. SAUL sits somewhere near MR. S.)

MRS. P. (*to* MRS. MAN.). I should think they ought to charge folks according to their weight. (*Points to* MRS. MUL.) Look at the size of that woman.

MRS. MUL. Shure, it's moighty lucky they don't for they'd niver be afther sthopping fer yez at all, at all.

MR. S. (*to* SAUL). Hello, Father Abraham! (*SAUL makes no reply.*) Hello, Father Isaac! (*SAUL turns and looks at him but makes no reply. MR. S. looks to see if passengers are listening to him, and speaks in still louder tones.*) Hello there, Father Jacob!

SAUL (*rising slowly, facing* MR. S.). I am neither Abraham, Isaac or Jacob, but Saul, the son of Kish, who went forth to find his father's ass, and behold I have found him.

(*SAUL sits down calmly amidst the roars of the passengers.*)

MR. S. reads paper. MICHAEL has been looking at some papers he has taken out of his pocket and SILAS has his

head over MICHAEL'S shoulder trying to see what they are. Finally MICHAEL takes a red bandanna handkerchief out of his pocket and wipes SILAS' nose, twisting it pretty hard and holding on to it for some time.)

SILAS. Ow! What are you doing to my nose?

MICHAEL. Shure, Oi ax yer pardin. It wuz so cloise to moine Oi thought it wuz moine. (*Chuckles and winks at other passengers.*) Begorry perhaps he'll kape it out uv ither payple's business fer a whoile.

(*FRANCES has just caught sight of SILAS' nose and begins to scream, her mother trying in vain to stop her. SILAS goes over to her.*)

SILAS. What ails you, my dear?

FRANCES (*screaming and drawing away from him*). Take off your nose! Take off your nose!

(*SILAS and MRS. C. look confused.*)

MRS. C. You must excuse my daughter, but I took her to a masked ball once and she got very much frightened at a person who had on a mask with a very large nose. Now, unfortunately, you are going to some mask and have on a false nose and she is dreadfully frightened again. (*FRANCES begins to scream again.*) Let me beg of you to have pity on the poor child and take off your nose.

SILAS. But, madam —

MRS. C. (*as FRANCES screams again*). Quick, take off your nose or my child will go into convulsions.

SILAS. But, madam, I can't take off my nose. It is not false; it is my own.

MRS. C. Impossible!

SILAS. Touch it and see.

(*MRS. C. gives SILAS' nose a hard pull, expecting it to come off, but it does not.*)

MRS. C. I beg your pardon. (*FRANCES begins screaming again.*) What shall I do? What shall I do? Won't you please go to the back of the car and cover your nose with your hat?

(*SILAS goes back, covers nose with hat; FRANCES finally quiets down.*)

NEWS. All the latest books, latest books and magazines !
(*To MR. S.*) Don't you want to buy Gilbert Parker's latest book, sir?

MR. S. No, I'm Gilbert Parker myself.

NEWS. Well, buy this one of Mary Wilkins Freeman. You ain't Mary, be you?

(*Another laugh at MR. S.'s expense. MR. S. reads paper, soon falls asleep and snores.*)

CON. (*to MRS. MUL.*). Fares, please. (*MRS. MUL. hands him one ticket. CON. looks at children.*) You'll have to pay for all these children, madam; they are all over age.

MRS. MUL. And phwat is the age?

CON. Unless they are under five they must pay a fare.

MRS. MUL. Shure, jist cast yer oiye to the hats uv thim and ye'll say they are all under foive.

CON. (*looking at hats*). Those tricks won't work. You must pay for them all.

MRS. MUL. (*winking at passengers*). Shure, me husband's woife's cousin, who is a conductor on the strate car, niver axes me to pay wan cint for anny wan of thim.

CON. (*impatiently*). I don't care what your husband's woife's cousin does. Hand over your tickets.

MRS. MUL. Shure, Oi'm afther givin' yez the only ticket I have.

CON. Well, you must pay the money if you haven't the tickets.

MRS. MUL. (*giving a scream*). Howly mither of Moses, ye've stipped on me corn. Sometoimes Oi wish Oi wuz wan of thim Christian Scientists so Oi wouldn't know whin Oi wuz hoirt, and sometoimes Oi'd loike to be wan of thim snakes, for they don't be having any corns on their fate.

CON. If you don't pay your money I shall have the train stopped and put you all off.

MRS. MUL. Howld yer whisht! Ain't Oi goin' to pay it, thin? But Oi've got to foind out how much it is before Oi kin pay it, ain't Oi?

CON. It will be forty cents for the tickets and five cents apiece for the checks I'll have to give you for paying on the train instead of buying your tickets at the station—sixty cents in all.

MRS. MUL. Howly mither of Moses! Does yez think Oi'm a Vanderboilt?

CON. Hurry up, madam.

MRS. MUL. Oi'm no lightning calkerlator, sorr; but Oi'm an honest, dacent woman, and Oi foinds out thet me bills is kerrict before Oi pays wan penny. Sixty cints, you sed? Well, there's tin for Mary Ann, and tin for Michael; that's twinty. (*Counts on fingers.*) And foive for Katie.

CON. No, ten for Katie.

MRS. MUL. Tin cints fur thet little darlint! Oi calls that jist clair robbery.

CON. That makes thirty cents.

MRS. MUL. If yez are mane enough to toike a fare for that baby it's thoirty thin, and Patsy tin, that's — Howly smoke! (*Gives yell.*) This car bounces so it gives me rheumatiz in me back. But, begorry, Oi'm glad Oi hev a back to hev rheumatiz in.

CON. I can't waste any more time with you. Hand over your money.

MRS. MUL. Me rheumatiz made me lose me count. Now Oi'll have to count it all over again to be sure Oi made no mistake, and Oi'll carl on all the payple in the car to listen. There's Mary Ann, that's tin cints —

CON. If you begin that string again I'll have you arrested. Hand over that sixty cents, lively.

MRS. MUL. Soixty cints! Shure, it's fourty Oi makes it.

CON. Sixty cents.

MRS. MUL. And yez won't toike the fourty?

CON. Not one cent less than sixty. Either pay that, or I'll put you off the car at once.

MRS. MUL. Be aisy, sorr, and Oi'll lave the car, for Oi won't be chated out uv twinty cints fur anny wan.

BRAKE. Sladen! Sladen!

(CON. goes out.)

MRS. MUL. Shure, here we be at Sladen, darlints. (*To passengers.*) Didn't Oi put a good wan over on that smart conductor? Shure, it wuz here Oi wuz planning to git out all the toime to see me Cousin Biddy O'Toole and little Moikey. It's wan cowl'd day whin yez git ahead of Katie Mulligan. Come on, me darlints.

(MRS. MUL. and children depart, smiling.)

Enter MRS. FUSSY and nephew ROBERT. MRS. F. has very many bundles.

ROB. Here's a seat, Aunt Ann.

MRS. F. Oh, I don't want to sit there. It's too near the back of the car. And oh, dear, Robert, if this isn't the last car!

ROB. What difference does that make?

MRS. F. That's just like you, Robert. Now, my other nephew, Henry, wouldn't have thought of putting me in the last car. It is so dangerous if there is a rear end collision. I don't see why they don't leave the last car off, anyway.

ROB. (*going to another seat*). Well, try this seat, Aunt Ann.

MRS. F. (*sitting down a minute, then jumping up*). No, I don't like that seat. It's right over the wheels. I'd like a seat on the other side.

MICHAEL. Toike moi sate, mum.

MRS. F. Thank you. (*Sits down.*)

MICHAEL. That's orl roight, mum. Wot Oi ses is, a man ort to give a woman the sate she wants. Some min never does unless she's young and pretty, but yez see, mum, it don't make no difference to me.

(*Mrs. F. glares at him; begins adjusting bundles, Rob. helping.*)

ALYSE. Wasn't it polite of that man to give that horrid, fussy old lady his seat?

MICHAEL (*in loud stage whisper*). Shure, Oi wuz jist rad-ing in me payper of a fussy ould woman who lift tin thousand dollars to an illigant young man like mesilf that wuz perlite to her in a strate car; so when Oi sees this ould crank ses Oi to mesilf, ses Oi, toike no chances, Moickel. She's a fussy ould wan all roight, so perhaps the rist of it will be throe and Oi'll be getting me tin thousand wan of these days.

MRS. F. There, Robert, don't put that satchel on the floor. I want it on the seat beside me. (*Rob. puts it on the seat with a bang.*) Be careful how you handle it. My other set of false teeth are in it and I don't want them broken. Now, I believe I'm on the sunny side and no shades at the windows. Robert, I should think you could have found me a seat in a better car.

ROB. But the seats in the other car were all taken, Aunt Ann.

MRS. F. Then why didn't you get here sooner? Are you sure you gave me the right ticket?

ROB. Yes, sure.

MRS. F. You've made such a blunder about getting me a seat that I can't feel comfortable about the ticket. Oh, here's the conductor! I'll ask him to make sure. Here, Mr. Conductor, come here. Will you look at my ticket and see if it is all right?

CON. Where do you want to go?

MRS. F. I am going to Jericho.

CON. Ticket's all right, madam.

MRS. F. Well, I'm surprised that it is. My nephew here made such a blunder about getting me a seat that I was afraid he didn't get the right ticket. (*To ROB.*) I'm sorry, Robert, that you should put me to so much trouble about my ticket. My, it's so close in here I can hardly get my breath. But, phew! I get some one else's breath, and it's very strong of liquor. (*Calls.*) Conductor, conductor, do you allow any drinking person to ride on this train?

CON. Yes, lady; just keep your seat and keep quiet and I won't say a word.

MRS. F. The impudent wretch! I like that. I shall certainly report him.

ROB. If you like it, what are you kicking about?

MRS. F. You are the impolitest males I ever saw. Mercy on me, I smell tobacco! and you know, Robert, how I detest tobacco. I simply can't ride here reeking in tobacco filth. There, put that bundle in the other seat. Why don't you attend to things a little better? This tobacco smell is awful. If you open the window I shall freeze, I know, and if I have to breathe this vile air I shall suffocate. Oh, dear, whatever shall I do?

MICHAEL. Begorry, Oi wish she'd ayther fraze or suffocate moighty quick.

(*MRS. F. keeps changing bundles, position, frets continually.*)

NEWS. Bananas! Pop-corn! Prize in every package!

RUBE (*after much deliberation buys one banana*). Now, I wonder what is in this air prize package, Sal? How'd a diamond ring suit yer? (*Peels banana slowly, peeping in.*) By gosh, a fool and his money is soon parted. (*Shows to SAL.*) Jest look thar. Ain't thet a swindle? (*Throws banana on floor.*) That's the last prize package I ever squander my money on, I reckon. Maw told me ter look out for my money,

but by gosh I'm a-makin' ut fly. Spent seven cents already. But we're havin' an all-fired good time, ain't we, Sal?

(Puts arm around SAL.)

SAL. Yes, we be, Rube; best time I ever hed.

(Puts head on RUBE's shoulder.)

RUBE. Say, Sal, I reckon we're in love.

SAL. I'm 'fraid we be, Rube.

RUBE *(gulping and swallowing)*. Say, Sal, do—yer—think —yer—yer—love me, Sal?

SAL. I reckon as how I dew.

RUBE. A hull barrelful?

SAL. Yes, Rube, a hull hogshhead. *(Tremendous smack.)* Rube, I wuz skeered you'd fall in love with one of them air city gals.

RUBE. No, sir-ee. Yer don't catch me courtin' them city gals with their sinful extravagance. Maw says she's heern tell of them eatin' oyster stew twice a week. No, sir-ee. They'd like to get me, but they don't stand no show.

(Silence with only sounds of o-o-o-ohs and a-a-a-ahs.)

MICHAEL. Begorry, the only diffirence betwane the langwidge of love and the langwidge of a jag is two hiccups and a gurgle.

MRS. F. Oh, dear, I'm afraid this train is running off the track. *(Calls.)* Conductor! Conductor! How long has it been since there was an accident on this road?

CON. Had one last week.

MRS. F. Oh, dear, I know I shall never leave this train alive. It's just like this thoughtless nephew of mine to put me on a train that is going to run off the track.

BRAKE. Yonkers! Yonkers!

CON. Gracious, I nearly forgot to wake that man that wanted to get off at Yonkers. *(Goes up to MR. S.)* Wake up, wake up! *(Gives him a shake. MR. S. half opens his eyes.)* What place did you want?

MR. S. *(closing eyes again)*. What places have you?

(Snores.)

CON. *(shaking vigorously)*. Wake up, I say! Wake up!

MR. S. *(sleepily)*. Give the children their breakfast, wife, and I'll be down in a few minutes. *(Snores again.)*

CON. (*shaking him still harder*). Wake up, I say! Wake up there! You wanted to get off here. (MR. S. *still snores*. CON. *calls BRAKE., who comes in.*) This man gave me a dollar to wake him and put him off at Yonkers. Just take hold with me and we'll put him off.

(*They begin to lift him; he finally wakes.*)

MR. S. (*angrily*). What on earth are you fellows doing?

CON. • You gave me a dollar to wake you up and put you off at Yonkers, and you're going off.

MR. S. I don't want to get off at Yonkers.

CON. (*to BRAKE.*). Don't take any notice of what he is saying. He's still dreaming. He told me he woke up awful hard.

(*They grab him, push him, pull him, and finally get him off, he violently protesting all the time that he doesn't want to get off at Yonkers. 'RASTUS JONES gets on and stands in aisle, holding ancient valise.*)

'RASTUS (*to CON.*). Is you the gen'man wot owns de kyars?

CON. I don't own them but I attend to some of the business.

'RASTUS. Yes, sah, you tends to de bizness ob de kyars; den I specks you tends to de people wot goes on de kyars.

CON. Yes, what can I do for you?

'RASTUS. If a colored gen'man wants ter go somewhar on de kyars what's de fust thing he's got to do 'bout it, sah?

CON. Do you want to go somewhere on this train?

'RASTUS. Wot for you tink? Do I want ter go somewhar on dis train? Jist look at me! Doan I look like a colored gen'man wot wants to go somewhar on de kyars? Doan you see dat I'se got my *perlece* in my hand wid a brand new white vest and a brand new coat, an' a pair of boots, and a collar, and a razor in it? Do you think I'm goin' walkin' fur my health? Cose I wants ter go on dese kyars. I ain't never been on 'em in my life cuz I wuz riz sixteen miles from de jumping off place where there ain't no kyars. But when a man gits ter be sixty years old it's time he tried it if he ever specks ter, cause he may go to hebben any time, and I doan know about the kyars there. What did you say wuz de fust ting a colored gen'man's got to do if he wants to ride on the kyars?

CON. The first thing to do is to get a ticket.

'RASTUS. Whar-I gwine get it?

CON. I can sell you a ticket.

'RASTUS. Oh, you does. Well, I wants one, 'cause I'm goin' on these kyars.

CON. Where are you going?

'RASTUS. 'Tain't none of your bisness whar a colored gen'man is goin'. I don't want no *device* about this heah trip. I'm old enough to know whar I'm gwine.

CON. But I can't sell you a ticket until I know where you are going.

'RASTUS. Hit doan make no difference to you whar I'm gwine. Dey kyars go whar I'm gwine, doan they?

CON. I can't tell until you tell me where it is.

'RASTUS. Ah hab de money to pay fur that ticket. You jest gib me dat ticket 'cause I know whar I'se gwine. If Ah wants ter get on dem kyars and ride till kingdom come dat's my bisness.

CON. This road sells tickets by the mile.

'RASTUS. Fur massy's sake! Ah thought a ticket was jest about so long. (*Measures length on finger.*) How fur can you ride fur a mile ob ticket?

CON. You'll have to get off the train if you can't tell me where you are going.

'RASTUS. Wall, Ah am gwine to Buffum.

CON. All right. Here's your ticket. You change cars at Rainsville. Eighty cents.

'RASTUS (*looking at ticket*). Ah thought you sold dem tickets by de mile. Der ain't more'n two inches ob dis ticket.

CON. That's all right. It will take you to Buffum.

'RASTUS. Doan de kyars take me to Buffum?

CON. Yes, yes.

(*Hurries off.* 'RASTUS *sits down and studies ticket intently.*)

'RASTUS. If he axes eighty cents fur two inches ob ticket, a mile must cost a powerful heap.

MAYSIE (*to* ALYSE). Don't you think Sousa is the best conductor in America?

ALYSE. Sousa is certainly a fine conductor.

LIZ (*to* MAME). Say, who's Susa? We ain't never rid on his train, hev we?

MAME. Naw, I don't remember him.

MRS. F. Robert, I don't believe we're on the right train now.

ROB. Oh, yes, we're all right.

MRS. F. You'd better ask some one.

ROB. Why, Aunt Ann, you asked the conductor.

MRS. F. Well, I still think you've put me on the wrong train. There, that sounds like thunder. That makes me think of my umbrella. Robert, I believe you left my umbrella in the station. (*Hunts around for umbrella.*)

ROB. Here it is, Aunt Ann.

MRS. F. Well, it's the greatest wonder you didn't manage to lose it somewhere.

• (MICHAEL *gets up and pulls straps.*)

CON. Here you, what are you pulling the straps at both ends of the cars for?

MICHAEL. That's all roight, soir. Shure, Oi want both inds of the car to sthop, don't Oi?

CON. Next station is Old Glory! Old Glory!

ALYSE. I wonder why they call this station Old Glory?

MAYSIE. Oh, because it's a *flag* station, I suppose.

ALYSE. Of course, that's just it.

MAYSIE. Have you noticed my economical hand-bag, Alyse?

ALYSE. It's just too cute for anything.

MAYSIE. George gave it to me my birthday, and it's simply grand, and so economical. (*Opens bag.*) You see you open this and there are two compartments, and you open the compartments on this side and there is a little pocket in that, and you open the little pocket and there is the dearest little pocket-book for change with one side fixed for tickets.

ALYSE. Isn't it just too dear for anything? But why do you call it economical?

MAYSIE. Why, don't you see, it takes so long to open all the things and get your money that by the time you do, whoever is with you has paid your fare. I haven't paid a fare once since I had it.

ROB. That's worse than the woman that opened her bag and took out her purse, shut the bag and opened the purse, took out a nickel and shut her purse, opened her bag and put in her purse, shut her bag, etc. Isn't it, Aunt Ann?

MRS. F. How can you talk such nonsense when I know we're on the wrong train and we're going to run off the track any minute and get killed. I have a dreadful headache. Don't you know enough to find my smelling salts for me? There, Robert, I suppose you've gone and lost my smelling salts. Whatever shall I do without them? You are the most careless man I know.

ROB. You have your smelling salts in your hand, Aunt Ann.
 MRS. F. Well, it's fortunate I can look out for my things myself. I wonder where I'd be if I left things to you.

(Smells salts. Mr. AUS. wakes suddenly, jumps up, yells at CON.)

MR. AUS. Here, you're a smart fellow, I must say. Didn't I give you a dollar to wake me up at Yonkers? And here I am ten miles beyond. I'd like to knock your head off your shoulders.

CON. *(looking dumbfounded)*. Say, are you the man that wanted to get off at Yonkers?

MR. AUS. Isn't that what I gave you a dollar for?

CON. Well, I put a man off at Yonkers, but I declare I believe it *was* the wrong man. He said he wasn't the one, but you told me you were hard to wake and I thought he was still asleep. Had an awful time getting him off. I beg your pardon, sir; sorry.

MR. AUS. Guess the other fellow is sorry, too. Pretty mess you made of it.

BRAKE. Old Glory! Old Glory!

MR. AUS. How long before I can get a train back to Yonkers?

CON. About twenty minutes.

(MR. AUS. gets out, also MAYSIE and ALYSE. ALYSE comes rushing back, looks hurriedly at place she had been sitting, then rushes to the CON.)

ALYSE. Some one has taken my bag.

CON. Perhaps you dropped it on the floor. *(They look around floor.)* Are you sure you had it with you?

ALYSE. Oh, I'm sure I had it. *(Talks very fast.)* It was a small black bag.

CON. There are a good many small black bags. Can you tell something that was in it so I can identify it?

ALYSE. I can tell a few things that were in it. *(Very fast.)* Two handkerchiefs with the dearest little crochet edge, a pair of black silk stockings, a pair of white kid gloves, a paper of black pins, a box of hairpins, a long veil, a ball of crochet cotton, some embroidery, a few yards of pale blue ribbon, some tooth powder, some hair curlers, a buckle for my new belt, a bottle of shoe polish, and a —

CON. It's no bag you've lost, it's a trunk.

ALYSE. No, no, it wasn't even a regular shopping bag—just a little hand-bag. I do hate to lose it. You'll try very hard to find it for me, won't you? I could tell you more things that were in it if I had time to think a little.

BRAKE. All aboard!

(ALYSE rushes off and rushes back again.)

ALYSE *(to CON.)*. Oh, I've just remembered it was yesterday I had it with me. I left him home on my dressing case to-day.

(Rushes off again.)

CON. Drat these women, I say.

SAL. Rube, why can't we git married Sunday?

RUBE. Wall, I s'pose we could, but it may rain like the dickens Sunday.

SAL. If it rains Sunday, Rubie, let's git married the Saturday before.

RUBE. Wall, I'll ask maw.

CON. Tickets! Tickets! All tickets ready now.

(RUBE takes out long, much worn pocketbook and unwinds yards and yards of red yarn from it.)

RUBE. Don't take no chances uv gittin' my pockets picked. *(RUBE finally gets ticket, hands it to CON., who keeps it.)* Hain't you a-goin' ter giv thet ticket back?

CON. No, we're at the end of the line. You change cars here.

RUBE. Now, by cracky, thet looks ter me like swindlin'. I paid good money fur thet ticket and he's come along and tuk it away from me.

BRAKE. Allson! Allson! Change here. Far as this train goes.

(MRS. F. has a great time getting bundles collected, fuming and fretting all the time. SAL holds on to RUBE with one hand, carries old umbrella in the other.)

RUBE. I hev the lunch basket all right. You hang on ter thet umberell. Maw'd be orful mad if you lost it.

CURTAIN

MASTER PIERRE PATELIN

A Farce in Three Acts

Englished from an Early (1464) French Play

By Dr. Richard T. Holbrook

Of Bryn Mawr College

CHARACTERS

PIERRE PATELIN, *a lawyer.*

GUILLEMETTE, *his wife.*

GUILLAUME JOCEAULME, *a draper.*

TIBALT LAMBKIN, *a shepherd.*

THE JUDGE.

Four males, one female. Costumes of the period, amply suggested by reproductions of contemporary cuts; scenery, very simple and fully explained. Plays an hour and a half. A popular edition of this well-known French farce for schools. Its literary and historical interest very great, it is perfectly actable and absolutely modern in its dramatic appeal to an audience, and uproariously funny in its effect if presented with even slight skill. Altogether an ideal offering for schools and colleges. Professor Holbrook's version, here offered, has been acted with distinguished success at Bryn Mawr College and at The Little Theatre in Philadelphia, and a version adapted from the Holbrook text by Professor George P. Baker was successfully given at his "Workshop 47" in Cambridge. Strongly recommended. Free of royalty for amateur performance.

Price, 50 cents

JOLLY PLAYS FOR HOLIDAYS

A Collection of Christmas Plays for Children

By Carolyn Wells

COMPRISING

The Day Before Christmas. Nine males, eight females.

A Substitute for Santa Claus. Five males, two females.

Is Santa Claus a Fraud? Seventeen males, nine females and chorus.

The Greatest Day of the Year. Seven males, nineteen females.

Christmas Gifts of all Nations. Three males, three females and chorus.

The Greatest Gift. Ten males, eleven females.

The plays composing this collection are reprinted from "The Ladies' Home Journal" of Philadelphia and other popular magazines in answer to a persistent demand for them for acting purposes. Miss Wells' work requires no introduction to a public already familiar with her wit, her humor and her graceful and abundant fancy, all of which attractive qualities are amply exemplified in the above collection. These plays are intended to be acted by young people at the Christmas season, and give ample suggestions for costuming, decoration and other details of stage production. These demands are sufficiently elastic in character, however, to make it possible to shorten and simplify the performance to accommodate almost any stage or circumstances. The music called for is of the simplest and most popular sort, such as is to be found in every household and memory. This collection can be strongly recommended.

Price, cloth, post-paid by mail, 60 cents net

JOLLY PLAYS FOR HOLIDAYS

A Collection of Christmas Plays for Children

By Carolyn Wells

COMPRISING

The Day Before Christmas. Nine males, eight females.
A Substitute for Santa Claus. Five males, two females.
Is Santa Claus a Fraud? Seventeen males, nine females and chorus.
The Greatest Day of the Year. Seven males, nineteen females.
Christmas Gifts of all Nations. Three males, three females and chorus.
The Greatest Gift. Ten males, eleven females.

The plays composing this collection are reprinted from "The Ladies' Home Journal" of Philadelphia and other popular magazines in answer to a persistent demand for them for acting purposes. Miss Wells' work requires no introduction to a public already familiar with her wit, her humor and her graceful and abundant fancy, all of which attractive qualities are amply exemplified in the above collection. These plays are intended to be acted by young people at the Christmas season, and give ample suggestions for costuming, decoration and other details of stage production. These demands are sufficiently elastic in character, however, to make it possible to shorten and simplify the performance to accommodate almost any stage or circumstances. The music called for is of the simplest and most popular sort, such as is to be found in every household and memory. This collection can be strongly recommended.

Price, cloth, post-paid by mail, 60 cents net

CHEERY COMEDIES FOR CHRISTMAS

**A Collection of Plays, Pantomimes, Tableaux, Readings,
Recitations, Illustrated Poems, etc., Suitable for
Use at Christmas**

By Edith M. Burrows, Gertrude M. Henderson, and others

CONTENTS

The Awakening of Christmas. A Christmas Operetta for children. Twenty-five boys and thirty-two girls, or may be played by a less number if desired. Scenery and costumes easily arranged; music selected from popular sources.
A Christmas Strike. A very easy entertainment for four boys and three girls.
Santa's Surprise. For thirty-three children, or less if desired, and a man to impersonate Santa Claus.
The Syndicated Santa Claus. For three males and two females (adults), who speak, and any number of children.
Kris Kriagle's Panorama. A collection of tableaux, recitations, etc.
Price, 25 cents

H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

MID-CHANNEL Play in Four Acts. Six males, five females.
Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors.
Plays two and a half hours.

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH Drama in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors.
Plays a full evening.

THE PROFLIGATE Play in Four Acts. Seven males, five females. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS Farce in Three Acts. Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY Play in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

SWEET LAVENDER Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Scene, a single interior, costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE THUNDERBOLT Comedy in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Scenery, three interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE TIMES Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females. Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

The William Warren Edition of Plays

Price, 15 Cents Each

AS YOU LIKE IT Comedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

CAMILLE Drama in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

INGOMAR Play in Five Acts. Thirteen males, three females. Scenery varied; costumes, Greek. Plays a full evening.

MARY STUART Tragedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females, and supernumeraries. Costumes, of the period; scenery, varied and elaborate. Plays a full evening.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE Comedy in Five Acts. Seventeen males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery varied. Plays a full evening.

RICHELIEU Play in Five Acts. Fifteen males, two females. Scenery elaborate; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

THE RIVALS Comedy in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER Comedy in Five Acts. Fifteen males, four females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL Comedy in Five Acts. Ten males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter D. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

BAKER'S EDITION
OF PLAYS

Her Weekly Allowance

Price, 15 Cents



COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

A. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

THE AMAZONS Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, not difficult. Plays a full evening.

THE CABINET MINISTER Farce in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Costumes, modern society; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

DANDY DICK Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours and a half.

THE GAY LORD QUEX Comedy in Four Acts. Four males, ten females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening.

HIS HOUSE IN ORDER Comedy in Four Acts. Nine males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE HOBBY HORSE Comedy in Three Acts. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery easy. Plays two hours and a half.

IRIS Drama in Five Acts. Seven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

LADY BOUNTIFUL Play in Four Acts. Eight males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, four interiors, not easy. Plays a full evening.

LETTY Drama in Four Acts and an Epilogue. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery complicated. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

HER WEEKLY ALLOWANCE

A Farcical Entertainment in One Act

BY

JESSIE A. KELLEY

AUTHOR OF "THE PEDLERS' PARADE," "SQUIRE JUDKIN'S APPLE BEE," "MISS
PRIM'S KINDERGARTEN," "THE VILLAGE POST-OFFICE," ETC.

BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1918
HER WEEKLY ALLOWANCE

CHARACTERS.

- MRS. JACK TEBBITTS . . *Who has an allowance.*
CLEANSING FLUID AGENT . *Who helps her economize.*
DOROTHY FLETCHER . . *Who wants a doll (child).*
PIANO AGENT *Who saves a divorce.*
MRS. FORD *Who wants subscriptions.*
FRUIT PEDLER *Who plays a bunco game.*
SPECTACLE AGENT . . . *Who saves the family's eyesight.*
SUSIE PEASE *Who sells soap (child).*
MRS. KELLOGG *Who has tickets to sell.*
BOOK AGENT *Who cultivates the family's minds.*
MRS. BROWN *Who is soliciting for a turkey supper.*
PATENT MEDICINE PEDLER *Who saves Mrs. Tebbitts' life.*
CHAIR PEDLER *Who makes the neighbors envious.*
BLIND PEDLER *Who arouses Mrs. Tebbitts' sympathies.*
ARMENIAN WOMAN PEDLER *Who is a fraud.*
RUG SELLER *Who can sell Mrs. Tebbitts nothing.*
-

NOTE. — The entertainment may be given on any platform, with or without a curtain. Arrange the stage as an ordinary sitting-room, with table, chairs, couch, etc. As given, it requires five women, two little girls, and nine men, although nearly all of the men's parts can be taken as well by women, if desired.



COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

HER WEEKLY ALLOWANCE

SCENE. — *Of no importance, a mere platform answering perfectly well for this entertainment, so that it bears the few tables, chairs and other properties called for. (See Note on the opposite page.)*

MRS. TEBBITTS *enters or is discovered at rise of curtain.*

MRS. TEBBITTS. There, now, Jack is off to the office, and I told him to take his dinner downtown so I could have the whole day to clean house. He thought I ought to hire someone to do the cleaning for me, but I'm just sick to death of hired help, and I'll just show him I know how to do it myself, even if I am a young housekeeper; and besides, there's the thirty-five dollars he gave me for the week's expenses, and I want to show him at the end of the week how much I have saved out of it and what a good financier his wife is. I've always wanted to try the allowance plan, and he has always laughed at it; but last night I told him at how much better advantage I could buy, and how much I could save if I had a regular allowance, so he gave me this money and told me to go ahead and try it. Here's my little account book with the pencil attached, and every cent I spend I shall set down at once. People are always laughing at a woman's accounts, but I'll just show Jack that I am an exception. I must get right to work, but first I must put on this big apron and my sweeping-cap. (*Goes to glass to arrange it.*) There, that looks quite coquettish. I read in the paper the other day that there was no need of looking untidy even if one were house-cleaning, and that's just what I think. Let me see; what do you suppose I ought to do first? I notice that

everything is always upset when folks are cleaning house, so I think the first thing to do is to get everything down and pile it in the middle of the floor. (*Begins piling up and disarranging furniture.*) There, that really looks like house-cleaning, but I wonder what I ought to do next. (*Knock at door.*)

Enter CLEANSING FLUID AGENT.

AGENT. Ah, I see I have arrived at just the right time — house-cleaning; just the time you need this wonderful article I have for sale. Will you allow me to demonstrate its wonderful cleansing properties, madam?

MRS. T. I am very busy to-day, as I want to get this house all cleaned before my husband gets home to-night. He's going to take his dinner downtown so I can have the whole day to work.

AGENT. Then I have here just the thing to help you accomplish your purpose. Ordinarily your task would be impossible, but with this to help you it will be but child's play. Here, madam, I see is a rug. Let me show you how quickly a few strokes of this will make it look like new. Give me a little hot water please. (*MRS. TEBBITTS gives water in basin. AGENT puts in spoonful of mixture. Takes rug and wipes with cloth.*) Wonderful stuff, madam; this rug is not only cleansed, but new; saves you the expense of several dollars in getting a new one; will clean your last year's gown so it cannot be told from new; cleans anything in the house — from the finest material to the coarsest — without leaving a spot, and also restores the original color to any faded material. The price of this can, enough to last one year, is — I know you will be surprised at the extremely low price — only three dollars, madam.

MRS. T. It seems very nice, but my husband has just begun giving me a weekly allowance, and I don't want to fritter any of it away. I have here my little account book for setting down all my expenditures, and I want to have a snug little balance at the end of the week.

AGENT. Just so, just so. I am indeed glad to find a woman of such unusual business ability, and I am doubly

pleased because I have here just the thing which will enable you to have that snug little sum left at the end of the week. By the use of this you will save all expense of hiring help for your house-cleaning, for every carpet can be very easily cleansed on the floor by simply going over them with a cloth wrung out of this mixture, and, as I said before, it will also make old clothes look like new. It is a great boon to housekeepers, and you will make the mistake of your life, madam, if you do not take a can of it.

MRS. T. I did get a big spot of grease on my blue silk dress, and it faded dreadfully; so I thought I'd have to get a new one. But if this will make it good as new, I suppose it would be economy to buy it. I believe I will take a can. (*Gets pocketbook; pays him three dollars.*)

AGENT. Thank -ou, madam.

Exit AGENT.

MRS. T. Three dollars gone. (*Gets account book and writes.*) That leaves me thirty-two dollars. This isn't doing my house-cleaning; but no matter, it won't take me long now that I have this wonderful preparation. I believe I'll just get that blue silk dress out and go over it with this stuff and make it look like new; then I'll fool Jack when he comes home, make him think I have a new dress, then happily surprise him by telling him it's the old one I've fixed so I won't need a new one. I believe in a wife helping her husband save all she can. I'll get it and fix it right off. I'm dying to see how it will look. (*Goes out and brings in dress.*) It does look pretty faded and dirty, but I guess this will fix it all right. (*Spreads skirt on board, rubs spot vigorously with preparation. Have large white patch basted on skirt.*) I do believe it's taking that grease spot all out. I guess it's just as that agent said — but, oh, dear! it doesn't look as if it were restoring the original color. Why, I believe it has all turned white where I rubbed it! (*Holds up skirt, showing large white patch.*) That man was a regular fraud, and I'd just like to get hold of him. I'm afraid I shan't be able to wear it, after all, and there's three dollars of my allowance gone. I'll have to be very careful of the rest of it. I'm dread-

fully tired. I've been working so hard all the morning I believe I'll sit down and rest a few minutes and look over the new fashion book. The talks to young housekeepers always say it is much better to rest a few minutes several times a day, and you will feel so refreshed that you can more than make up the time. (*Sits down ; begins reading. Knock at door.*)

Enter CHILD with extracts.

DOROTHY. Hello, Mis' Tebbitts. Won't you buy some extracts off of me? If I sell a dozen bottles I can get a big doll that will open and shut its eyes, and say "mamma" if you push hard on her chest.

Mrs. T. How many bottles have you sold, Dorothy?

DOR. I've only sold one, and I've tried most ev'ry house on the street, and I do want that doll awful.

Mrs. T. That's too bad. How much is the extract a bottle?

DOR. It's only thirty-five cents a bottle, but the man says it's worth fifty.

Mrs. T. I suppose I might take some. It will keep, and it is always handy to have plenty of those things in the house. I believe in buying in large quantities. What flavors have you?

DOR. They're all lemon.

Mrs. T. Oh, dear, I don't believe Jack likes lemon very well, but perhaps he will learn to. I will take the eleven bottles, Dorothy, and you can get your doll. (*Counts out three dollars and eighty-five cents.*)

DOR. Ma said you were easy, and she guessed I could work you all right; but I didn't s'pose you were quite so easy as all that.

Exit DOROTHY

Mrs. T. She didn't seem very grateful; but no matter, it was a good bargain for me. She said they were worth fifty cents; eleven fifties would be five dollars and fifty cents, and I only paid three dollars and eighty-five cents, so I saved — let me see, three eighty-five from five fifty. I'll have to write it down. (*Writes in book, subtracting.*) Five from ten is five, eight from fourteen is six, three from

four is one — one dollar and sixty-five cents saved. That helps out quite a lot on that three dollars I paid for that cleansing stuff, and I won't need any extract for a long time if Jack will only eat things flavored with lemon. I think he will when he knows how cheap I got it and how hard I am trying to save. I *must* go on with my cleaning. (*Bustles around, piling up more things. Knock at door.*)

Enter PIANO AGENT.

AGENT. Good morning, madam. Have you a piano in your home?

MRS. T. No; we've only been housekeeping a little while, and have not felt we could afford a piano, but now my husband has given me a regular allowance and I am going to be so systematic and saving that I expect to save enough to buy one in a few months.

AGENT. That is just where our plan comes in handy. You say you have a regular allowance; now just let me put in one of our highest class pianos which we are selling this week at the unheard-of price of eight hundred dollars as a special inducement to young housekeepers like yourself. You pay me five dollars down and five dollars each time you get your allowance, and before you know it you will have an elegant piano all paid for, and a home made happy for your husband — for what is home without music? When your husband comes home, tired from his day's work, you can play some sweet, old ballads to him. I know you play well by the looks of your little white hands. You have the real musician's hands. I presume you have made music almost a life study.

MRS. T. Yes; I took a quarter's lessons when I was a young girl, but I am rather out of practice now. I presume it would all come back to me, and I know Jack would enjoy it so much!

AGENT. Just give me your name, your street and number and the first instalment of five dollars, and I'll have the piano up here the first thing in the morning.

MRS. T. I don't know as I ought to pay out five dollars more just now, but I would like to have that piano if it's such a bargain.

AGENT. It's the opportunity of a lifetime; but not only that, but how many less divorces we would hear of if a wife would soothe her husband with sweet music. You never hear of a divorce where there is music in the home.

MRS. T. Is that so? Well, I do believe I'll have it. I don't want to run any chances of Jack getting tired of me and wanting a divorce, and the piano won't really cost him anything if I pay for it out of my allowance.

AGENT. I'm glad to meet such a wise little woman; I wish there were more like you. Now your name and the street and number.

MRS. T. Mrs. John B. Tebbitts, 101 Main St. (AGENT *writes*.)

AGENT. Now the five dollars and your piano will be here in the morning. (MRS. TEBBITTS *hands him money*.) Thank you, madam. Good day.

Exit AGENT.

MRS. T. (*writing in book*). On account piano, five dollars. Let me see how much I have spent now. Cleansing fluid, \$3, lemon extract, \$3.85, piano, \$5 — total, \$11.85; which leaves me (*subtracting*), five from ten is five, eight from nine is one, one from four is three, one from three is two — twenty-three dollars and fifteen cents. (*Knock at door*.)

Enter MRS. FORD.

MRS. FORD. Good morning, Mrs. Tebbitts. You're right into house-cleaning, I see. You don't mean to say you do it all yourself, Mrs. Tebbitts?

MRS. T. Yes; I'm going to this year. By going at it the right way it will be very easy and save quite an expense.

MRS. F. I mustn't stay but a minute, then, for I know you are in a hurry to get at it, but perhaps it will do you good to rest a few minutes. You'll be surprised when I tell you my errand. I'm taking subscriptions for this magazine; something I never did before, and of course there's no need of my doing it now, for Mr. Ford always gives me plenty of money for everything I want. But I

was looking at the elegant premiums they give for such a few new subscribers, and I thought this cut-glass dish would look just too sweet for anything in that lovely new mahogany china-closet I have, so I didn't say a word to Tom about it, but I just made up my mind I would start out this morning and ask a few of my dearest friends if they wouldn't like to take the magazine. Of course I know none of them will refuse such a little thing, for it is only three dollars a year; and even if they didn't care anything about the magazine, they would be perfectly willing to give me the three dollars. I'll put your name right down for one, Mrs. Tebbitts.

MRS. T. Yes, indeed, Mrs. Ford; of course I am very glad to do such a little favor as that for you. (*Gives MRS. FORD three dollars; looks sadly at diminishing amount in pocketbook.*)

MRS. F. It was awfully nice of you to take it, but I mustn't detain you another minute. You must come over and see how lovely that cut glass is when I get it. Do you know, I asked Mrs. Jones, and she was dreadfully rude about it. She said she thought it was just as bad as begging, and I might as well have a little card printed like the beggars and go round poking it under people's noses. But some folks are so mean about little things! She could afford to give me the three dollars just as well as not. Don't work too hard, Mrs. Tebbitts. Good-bye.

Exit MRS. FORD.

MRS. T. I didn't want her old magazine a bit, and I did need that three dollars. I just agree with Mrs. Jones that it is downright begging; but she'd never forgive me if I didn't take it, and she's acquainted with all those people I want to get in with, so I just had to give her that three dollars. Let me see (*consults book*), three from twenty-three fifteen is twenty fifteen — almost half of my week's allowance gone already. I must hurry with my cleaning. (*Wipes a chair or two. Knock at door.*)

Enter FRUIT PEDLER.

FRUIT PEDLER. Madam, can I sell you some very fine apples? Every one of them sound and a fine flavor—the very best apples grown in the country to-day. They are such fancy fruit that they are usually four dollars a bushel, but as this is the last bushel I have left, I will let you have them for two dollars—a great trade, madam.

MRS. T. I believe I do need some apples. My husband is very fond of apple pies. Will these make good pies?

FRUIT PED. Delicious! Can't be beat either for cooking or eating. It's very seldom you get a chance to buy this particular kind of apple; they're scarcer than hen's teeth.

MRS. T. I don't believe I need more than half a bushel.

FRUIT PED. Don't make the mistake of your life, madam. This is no ordinary fruit, and I should have to charge you three dollars for half a bushel, and I will let you have the whole bushel for two dollars.

MRS. T. Well, there's a chance to save a whole dollar, and I guess I need to save it, for my week's allowance is going pretty fast. I'll take the whole bushel.

FRUIT PED. Yes, madam; get me something to put them in. (*Mrs. Tebbitts gets basket.*) Two dollars, please. (*Waits until he gets money; then standing back to Mrs. Tebbitts empties apples and departs hurriedly.*)

MRS. T. (*examining apples*). Well, I never! Every one of these apples is rotten—not a sound one among them! I thought he hurried off pretty quick when he got his money. He just had a few of those elegant ones in his hand to show. Guess that was a bunco game, all right, and I'll have two dollars more to deduct from my allowance, leaving only (*consulting book*) eighteen dollars and fifteen cents. If I'm real careful I think I can make that last for the week, but I'm afraid I shan't be able to save much. Oh, dear, it's almost noontime and I haven't accomplished anything. I must hurry now to make up for lost time. (*Frantically begins pushing furniture around.*) I'll polish this chair next with the furniture polish I bought last week. (*Gets bottle and cloth and begins polishing.*) Now I really am getting started at the cleaning. Doesn't that make that chair look nice? It's such a satisfaction to do one's own cleaning, if you do get dreadfully

tired. I don't believe I shall ever hire it done again. It's real easy when you go at it the right way. (*Knock at door.*)

Enter AGENT with spectacles.

AGENT. Do any of your family wear glasses, lady?

Mrs. T. No; there are only myself and husband, and we both have excellent eyesight.

AGENT. Perhaps you think you have, lady; but my long years of experience in dealing with the human eye enables me to tell at a glance whether glasses are needed or not, and allow me to tell you, lady, unless you are properly fitted with glasses at once you will be completely blind in six months.

Mrs. T. Oh, that would be dreadful! But are you sure of it? Why, my eyes never trouble me, and I never have the headache.

AGENT. Just allow me to prove it to you, lady. Here I will make a mark on this piece of paper, so (*makes an extremely small dot on paper*); hold it up at this distance from you (*goes across stage*); now, lady, can you see the mark I made?

Mrs. T. (*hesitating*). No, I'm afraid I can't.

AGENT. Which proves conclusively, without any manner of doubt, that you will be totally blind in a few short months unless you allow me to fit you with these wonderful glasses I am selling.

Mrs. T. I suppose I really ought to buy them, but I have spent so much money to-day I don't know as I can.

AGENT. Madam, do not let any false notions of economy deter you from purchasing these glasses. Think of the long years spent in darkness if you neglect your eyes now.

Mrs. T. I'm sure Jack would rather have me spend every cent he ever had than be blind. How much do you charge for the glasses?

AGENT. The regular price, lady, is twelve dollars, but as I have a kind heart and am trying to alleviate the sufferings of humanity, I will make the price to you, lady, only three dollars. Goodness is its own reward, and although I shall be losing instead of gaining money by the

transaction, it will be a pleasure to me to think that I have saved those beautiful eyes.

MRS. T. How very kind of you! It is a pleasure in this sordid world to meet a person who thinks more of the good done to humanity than of mere dollars and cents.

AGENT. Are you sure your husband's eyes are good?

MRS. T. Yes; I heard him say only the other day that he had unusually good eyesight — better than any of his companions.

AGENT. Indeed, I am sorry to hear it, for that is always the case — unusually good eyesight, then sudden darkness. How many times I have seen just such occurrences in my experience! Madam, I should feel very much worried about your husband's eyes if I were in your place. How old a man is he?

MRS. T. He will be thirty-two next June.

AGENT. Yes, just as I thought; just the age, the dangerous, perilous age, the age when a man's eyesight is apt to leave him in a second; and with the symptoms that you tell me your husband has — unusually good eyesight — I should indeed feel alarmed.

MRS. T. Do you think anything could be done to prevent the trouble?

AGENT. Undoubtedly, undoubtedly. With a pair of these glasses put on immediately there would be no danger whatever of his eyes not remaining good indefinitely; and feeling great sympathy for you in your trouble, I will let you have this pair for your husband even cheaper than your own. For the small sum of one dollar and fifty cents you may save your husband's eyesight.

MRS. T. I must take them if it takes the last cent I have. How thankful Jack will be when I tell him from what an awful fate I have saved him! (*Counts out four and one-half dollars and pays* AGENT.) Here is your money, and I feel very grateful to you for your kind interest in myself and husband.

AGENT (*aside*). She's the easiest mark I have struck for a long time. (*Aloud*.) As I said before, lady, virtue is its own reward, and I consider it a special providence that I stepped in here to-day. Good day, madam.

Exit AGENT.

Mrs. T. I must put these glasses right on. (*Puts on glasses.*) I cannot help thinking how fortunate it was for myself and Jack that he came, even if it did still further lower the allowance. Let me see (*consults book*); eighteen dollars and fifteen cents I had before he came, and I paid him four dollars and a half; that leaves (*reckoning*) thirteen dollars and sixty-five cents. Oh, dear, how money does go, and time, too! Let me think; what was I doing? Oh, yes; polishing this chair. (*Goes at it again.*) What had I better do next? I believe I'll finish that little centre-piece I was making for the table. Of course I'll want to have that ready to put on when I get the room cleaned, and there are only a few more stitches to take in it. (*Takes sewing and sits down.*) Why, I can't see a thing with these glasses, and they make my eyes ache frightfully! I believe I'll ask Jack about them before I wear them any longer. (*Takes them off.*) It's real restful to sit down a few minutes. I believe I'm feeling rather tired doing so much house-cleaning in one day. (*Knock at door.*)

Enter SUSIE PEASE.

How do you do, Susie? Why aren't you in school this morning?

SUSIE. Mother let me stay out this morning so's I could sell some soap. She's cleaning house (guess you are too by the looks), and she said she hated to clean house and not have anything new, and she read in the paper that Parker's, out in Chicago, would give a beautiful chair if you sell ten dollars' worth of soap; so she's sending me round to the neighbors to see if they'll buy some. The chair is awful pretty in the picture. How much will you take, Mrs. Tebbitts?

Mrs. T. I suppose I will need quite a lot of soap for house-cleaning, and I do like to please a child. I'll take a dollar's worth, Susie. (*Gives dollar.*)

SUSIE. You're an awful nice lady. I'll put the order down and bring it to you as soon as it gets here.

Exit SUSIE.

MRS. T. (*consulting book*). Thirteen sixty-five less one is twelve sixty-five. I hope no one else will come to-day with anything to sell. I shan't buy another thing of any one. (*Knock at door.*)

Enter MRS. KELLOGG.

MRS. KELLOGG. I'm so glad to find you at home, dear Mrs. Tebbitts. You're house-cleaning, aren't you? You will pardon my coming so early in the day, but I have these tickets to sell for the charity benefit, and I know how interested you always are in anything pertaining to charitable work. I said to my husband last night, "I am sure Mrs. Tebbitts will buy at least four of these tickets, because they are only fifty cents apiece, and if there are only herself and her husband in the family, she can give the other two to some of her friends; or if they can't go at all they can surely find four of their friends who would like to go." So I brought over four, and of course if you want more I shall be glad to sell them to you.

MRS. T. (*aside*). I wish I had moral courage enough to say I wouldn't take her old tickets, but I haven't. (*Aloud.*) Yes, Mrs. Kellogg; of course I shall be delighted to help the good cause along. You can always depend on me to help in the charitable work. I think four will be sufficient. That will be two dollars. (*Pays.*)

MRS. K. It is such a pleasure to ask one who gives as cheerfully as you do. Some people seem to buy them so grudgingly. I must run along now, for I have a number more to sell. Good-bye, dear; come over and see me soon.

Exit MRS. KELLOGG.

MRS. T. "The Lord loves a cheerful giver," I know, but I must say I didn't give that very cheerfully when I realized it left only ten dollars and sixty-five cents in my pocketbook. Oh, dear! I don't believe I like an allowance so well, after all. I'm getting rather discouraged; but perhaps it will come out all right. (*Knock at door.*) I just dread to hear a knock at that door. It makes the cold shivers go all over me. (*Opens door.*)

Enter BOOK AGENT.

BOOK AGENT. I have here, lady, something which should be in every home—a complete set of the immortal bard Shakespeare's works. Just look this volume over, lady (*hands her book*); see how beautifully it is bound; notice the excellent quality of paper, the good type, the notes at the bottom of each page.

MRS. T. It looks very good, but I cannot afford to buy any books at present.

BOOK AGENT. Madam, you cannot afford not to buy them. How many times do I see charming, intellectual, cultured young ladies like yourself who after marriage lose all interest in the higher things of life and degenerate into mere household drudges, while their husbands continue to grow intellectually until the time comes when the man is ashamed of his wife and she is kept entirely in the background. How much better, I say, if husband and wife together, under the cosy light of the evening lamp, should read such inspiring words as those of the Bard of Avon. Take, for example, such passages as these: "To be or not to be, that is the question." (*Gives Hamlet's soliloquy in tragical manner with ridiculous gestures.*) Who is not the wiser and better for having read such noble words? Madam, I repeat, you cannot afford not to buy them.

MRS. T. I always did say before I was married that I should not give up my reading and let my husband surpass me in everything.

BOOK AGENT. I knew, lady, by one look into your highly intellectual face that you would appreciate Shakespeare. At many places I know instantly that to sell them this work would be like casting pearls before swine; but you, with your cultured mind, would read and enjoy.

MRS. T. How much is the set?

BOOK AGENT (*aside*). A little flattery works fine with these women. (*Aloud.*) The price is thirty-five dollars for the twenty-four books complete, but in order that all true lovers of Shakespeare may have a chance to enjoy his works, we are selling the set for two dollars down and two dollars a month until paid. Two dollars a month, fifty cents a week—less than the price of a box of choco-

lates — and still people say they cannot afford to buy them.

MRS. T. I never thought of it that way before. Fifty cents a week is very small. I should never miss it at all. I — believe — I'll — take — the — set. Two dollars down, you said? (*Hands him two dollars.*)

BOOK AGENT. Yes, madam; and our collector will call each week for the fifty cents. Good afternoon.

Exit BOOK AGENT.

MRS. T. Two dollars more gone; but it gives such an air of distinction to have a set of Shakespeare in the book-case. I wasn't going to let on to him after he thought I had such an intellectual face that I didn't care a rap about Shakespeare's works. Now he'll tell that horrid Mrs. Fiske, who lives next door and thinks she is so literary, that I have purchased a set of Shakespeare, and perhaps she won't put on so many airs next time I meet her. Think I'll sit down and look them over a few minutes. (*Sits down and turns a few pages.*) Oh, dear! I never could read that trash! I almost forgot to put it down in my book. Ten sixty-five less two is eight sixty-five. Now for some more cleaning. Where was I? Oh, yes, I'll clean this picture and hang it up. (*Begins cleaning picture. Knock at door.*) I wonder who it is now. Come in.

Enter MRS. BROWN.

MRS. BROWN. How do you do, Mrs. Tebbitts? I haven't seen you for an age; and how sweet you look with that big apron and that dear little cap!

MRS. T. Oh, I know I look like a fright, but I have been so busy house-cleaning! I've worked until I'm tired enough to drop. Sit down, Mrs. Brown. I'm glad to rest a few minutes.

MRS. B. (*sitting down*). I mustn't stop long. You weren't out to the last sewing circle, were you? We all missed you awfully. You are always such a great help.

MRS. T. I had company that day and couldn't get out. What did they do?

Mrs. B. Oh, we sewed a little, then we made plans for a turkey supper, and we're to solicit everything for the tables, so we can make lots of money.

Mrs. T. (*aside*). More money!

Mrs. B. I am collecting money to buy the turkeys, and you know they are awfully high now.

Mrs. T. (*aside*). I suppose I'll have to give something, but I won't give more than fifty cents any way.

Mrs. B. Do you know, some of the ladies I have asked have only given fifty cents! Did you ever hear of such meanness? I should think anyone would be ashamed to give less than two dollars at the very least. I know you can always be depended on to give liberally.

Mrs. T. (*aside*). I can't get out of it less than two dollars. (*Aloud*.) Here are two dollars, Mrs. Brown; that will help a little.

Mrs. B. Thank you very much, Mrs. Tebbitts. (*Aside*.) I thought sure she'd give five dollars after what I said. (*Aloud*.) We'll have the tickets out next week, and I'll bring some over for you to buy. They are only fifty cents apiece, so I know you will want to buy several. I have got to see all of our church people on the street to-day and report to the Chairman how much I have collected, so I must go right along. Ever so much obliged, Mrs. Tebbitts. Oh, I forgot; I want you to make a cake, too, for the supper. You do make such delicious angel cake! You'll make me a loaf of that, won't you?

Mrs. T. Yes, I'll try to do that.

Exit Mrs. Brown.

It takes a dozen eggs to make that angel cake, and they are fifty cents a dozen at present. Two dollars for turkey, about sixty cents for cake, besides buying tickets. Well, I must take two dollars more off of my account, leaving me only six dollars and sixty-five cents. That allowance is growing "smaller by degrees and beautifully less." I just won't buy another thing or give another cent to anybody, and perhaps by letting some of my bills run until next week I can get along without letting Jack know how much I have spent. I hadn't finished cleaning that pic-

ture. (*Begins cleaning picture.*) Now I'll hang it up. Even if I have spent quite a lot of money to-day, I have surely earned a good deal doing all this hard work. Women who come in to clean do charge such dreadful prices and do so little in a day. (*Knock at door.*)

Enter PATENT MEDICINE PEDLER.

PEDLER. Madam, you are looking very tired and worn out.

MRS. T. I do feel rather tired just now.

PED. Yes, madam, your face shows that you are tired, that you are on the verge of nervous prostration. Your zeal as a housekeeper and homemaker is greater than your strength, and already the lines of age are creeping around your eyes and mouth.

MRS. T. Oh, horrors! do I begin to look old already! (*Looks in glass.*) I believe I'll never try to clean house again.

PED. There is no need of your looking old or of giving up your work if you will only fortify yourself by taking this wonderful elixir. It not only guards against the ravages of time, but in cases of lost youthfulness actually restores it. Madam, by that hectic flush on your cheeks I fear you will fill a premature grave unless you at once take steps to prevent it.

MRS. T. Oh, dear, then Jack will get married again, and the horrid creature will have all my things! I just won't give her a chance, allowance or no allowance. How much is your wonderful medicine, and are you sure it will save my life?

PED. There is no doubt of it whatever, madam. A teaspoonful taken three times a day will work wonders in a very short time, and you will be restored to perfect health and beauty. The price, madam, which is a very small consideration, considering its great curative and restorative properties, is but two dollars a bottle—a mere nothing.

MRS. T. Well, it's a mere something to me when I have only six dollars and sixty-five cents left; but this is a positive necessity, so I will take a bottle. (*Goes to get pocketbook.*)

PED. (*aside*). What gulls these women are! She looks as strong and healthy as they make them. Arousing a little jealousy does great things in selling my goods—a little water, highly colored. They do say folks don't drink enough water, so perhaps it's just what she needs.

MRS. T. Here's the two dollars.

PED. Thank you, madam. Remember, a teaspoonful three times a day; not any more, for it is very powerful stuff.

Exit MEDICINE PEDLER.

MRS. T. (*writing in book*). Four dollars and sixty-five cents left. But what is money compared with health? I'll take a teaspoonful now and perhaps it will rest me and take some of those old age lines out before Jack gets home and sees them. (*Takes medicine*.) Horrid tasting stuff! But no matter, if it will keep me from growing old. (*Knock at door*.) Did you ever know of so many people coming to a house in one day? Come in, whoever you are.

Enter AGENT with chair.

AGENT. Just in time, lady. I see you're cleaning house. Now, of course, you will want something new. What's the use of cleaning house if you have nothing new? Nobody knows you've cleaned it. Here's this elegant new style rocker, just right for this corner. Fills in there slick as a whistle. Isn't it a beauty, lady? Ever see anything handsomer? Just examine it; nothing shoddy about it; solid oak; finest quality of tapestry upholstery. Just stand right here, madam, and get the effect. Charming, isn't it?

MRS. T. Yes, it's very pretty, and I'd like to have it. I've always wanted that kind of a chair for that corner; but it's no use talking to me to-day. I've had pedlers here all the morning, and I'm not going to spend another cent; and anyway I haven't money enough left to buy it if I wanted it ever so bad.

AGENT. That's just what that woman who lives next door said. She said your rooms looked rather bare, and what you had was cheap, and you really needed a few good

chairs; but she didn't believe you could afford to buy such a nice one as this. I presume she is watching out of her window now to see if I take it out again.

MRS. T. She is watching out of her window at other folks' affairs most of the time. Said I couldn't afford it, did she? Well, I'd just like to let her see I could afford it (*looks in pocketbook*), but I have only four dollars and sixty-five cents left, and the week's provisions to buy out of that, so it's no use to think of it.

AGENT. I just hate to let that woman see me take this chair out, for I know she'll be right in to tell you how sorry she was you couldn't afford to buy it; so to help you out I am going to break a very strict rule of the company, and I don't know but I will lose my position by doing so. We have strict orders to sell nothing except for spot cash, but I will allow you to keep this chair on payment of only four dollars, and I will come around quietly after dark once a week and collect a few dollars until the total amount of twenty-five dollars is paid, and that woman next door won't know but you paid it all now.

MRS. T. (*hesitating*). I know I ought not to spend the money for it now, but I really do need it very much, and it will just make that woman green with envy. You may leave it, and here's your four dollars.

AGENT. I'll come next Wednesday evening for the next payment.

Exit CHAIR AGENT.

MRS. T. (*writing in book*). All gone but sixty-five cents! Whatever shall I tell Jack! Oh, I am so sick of house-cleaning! (*Knock. BLIND MAN gropes his way in.*)

MRS. T. Oh, you poor man! Are you blind?

PED. Yes, kind lady; I have been blind now for ten years. My eyesight had been very good, when all at once the darkness of night fell upon me.

MRS. T. And to think the same thing would have happened to both myself and Jack if that kind-hearted man hadn't come and told me about it this morning. We might even have had to go around selling things like this. I cannot turn you away, though I have very little money left myself. What have you to sell?

PED. (*showing paper and pencils*). I have some excellent paper and some red, black and blue pencils. These blue pencils (*holding up*) are two cents, these red ones (*looking in bag and holding up*) are three cents, and the black ones (*holding up*) are five cents.

MRS. T. But how do you know the color if you can't see anything?

PED. (*aside*). I came pretty near getting caught that time. I must look out. (*Aloud*.) Kind lady, you know the touch of the blind is very sensitive, and by simply touching any of these pencils I can tell the color.

MRS. T. I have always heard the blind had a very sensitive touch. I don't need any paper or pencils, but I feel I must help you a little, so you may give me fifty cents' worth of something. I would give you the money without taking anything, but I have heard that was not a wise thing to do, and I want to show wisdom in my charitable work.

PED. (*handing a few sheets of paper and couple of pencils*). Yes, kind lady; I ask no charity in my misfortune if people will only buy. (*Aside*.) And pay fifty cents for three cents' worth. (MRS. TEBBITTS *gives him fifty cents*.) Bless you, for a kind-hearted lady, and I wish there were more in the world like you. (*Aside*.) That I could work as easy.

Exit BLIND PEDLER.

MRS. T. I wonder what he said as he went out; seemed to be muttering something. Fifteen cents left and nothing in the house for supper! What shall I do? I know; I'll buy a can of salmon and I have a little lettuce and salad dressing; so I can make a salmon salad. (*Knock at door*.)

Enter ARMENIAN WOMAN PEDLER, *basket on arm*.

ARMENIAN. Oh, lady, please buy! I have sick husband and seven small childers. No bread give them. They starve if you no buy. (*Uncovers basket and holds up various articles*.) Pretty lace, cheap, so cheap, ten cents; pins, needles. Buy, lady, please buy. Just little, get bread, take home.

MRS. T. I can't let this poor creature starve. Here, I have just fifteen cents left; take it and buy your children some bread. I guess we'll have to go hungry ourselves, though.

ARM. Thank; much thank. (*Takes out pocketbook; opens to put in fifteen cents, showing it full.*)

Exit ARMENIAN WOMAN.

MRS. T. Why, her pocketbook was full of money! Guess I needed that fifteen cents more than she did, after all. I believe she was a fraud; and we can't even have a salmon salad for supper. (*Knock at door.*) Do you suppose that can be another pedler? Come in.

Enter MAN with rug over arm.

PED. Madam, can I sell you a fine rug? Very handsome.

MRS. T. No, you can't sell me anything. There's my pocketbook (*opens it*), and you see there isn't a cent in it, and I had thirty-five dollars this morning; but you pesky pedlers and beggars have got every cent of it.

PED. I'll sell it to you just the same. You look and see if you have any old pants, coats or boots of your husband's and I'll give you a nice rug for them.

MRS. T. No; I've spent every cent I had, but I'm not going to begin selling our clothes. It's no use for you to talk to me; even a worm will turn at last.

PED. You are missing a great opportunity, lady.

MRS. T. Yes; and I wish I had missed a good many more of them to-day.

Exit PEDLER.

I think I'd better see how I stand on my account. (*Reads.*) Paid for one can cleansing fluid, warranted to spoil anything it touches, three dollars; eleven bottles lemon extract, three dollars and-eighty-five cents; on account piano, five dollars; subscription to magazine, three dollars; one bushel rotten apples, two dollars; glasses, four dollars and

fifty cents; soap, one dollar; tickets, two dollars; on account Shakespeare's works, two dollars; turkey supper, two dollars; medicine, two dollars; on account chair, four dollars; paper and pencils, fifty cents; Armenian, fifteen cents; total, thirty-five dollars. Balance due on piano, seven hundred and ninety-five dollars; on chair, twenty-one dollars; on books, thirty-three dollars; total, eight hundred and forty-nine dollars. I have spent my week's allowance of thirty-five dollars and am eight hundred and forty-nine dollars in debt, all in one day! What will Jack say? There, he's ringing the bell now, and no supper ready, and such a looking house! I'm afraid he won't be a convert to the allowance plan. I don't know whether to let him in or run and hide.

CURTAIN.

A. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

THE MAGISTRATE Farce in Three Acts. Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interior. Plays two hours and a half.

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH Drama in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE PROFLIGATE Play in Four Acts. Seven males, five females. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS Farce in Three Acts. Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY Play in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

SWEET LAVENDER Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE TIMES Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females. Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter D. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

The William Warren Edition of Plays

Price, 15 Cents Each

AS YOU LIKE IT Comedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

CAMILLE Drama in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

INGOMAR Play in Five Acts. Thirteen males, three females. Scenery varied; costumes, Greek. Plays a full evening.

MARY STUART Tragedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females, and supernumeraries. Costumes, of the period, scenery, varied and elaborate. Plays a full evening.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE Comedy in Five Acts. Seventeen males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery varied. Plays a full evening.

RICHELIEU Play in Five Acts. Fifteen males, two females. Scenery elaborate; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

THE RIVALS Comedy in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER Comedy in Five Acts. Fifteen males, four females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL Comedy in Five Acts. Ten males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

4
NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

**BAKER'S EDITION
OF PLAYS**

OUR CHURCH FAIR

Price, 25 Cents



**WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
BOSTON**

H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

THE AMAZONS Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, not difficult. Plays a full evening.

THE CABINET MINISTER Farce in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Costumes, modern society; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

DANDY DICK Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours and a half.

THE GAY LORD QUEX Comedy in Four Acts. Four males, ten females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening.

HIS HOUSE IN ORDER Comedy in Four Acts. Nine males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE HOBBY HORSE Comedy in Three Acts. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery easy. Plays two hours and a half.

IRIS Drama in Five Acts. Seven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

LADY BOUNTIFUL Play in Four Acts. Eight males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, four interiors, not easy. Plays a full evening.

LETTY Drama in Four Acts and an Epilogue. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery complicated. Plays a full evening.

THE MAGISTRATE Farce in Three Acts. Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interior. Plays two hours and a half.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

THE PEDLERS' PARADE

An Entertainment in One Scene

BY

JESSIE A. KELLEY

BOSTON

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

Miss Prim's Kindergarten

CHARACTERS

Boys

REGINALD SMITH.
CECIL BLAKE.
EARL STRYKER.
DUKE McNULTY.
VAN DYKE McALLISTER.
JAMES DANFORTH.
LIONEL BOLDWOOD.
ETHELBERT SALMON.
JULIAN WARD (*stutterer*).
CARL SCHULTZ (*German*).

MISS PRISCILLA PRIM, *the Teacher*.

Girls

VIOLA BROWNE.
ALYCE HOWARD.
MAE FAULKNER.
KATHRYN DENNISON.
HAZEL CARBURY.
GENEVIEVE HUBBARD (*lisps*).
GLADYS MARTIN.
HYACINTH MYRTLE.
MARIANNE RUTLEDGE.
GWENDOLYN HOLLISTER
(*spectacles, precise and serious*).



COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

NOTES

The entertainment as given requires ten men and ten women although either more or less could take the parts if desired. The parts are all very easy except the teacher's and, although she should be familiar with her part, she could readily have the book on her desk, or inside of another book in her hand, to follow the program along. In writing on board see that all characters are large enough to be seen by the audience. There may be some mischief but it must be done quietly or there will be confusion and the audience will be unable to hear the lessons. Kindergarten objects may be given the pupils for busy work if desired. No scenery or curtain is necessary. The teacher could have a desk at one side of the platform, pupils may sit in small chairs without desk.

COSTUMES

The costumes should be very childish, some of the men wearing Lord Fauntleroy suits, with the wide embroidered collar and cuffs, large bow tie, curls, others could wear the Russian suits and some the pinafores buttoned in back, with string ties. Ethelbert should have a large patch of bright red on his pants, Carl, rather stout, dressed in German fashion, square hair-cut. For the women any simple, childish dress or ties could be used and the hair should be dressed in the prevailing styles for little girls.

SONGS AND JOKES

The songs suggested may be found in the book entitled "Games With Music" by Lois Bates. Any simple kindergarten songs may be substituted and books containing them may be found in almost any public library. More songs, recitations or drills could be introduced if a still longer entertainment is wanted and parents could visit the latter part of the session, each one telling of the wonderful smartness of her child. The jokes should be given slowly and it is wise many times to repeat that all may see the point. Many good jokes are spoiled by poor telling. Use local names and make local hits whenever possible. Give the audience time to laugh before proceeding.

Miss Prim's Kindergarten

SCENE.—*Of no importance.* TEACHER *enters, removes wraps, then busies herself preparing work for children. Children straggle in by ones and twos each with diminutive lunch basket. A number of children may come through the audience, some playing marbles, jumping rope, boys fighting, girls with arms around one another boys teasing girls, etc. One child gives TEACHER a pretzel, another two or three dirty pieces of candy, another an apple, flowers, etc. One boy takes a bottle from TEACHER'S desk, smells of it, then slyly puts some on his hair and places cap on head again. Boy comes in crying.*

TEACHER. Why are you crying, Reginald?

REGINALD. Some of the boys made me kiss—boo-hoo-hoo—a little girl—boo-hoo—out in the yard.

TEACHER. That was outrageous. Why didn't you come right to me?

REG. I—I—I—didn't know—boo-hoo—that you would l-l-let—boo-hoo—me kiss you.

(Bell rings.)

TEACHER. Good-morning, children.

ALL. Good-morning, teacher.

TEACHER. Let us sing our morning song, "Washing One's Self." I want to hear every sweet, little voice this morning.

CHO. *("Washing One's Self." Put in all the motions.)*

CONCERT RECITATION.

Are you a careful child
Whose hands are white and clean *(hold up hands,)*
Or on your fingers can
Black marks be always seen? *(Points to fingers.)*
Oh, yes, to keep them clean,
We all must surely try,
For if we do not now
'Twill be harder by and by.

TEACHER. How should our finger-nails be always kept?

CONCERT RECITATION.

No ugly arches black! (*Points to finger-nails.*)
On our fingers will be seen,
For each morning bright and early
We our finger-nails will clean.

TEACHER. What must you do to your teeth?

CONCERT RECITATION.

Our teeth so white and pearly,
Are set all in a row
Each morning we must brush them
And keep them white as snow.

TEACHER. When do your teeth look nice?

CHO.

When clean. (*Close teeth; open lips to show teeth.*)

TEACHER. Some of our little folks are absent to-day. Can any one tell me where Rupert Hatch is?

DUKE. I think he's in bed, teacher.

TEACHER. Why do you think that, Duke?

DUKE. Coz I saw his shirt on the line, and I guess he's got to stay in bed till it dries.

TEACHER. Where were you yesterday, Viola?

VIOLA. It rained awful hard and I asked mother which I'd better do, go to school in the rain and get soaking wet and get cold and die or just get an absent mark against my name and my mother said she thought I'd better get the absent mark but I told her you'd be hopping mad.

(*Boy comes in late.*)

TEACHER. Aren't you ashamed to come in late, Cecil?

CECIL. Yessum, but I couldn't help it. I dreamed I lost my cap and it took me such a long time to find it that I had to be late.

TEACHER. Take your seat and look out not to have that kind of a dream again.

KATHRYN. Teacher, here's a note Sammie's mother told me to give you.

(*Hands TEACHER a note.*)

TEACHER (*reads note aloud*). "Samuel cannot come to school to-day as he has glued his head to the bureau and we have not been able to separate them yet." (*Another boy enters.*) Here's another boy late! Did you have a dream too?

VAN DYKE. No'm, I didn't have no dream. It was so plaguey slippery that every step I took frontward, I slipped back two.

TEACHER. I'm afraid you exaggerate that a little, Van Dyke. If that is so how did you ever get here at all?

VAN. I gave up trying to get here and started to go home so then I got here.

TEACHER. Rosie Callahan is absent, too. Did any one see her?

ALYCE. I saw her out behind her barn watching her father husk a hen. She said they were going to have company to dinner so they were going to have something to eat.

TEACHER. What do you mean by husking a hen, Alyce?

AL. Taking its feathers off, of course.

TEACHER. We call that picking a hen, Alyce. Where's Percy this morning?

EARL. I saw him when I was coming to school, and I asked him if he wasn't coming this morning and he said, "Nope, my ma said I could play so I ain't goin'."

TEACHER. Didn't you tell him he ought to be a good boy and come to school?

EARL. Yessum, I told him teacher'd lick him, and he said, "No she won't neither, 'cause my ma could lick teacher and she dassent lick me," and I said, "How do you know your ma could lick the teacher?" and he said, "Coz she can lick pa, and he's bigger than the teacher and ——"

TEACHER. We won't talk any more about him now. Who can tell me where Raymond is?

HAZEL. I seen him this morning, and he said there was something the matter with your temper, and he was going to give it absent treatment.

TEACHER. Lionel, why do you keep your cap on? Don't you know polite little boys always take their caps off in the house?

LIONEL. I—can't—take—it—off—— (*Cries.*)

TEACHER. What is the matter?

LION. I'd just like to know what stuff is in the bottle on your desk.

TEACHER. Which bottle? This one? (*Picks up bottle.*)

LION. Yessum.

TEACHER. That is glue, Lionel, but what has that to do with your cap?

LION. (*snuffling*). I—I—thought it was hair oil, and I put a lot of it on my hair and now my cap's all stuck on and I can't get it off.

TEACHER. Perhaps that will be a lesson for you to let other people's property alone. Come here and let me try to get your cap off. (*TEACHER tries to pull cap off but in vain, while boy makes up dreadful faces, howls, and jumps from one foot to the other.*) You may go and sit over by the stove, and perhaps the glue will melt so we can pull the cap off. My children seem very fond of glue to-day. (*Boy sits in one corner and finally has streams of glue running down his face. Keeps trying to remove cap and finally succeeds, when he dances and waves cap wildly. Asks if he may wash his face.* TEACHER picks up pretzel from desk.) Carl, you must have noticed that I didn't like the other pretzels you brought me, they were so covered with salt. Your father is a baker, isn't he, Carl?

CARL. Yes, ma'am.

TEACHER. And did you have him make this one with no salt on it on purpose for me? How very kind of him!

CARL. No, ma'am, he didn't make it no diff'rent, but I licked the salt all off so you'd like it better.

MARIANNE. Teacher, did you like the candy I gave you yesterday?

TEACHER. Yes, Marianne, it was very nice and I wish to thank you for it.

MAR. I wanted my cat to have it, and put it in his mouth twice, but he wouldn't eat it, so I thought I'd give it to my dear teacher.

(*Knock at door. TEACHER opens door. New pupil enters.*)

TEACHER. Good morning, little boy. Are you a new scholar?

JULIAN (*stuttering*). Y-y-y-yes, m'm'm'm'a'am.

TEACHER. What is your name?

JUL. J-J-J-Julian W-W-W-W-ard.

(*Stamps foot and makes faces in his endeavors to talk.*)

TEACHER. And do you stutter all the time, Julian?

JUL. N-n-n-no, m'm'ma'am, o-o-o-only w-w-when I t-t-t-talk.

TEACHER. Well, I'm glad that's all. You may take this seat, Julian. Now we will have our little morning talk before we begin our lessons. You know we said that to-day we were going to begin to do some little act of kindness each day. Have you done so this morning?

ETHELBERT. I did an act of kindness for Russell Jones this morning.

TEACHER. I am very glad to hear that. What did you do?

ETH. I licked him so bad he won't be able to come to school for a week. Gee, won't he have the fun!

TEACHER. I think Ethelbert will have to learn that little piece, "Let Dogs Delight to Bark and Bite," after school to-night.

GLADYS (*raises hand*). You asked me to stop in and see how old Miss Smith was.

TEACHER. Yes, that was thoughtful for you to remember it. She has been sick a long time.

GLAD. I asked her how old she was, and she looked real cross and said it was none of my business; and then I said you wanted to know, and she said to tell you that you'd better be in better business than prying round to find out how old people was, and I could tell you that you wasn't any spring chicken yourself.

TEACHER. I'm afraid you misunderstood me, Gladys. I meant how she was feeling, not how old she was. Children, what is magnanimity?

MAE. We don't know such a big word, teacher.

TEACHER. Well, what is it if a big boy wanted a stick of candy very much, and were to meet a small boy with one, in a place where nobody could take the small boy's part?

JAMES (*waves hand excitedly*). Dat would be a cinch.

TEACHER. What do you mean by that, James?

JAMES. A cinch? Dead easy. The big boy 'ud get the candy all right.

CARL (*raises hand*). Sam and Dan are pinching me.

TEACHER. Boys, stop teasing Carl. Carl, I think it would sound better if you said Samuel and Daniel, instead of Sam and Dan.

LION. Please may I sit with Jimuel?

TEACHER. With whom?

LION. With Jimuel. You said to call Sam Samuel and Dan Daniel, so I s'pose you want us to call Jim Jimuel, don't you?

GENEVIEVE. Hyacinth Myrtle doesn't use very correct language. She told me this morning that I was bug-house, and I told her it would sound much better if she said I was beetle-garage.

(Boy dodges up, takes apple from desk and puts it in pocket ; goes back to seat slyly.)

HYACINTH. Teacher, Earl stole an apple off you.

TEACHER. Earl, come to me. Did you take an apple from my desk?

EARL. No'm, I ain't never seen no apple on your desk.

TEACHER. What is that bunch in your pocket? Take it out. *(EARL slowly takes out apple.)* Don't you know what we call it when you take something that doesn't belong to you—that dreadful word, what is it?

EARL. Swiping.

TEACHER. Now, Hyacinth was a good little girl. She saw that apple on my desk but she didn't take it. You wouldn't take an apple from my desk, would you, Hyacinth?

HY. No'm, I wouldn't, 'coz I knew I'd get caught if I did, and it's wrong to take anything if you get caught.

TEACHER. Perhaps if you didn't get caught your conscience would trouble you. Who can tell me what conscience is?

GWENDOLYN. Conscience is what you have after you've been eating cake and jam and things out of the pantry when your mother doesn't know it, and then you have to take castor oil, and that cures the conscience.

TEACHER. We're forgetting our acts of kindness. Did any of the little girls help their mamas this morning? I'm sure some of you could wash the dishes.

VI. We don't have to wash dishes at our house.

TEACHER. Why, how is that?

VI. My mother keeps a dog.

TEACHER. If you are to grow up to be good men and women, you must have moral courage. Now moral courage is what makes a boy or girl do right even if others do laugh and make fun.

DUKE. Then if a feller has chocolates, and eats them all himself, and ain't afraid of the other fellers calling him stingy,

he's got moral courage, ain't he? I've got lots of moral courage.

TEACHER. No, I'd hardly call that moral courage; but if you have the real moral courage and work hard, you can be almost anything you want to when you grow up. You might even be president.

CEC. Say, teacher, you don't have to be president, do you, if you'd rather be a baseball umpire?

TEACHER. Why would you rather be a baseball umpire than president, Cecil?

CEC. 'Coz what the baseball umpire says always goes.

TEACHER. Reginald, how old are you, now?

REG. I'm five.

TEACHER. Well, Reginald, what are you going to be? Are you going to be president, or what are you going to be?

REG. Please, teacher, I'm going to be six.

(JAMES raises hand.)

TEACHER. Well, what is it, James?

JAMES. Didn't you say if I was good I'd go to heaven?

TEACHER. Yes, that is what I told you.

JAMES. Well, pa said if I was good I'd go to the circus, and I'd just like to know who's lying, you or him.

TEACHER. I'm afraid you didn't just understand our meaning. I hope I am always truthful, and I trust all my little boys and girls are, for people always have confidence in truthful persons. (AL. is pulling MAE's hair.) Alyce, are you listening to what I am saying? What is it we can always have confidence in, Alyce?

(AL. stands, confused, twists her dress.)

AL. Safety pins, ma'am.

TEACHER. What is a lie, children?

GLAD. A lie is a bumble-bee to the Lord but a very present help in time of trouble.

ETH. Julian Ward called me a liar this morning.

TEACHER. I'm sorry to hear Julian would say such a thing. (JUL. shakes fist at ETH.) What did you say, Ethelbert?

ETH. I remembered you told us that a soft answer would turn away wrath.

TEACHER. What a good little boy! I am glad one of my children remembers what is told. And so you gave him a soft answer, Ethelbert?

ETH. Yessum, I plugged him with rotten tomatoes; guess they were soft enough for him.

TEACHER. What *would* happen now if people were struck dead for lying, as they were in ancient times?

HAZ. (*waves hand wildly*). There wouldn't be anybody left to bury them.

(TEACHER sees VAN whispering.)

TEACHER. Van Dyke, what did I say I'd do to you if I saw you whispering again?

VAN. Why, teacher, that's funny that you should forget, too. I can't remember what it was.

TEACHER. I haven't forgotten—I said I should whip you if I saw you whispering again. You may remain after school for your whipping.

VAN (*crying, wipes nose on coat sleeve*). Teacher, will you do me one favor?

TEACHER. You may tell me what it is, and I will see about it.

VAN. After you've whipped me, please don't say it hurt you more than it did me, 'coz I can't bear to have my teacher tell lies.

TEACHER. Well, I'll try to hurt you more than myself. (*Song, "Shaking Hands," with motions.*) Now we will begin our reading lesson. Let us play we are going to take a walk in the fields and tell what we see there. All shut eyes. (*Children close eyes but keep peeking.*) Now, we're in a big, big field and what do we see, children?

CHO.

Ants, grasshoppers, birds, lambs, etc.

TEACHER. What did you see, Mae?

MAE. I saw a grasshopper.

TEACHER. Open your eyes, children, and I will write Mae's story on the board. (*Writes sentence.*) Hyacinth, you may read the story.

HY. (*reads slowly, pausing between each word*). I—saw—a—hopper grass.

TEACHER. You didn't get that last word in just the right order. It is grasshopper.

HY. Teacher, I've lost a front tooth and I guess the last word leaked out before its turn.

TEACHER. Now, all shut eyes again, and we'll play we're trying to catch the grasshopper.

(All make ridiculous motions as if trying to catch grasshoppers.)

KAT. I had hold of his hind leg but he got away from me.

JUL. I—I—I—c-c-caught-o-o-one—— G-g-got h-h-h-h-im by t-t-t-he w-w-wing.

TEACHER. Tell me a nice story about it, Julian.

JUL. *(stamps foot, makes faces and jumps in his endeavors to tell story)*. I—I—I—I—c-c-c-caught a g-gr-gr-grass-h-h-hopper. There, I—I—I've s's'said i-i-it.

(TEACHER writes sentence on the board.)

TEACHER. Gwendolyn, you may read the sentence.

GWEN. I captured a grasshopper.

TEACHER *(pointing to the word caught)*. This word is caught.

GWEN. I prefer the word captured.

TEACHER. Let us sing our alphabet song.

SONG.

"Sing a Song of Sixpence."

CHO.

Sing a song of letters
Twenty-six in all,
If hard we do study
Their names we can call.
When the letters are mastered
Then the words we will learn,
Perseverance in our work,
A sure reward will earn.

TEACHER. Who can tell me the sound the snake makes.

MAR. S-S. *(Makes s sound.)*

(TEACHER writes S on board.)

TEACHER. Did you ever hear a little mouse squeal when it got caught?

CHO.

I did. Yes, etc.

TEACHER. What did it say, children?

CHO. E-e-e — (*Making it a squealing sound.*)

TEACHER. One little mouse must be caught and squeal for us. Who'll be the mouse? (*All hands eagerly raised.*) Earl, you may be the mouse. Who'll be the cat? (*All hands wildly waved.*) Well, Duke, you may be the cat. (*Duke chases EARL around platform, finally captures him, when EARL squeals lustily and continues to squeal until stopped by TEACHER. TEACHER writes the letter E on the board.*) Class, tell me the mouse sound.

CLASS. E-E-E.

TEACHER. Who can tell me the sound the dove makes.

CLASS. D-D-D.

(*Making the D sound.*)

TEACHER (*writes S-E-E-D on board*). Who can read this word?

VI. Snake, mouse, mouse, dove.

(TEACHER calls on some one else who gives it correctly.
Write the word "rat" on board.)

TEACHER. Alyce, what is this word?

AL. (*very promptly*). Rat.

(TEACHER writes the word "at.")

TEACHER. What is this word, Alyce?

AL. (*hesitating*). It's some part of a rat, but I don't know what part.

(TEACHER writes "*Mary had a little lamb.*")

TEACHER. Julian, you may read the sentence.

JUL. M-M-Mary h-h-h-ad a l-l-little l-l-l-lamb.

(TEACHER writes. "*Did Mary have a little lamb?*")

TEACHER. Genevieve, you may read the story.

GEN. (*slowly and laboriously*). Did—Mary—have—a—little—lamb—buttonhook?

TEACHER. Why do you say buttonhook, Genevieve?

GEN. (*triumphantly points to the question mark*). Coz there's the buttonhook.

(TEACHER writes, "*What a pretty lamb !*")

TEACHER. Hyacinth, read.

HY. What—a—pretty—lamb—earring.

TEACHER. Where's the earring?

HY. (*points to exclamation point*). That's just the kind my grandmother wears.

(TEACHER writes, "*Its fleece is white as snow.*")

TEACHER. Read this, Kathryn.

(KATH. reads it correctly.)

CARL (*raises hand*). Teacher, aren't fleas black?

TEACHER. I believe so, Carl.

CARL. Well, you just said its fleas are white as snow and I never saw no white fleas.

TEACHER. Mae, spell rabbit.

MAE. R-a-b-i-t.

TEACHER. Do you spell rabbit with one B or two?

MAE. One, when it's bunny.

TEACHER. How do you spell bread, Lionel? I like bread and butter. How do you spell it?

LION. B-r-e-d.

TEACHER. My dictionary spells it with an A, Lionel.

LION. Please, teacher, you didn't ask me how your dictionary spelled it; you asked me how I spelled it.

TEACHER. Reginald is an idle little boy. I think Reginald had better recite the little piece about the busy bee.

REG. (*shuffles to his feet, looks around at other scholars and grins. Recites*).

How doth the little busy bee

Improve each shining minute,

A-hunting for a tender spot

Then runs his stinger in it.

(*Children all laugh.*)

TEACHER. Reginald, you may remain after school and I will improve a few shining minutes. (TEACHER writes the

word dozen.) Gladys, put this word in a sentence. Tell me what the word is first.

GLAD. Dozen. I dozen like school. (TEACHER *writes, "The pupil loves his teacher."*) Van Dyke, what is this sentence?

VAN (*reads in a disgusted manner*). The pupil loves his teacher. That's sarcasm, that's what it is.

TEACHER. If we mean one we say hen, if we mean more than one we say what, children?

CHO. Hens.

TEACHER. Marianne, spell hens.

MAR. (*sulkily*). 'Tain't no use. I can't never learn to spell. You keep changing words on me all the time. If you'd ask me the same word every day I could spell it.

TEACHER. We say one child, what do we say when there is more than one?

GEN. (*excitedly*). Twins. We've got some at our house.

TEACHER. Ethelbert, let me see how nicely you can write your name on the board. (ETH. *slowly writes name, working mouth as he does so. Begins near the bottom and writes uphill in large letters.*) Read it, Ethelbert.

ETH. Ethelbert Salmon, It.

TEACHER. Why do you write It, after your name, Ethelbert?

ETH. Well, when my papa writes his name he always writes Jr. after it. I don't know what Jr. is for but I know I'm "it" all right, so I'm going to write it after my name so everybody will know I am.

TEACHER. What are you laughing at, James?

JAMES. I wasn't laughing. My complexion puckered, that's all.

TEACHER. Sometimes in place of using a person's long name, we use a short word that stands for it. In place of saying Mrs. Solomon Smith, I could say she; in place of Mr. Solomon Smith, I could say he. Now, who'll tell me what he, she and it stand for?

VI. (*waves hand*). Husband, wife and baby.

TEACHER (*shows cube*). What is this, children?

CHO. Cube.

TEACHER (*shows sphere*). And what is this?

CHO. Sphere.

TEACHER (*shows prism*). Now this is something you haven't had before. (*Explains the prism at some length.*)

Now do you all understand what a prism is? Cecil, you may put it in a sentence for me.

CEC. (*with alacrity*). Me brudder Chimmie is in prism for six months.

TEACHER. As it is rainy to-day we won't go out for recess, but will play *Lame Fox and Chickens*.

(*One child is chosen to be the lame fox and the others are all chickens. The chickens all go to one side of the stage, the fox to the other. At a signal from the TEACHER, the chickens run from their house to the fox's den while he, hopping on one foot, tries to tag them. The fox must not run; he can only hop and change from one foot to another. Bell rings.*)

EARL. Teacher, I saw something yesterday that I'll never, never, never see again.

TEACHER. What wonderful thing was it, Earl?

EARL. Yesterday.

(*Puts hand over mouth and giggles.*)

TEACHER. Are you eating an apple in school, Julian?

JUL. Y-y-yes m'm'ma'am.

TEACHER. You may come right out here and finish it before the whole school. (JUL. *finishes the one he is eating, also takes several from his pocket and eats, slyly offering them to the others.*) Now we'll have our number work.

(*Gives children colored splints and calls on several to count.*)

KATH. I can count up to five on my fingers (*proudly*), can't I, teacher?

TEACHER. Yes, Kathryn, but you mustn't boast. I know a little girl no older than you who can count up to fifty.

KATH. (*thinks a second*). Teacher, where does she get all the fingers?

TEACHER (*holds up three splints in each hand*). We might call them triplets. What are triplets?

GLAD. Oh, I know, its twins and one left over.

TEACHER. Suppose a man buys an automobile for ten hundred dollars. Count out ten splints, children. (*Children do so.*) He sells it for eleven hundred dollars. Count out eleven splints, children. Now tell me what he makes.

CEC. He makes a vow never to buy another one.

TEACHER (*with two half apples in hand*). Duke, supposing you had half an apple and I should give you another half, how much would you have then?

DUKE. A whole apple.

TEACHER. That's right. I think you are going to be a fine mathematician. Now if you had half a dollar and I should give you another half, what would you have?

DUKE (*loud and prompt*). A fit.

(TEACHER *writes "4x2" on board.*)

TEACHER. Hyacinth, what does this X stand for?

HY. I think it means "Excuse me."

TEACHER. Julian (*who is still eating apples*) haven't you finished that apple yet?

JUL. Y-y-y-yes m'm'm'ma'am.

TEACHER. How many have you eaten, Julian?

JUL. T-t-t-tw-twelve.

TEACHER. Have you any more?

JUL. Y-y-y-yes m'm'm'ma'am.

TEACHER (*sternly*). Take them out at once. (JUL. *takes out apple after apple from pockets, front of blouse, etc.*) Is that all now?

JUL. Y-y-yes m'm'm'ma'am. I—I—I d-d-did h-h-have some m'more, but I g-g-gave t-t-them to t-t-the o-o-other k-k-k-kids.

TEACHER. You may take your seat now. (Song, "*Sewing on a Button.*" *Children should all have cloth and needle and act very clumsy.*) I asked you yesterday to bring a specimen for our Nature study. Did any of you think to bring anything?

REG. (*holds up an enormous cockroach*). I've brought something. It's a cockroach, and we've got lots more bigger'n this in our kitchen. I kin bring some every day.

TEACHER. I think, Reginald, you had better take that bug outdoors.

MAE. What business is Mr. Rice in, teacher?

TEACHER. I believe he's in the hardware business.

MAE. He sells cockroaches, doesn't he?

TEACHER. Of course not. What a question.

MAE. Well, mama read me the sign he has in his window when we were going by the other day and it said: "We sell everything to be found in the kitchen," and we can find lots of cockroaches in our kitchen too, bigger'n that one.

TEACHER. Who saw some little birds this morning?

LION. Oh, teacher, I saw a little bird what had a red-bosom shirt on.

TEACHER. Lionel must mean robin redbreast. . Can you recite that pretty little piece about the robin, Lionel?

LION. (*swings from side to side and sing-songs*).

“The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!
He'll sit in a barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!”

TEACHER. Did any one else see some birds?

AL. I saw a swallow.

TEACHER. And where is the home of the swallow, Alyce?

AL. The home of the swallow is in the stomach.

TEACHER. Why do you say the home of the swallow is in the stomach, Alyce?

AL. Coz when I put anything in my mouth I chew it (*chews*), and then I swallow it, and the swallow goes right to its home in the stomach.

VAN. I saw a whole lot of English sparrows this morning.

TEACHER. I must tell you a little story about the English sparrows. The worms had become so thick that they were destroying all the farmers' crops, so these English sparrows were brought here to destroy the worms; but the sparrows are driving away our native birds, and some people are afraid we shall have no birds left except these sparrows. Now, Van Dyke, which do you think is worse—to have worms or sparrows?

VAN (*hesitates*). I've had worms but I've never had sparrows so I don't know which is worse, but worms is bad enough.

TEACHER. What kind of a bird did Noah send out of the ark, children?

HAZ. (*the only one who raises hand*). A dove.

TEACHER. I'm surprised to find that the smallest child in the class is the only one that knows.

GEN. (*excitedly raises hand*). She oughter know, teacher, coz her father keeps a bird store.

(*Shakes her head for "yes" at HAZ.*)

TEACHER. What bird gives us eggs to eat?

CHO. Hens.

TEACHER. Yes, your mother couldn't get eggs without hens, could she, Carl?

CARL. 'Course she could. We keep ducks.

TEACHER. What else did any one see on the way to school?

MAR. I saw some cows with gold thimbles on their horns. Do cows sew with their horns, teacher?

TEACHER. No, Marianne, those weren't thimbles. Gwendolyn, what are you reading?

GWEN. (*very precise*). I am reading a book entitled, "The Education of the Child," to ascertain if I am being brought up correctly.

JAMES. Where does the cow get its milk, teacher?

TEACHER. Where do you get your tears, James?

JAMES (*after a slight pause*). Do the cows have to be spanked?

VI. I saw some sea-cows at the circus. Are they the kind that give watered milk?

TEACHER. Alyce, recite that beautiful poem, "Thank You, Pretty Cow."

AL. (*with the aid of much prompting, recites*).

"Thank you, pretty cow that made,
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night
Warm and sweet and fresh and white.

"Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslips eat,
They will make it very sweet.

"Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the purple violet grows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine."

MAE (*holding up a very large corkscrew*). I found this on my way to school, teacher.

TEACHER. Do you know what it is, Mae?

MAE. Yessum, I think it is a nail that has spinal trouble awfully.

ETH. I saw a tail without any body running across the street yesterday.

TEACHER. A tail without any body! Oh, you mean a snake.

KATH. My mama read me a story about some kind of a snake that has lots and lots of legs.

TEACHER. You mean a centipede, I think.

KATH. Yes, that's what she called the thing and I told her I was awful glad I wasn't one coz it would be horrid to have to put on so many stockings and button up so many shoes every morning.

JUL. I s-s-saw a l-l-lots of d-d-dogs.

TEACHER. Can you tell me what *kind* they were?

JUL. T-t-they w-w-weren't k-k-k-kind at a-a-all. T-t-they c-c-chased m-m-me and t-t-tried to b-b-bite me, b-b-but I c-c-climbed up a t-t-t-tree and threw s-s-stones at them and d-d-d-drove them a-w-w-way.

TEACHER. I hope you are all kind to the dumb animals. I have seen children who would tie cans to dogs and pull poor pussy's tail.

HAZ. I never pull my pussy's tail.

TEACHER. I am glad to hear that.

HAZ. No'm, I never pull her tail. I just hold it tight and she pulls away and pulls her tail herself.

REG. I wouldn't hurt my cat either but last night pa said there wasn't room anywhere in our flat to swing a cat round by its tail but there was coz I tried it to see and I swung our old cat round in *every* room by its tail, but I wouldn't hurt a cat fur ennything.

TEACHER. I think Hazel and Reginald had better stand out here and recite "I Love Little Pussy."

(HAZ. and REG. come out slowly. HAZ. with finger in mouth, REG. pretending not to care, but looking ashamed. HAZ. begins "I love," then, finding REG. hasn't started, claps hand over mouth. REG. then starts alone and stops. After several trials they get started, one saying it very quickly the other slowly.)

I love little pussy,
Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm.

So I'll not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away,
But pussy and I
Very gently will play.

She will sit by my side
And I'll give her some food,
And she'll love me because
I am gentle and good.

TEACHER. I hope Hazel and Reginald will remember to practice that kindness.

GLAD. I went to walk the other day and saw a lot of gum trees and I'm going there to pick a lot of gum drops off them some day.

TEACHER. It is time for us to have our lunch. Hyacinth and Marianne may set the table to-day. (*Song, "Laying the Breakfast Table." The two who are setting the table may sing, or all if desired. A small table will do as it is not necessary they should sit around it.*) Let us not forget our table manners. How should we sit at the table?

SCHOOL. Still.

(*All sit up very straight and still.*)

TEACHER. Where should your arms not be?

SCHOOL. On the table.

(*One boy reaches over and places both arms on table.*)

TEACHER. When you have finished eating, where should your hands rest?

SCHOOL. Quietly in the lap.

CEC. You're going too fast, teacher, we ain't got it eat yet.

(*All eating. One child has a mug and spoon and is stirring with left hand.*)

TEACHER. Genevieve, you are stirring with your left hand. You should always stir things with your right hand.

GEN. Please, teacher, I'd rather stir with my spoon than my hand, 'coz this is hot.

TEACHER. We must not be selfish, but must always give the best part to others. Earl, did you give the best part of your apple to your little brother?

EARL (*promptly*). Yessum, I did. I gave him the seeds so he can plant 'em and have a whole orchard full of apples.

TEACHER. I'm afraid you are a little selfish, Earl. Now, I am sure Gwendolyn will divide her apple in the Christian way.

GWEN. Please inform me what you mean by the Christian way.

TEACHER. It means you must cut the apple in two parts and give the larger and better part to Gladys.

GWEN. I will be very unselfish. I will give the apple to Gladys and let her divide it in the Christian way.

TEACHER. I see one unselfish child here. Duke had two apples and he has given the large one to Van Dyke and kept the small one for himself.

DUKE. The big one was wormy and rotten, that's why I gave it to him. Mine's a dandy.

VAN (*raises hand*). I had some soda water yesterday.

TEACHER. Did you like it?

VAN. No, it tastes like your foot's asleep.

(VI. is busy peeling orange.)

TEACHER. I hope Viola will give Alyce the lion's share of her orange.

VI. Yes, teacher, I will.

(*Eats it all herself while AL. watches hungrily. JAMES has peeled apple, carefully eaten the apple, then the peelings.*)

TEACHER. Your mother wanted you to peel your apple always before you ate it, didn't she, James?

JAMES. Yessum.

TEACHER. Did you think to do so?

JAMES. Yessum.

TEACHER. Where are the peelings, what did you do with them?

JAMES. Ate 'em.

(TEACHER sees AL. crying.)

TEACHER. What is the trouble, Alyce?

AL. (*sobbing*). Vilola didn't give me any of her orange.

TEACHER. Viola, I thought you were going to give Alyce the lion's share of your orange.

VI. Well, that's just what I did. Lions don't eat oranges.

LION. (*eating banana*). If I was twins would my mother give me two bananas?

TEACHER. I presume she would, Lionel.

LION. Well, don't you think she's pretty mean to cheat me out of that other banana just because I'm all in one piece?

HY. (*raises hand*). My mother told me to go over to the minister's yesterday morning and ask him to have supper with us and have it over with, so I knocked at the door and when he come I said, "My mama wants you to come over to our house to-night to supper and have it over with," and he just laughed and said I could go home and tell my mother it was all over with, and when I told her she just spanked me and put me to bed and I didn't know why.

TEACHER. Ethelbert, what are you crying for now?

ETH. 'Cause I lost a penny.

TEACHER. But I gave you another one for it, didn't I?

ETH. Yes, but if I hadn't lost the first one, I'd have two now.

TEACHER. When cake is passed to you a second time you must say, "No, thank you, I've had plenty." Now don't forget it. Gwendolyn, pass the cake to Carl to see if he remembers what to say.

(GWEN. *passes plate of cake.*)

CARL. Nope, thanks, I've had enough and don't you forget it.

(*Grabs piece of cake.*)

REG. Teacher, how did you feel when you were in the oven?

TEACHER. In the oven? I never was in the oven.

REG. When you called at our house the other day, my mother said she thought you were about half-baked.

(*Boy slyly draws hideous picture on board and prints beside it, "Teacher, this is you." Song, "Clearing the Table."*)

TEACHER *discovers picture on board.*)

TEACHER. Cecil, did you draw this?

CEC. Naw, I kin draw a good deal worser picture than that.

TEACHER. You remember we talked the other day about a holiday you all like.

CHO. Fourth of July.

TEACHER. Why do we celebrate on that day?

EARL. Coz our pas are out playing ball or smashing some record, and don't have time to watch us kids.

TEACHER. When was the first Fourth of July celebrated?

DUKE. The first Fourth of July they ever had was when some feller said give me libberty or give me deth, so sumbuddy handed him a toy pistol and he got what he wanted and it wasn't libberty neither.

TEACHER. How does celebrating the Fourth help our country?

VAN. After people commenced to celebrate the Fourth of July it commenct to pay to make wooden legs, false teeth and glass eyes and large facktries sprung up all over our dear country.

TEACHER. Which do you like better, Marianne, Fourth of July or Christmas?

MAR. I like the Fourth better, becoz you don't have to wait so long for daylight, and there's no school the next Monday.

JAMES. My father says when he was a boy all they did the Fourth of July was to go somewhere and hear a man read some long piece about signing somethin'. I don't see why he wants to be a boy agin.

TEACHER. Why do we have Fourth of July in the summer?

VI. If we had it in the winter the fire engines might get stuck in the snow.

LION. Once a family what came from England lived next to us, and they thought it was awful silly to have Fourth of July, and once when some of my fireworks lit on their roof and burned a big hole in it, they were hoppin' mad and it cost my father a lot of money to make peace with them.

TEACHER. Who can tell me the meaning of the word "peace."

AL. Peace means when you ain't got no children.

TEACHER. How is that?

AL. When my mother has washed and dressed us six chil-

dren for school in the morning, and gets us all started off, she says: "Now, I'll have peace for awhile."

TEACHER. Who can tell me who our first president was? (JUL. *waves hand wildly. No other hands raised.*) There, you ought all to be ashamed of yourselves. All these other boys and girls have been coming to school for months, and here's little Julian, who just came this morning, knows more than the rest of you. Just look at him holding up his hand while the rest of you hang your heads. Julian, you are a smart boy and your teacher is proud of you. Now speak up good and loud and tell us who our first president was. Speak up loud and tell the others.

JUL. P-p-please m-m-may I g-g-go out?

TEACHER. Don't you know who the first president was?

JUL. N-n-no m'm'ma'am. P-p-p-lease c-can I g-g-go out?

TEACHER. His name was George Washington, and he was a very wise man.

ETH. My father says why he was called wise was becoz he knew enough not to go out riding Fourth of July and get all smashed up with fireworks.

CARL. I know a boy that got his hand blown off by a fire-cracker 'coz he thought it was out, and he went to pick it up, and it wasn't out, but it didn't make no difference, 'cause his father's a doctor and it didn't cost them anything.

REG. I don't like Fourth of July 'cause you have to wait till dark 'fore you can shoot off your fireworks and then your pa and ma want to do them all.

(Song, "The Ostrich.")

MAE. Teacher, have you any wax?

TEACHER. No, I think not, why do you wish for wax?

MAE. I just thought if I could get some wax, I'd waxinate my little sister so I could bring her to school with me to-morrow.

TEACHER. We will study geography a little. That tells us about the great round earth.

• CEC. My brother says jography is his favorite study.

TEACHER. That's nice. Perhaps it will be yours, too. Why does your brother like it so well?

CEC. 'Cause the jography book is so big he says that when you've got it in front of you the teacher can't see you and you can eat candy and make up faces and have a bully time. I guess I'll like jography all right.

EARL. I like Latin best.

TEACHER. But you don't study Latin. You won't study that for a long, long time.

EARL. That's why I like it best.

(TEACHER *draws circle on board.*)

TEACHER. This represents the earth. (*Draws line through centre.*) This imaginary line through the centre we call the equator. Who can tell me what the equator is?

KATH. A crater is a menagerie lion running around the middle of the earth.

TEACHER. I didn't quite understand. Please repeat. (KATH. *says the same again.* TEACHER *draws line for axis.*) This we call the axis of the earth. The earth turns on its axis once in twenty-four hours, giving us day and night. It goes around the sun once in three hundred and sixty-five days. What do we call this line?

HAZ. The axle.

TEACHER. Sometimes when we get up in the morning we find the grass all wet and we know it hasn't been raining. What is it that makes the grass wet?

HAZ. The dew.

TEACHER. That's right, Hazel, now can you tell me what makes the dew?

HAZ. The earth turns on its own axle three thousand and sixty-five times every day, and it whizzes so fast through the air that it makes its sides sweat and the sweat is called dew.

TEACHER. What shape did I say the earth was, Duke?

DUKE. Round.

TEACHER. Now, Duke, your father was a sailor. Would it be possible for him to start now, to-day, sail around the world and get back to this same spot?

DUKE. No'm, he couldn't start to-day 'cause he's in jail for six months.

GLAD. Are sailors very small men, teacher?

TEACHER. No, some very large men are sailors. Why do you ask?

GLAD. My mama read a story to me the other day about a sailor, and it said he went to sleep in his watch. I should think he must be pretty small if he could get into his watch and sleep.

GEN. Teacher, what makes it rain more in the night than in the day?

TEACHER. Two clouds coming together cause the moisture to descend in the shape of rain and —

GEN. Oh, now, I see why there's more rain in the night. The clouds can't see where they are going in the dark, and bump into each other, and then they leak and let the rain run out of them.

TEACHER. Here is a picture of a lot of water. What do we call it?

SCHOOL. Waterfall—Niagara—etc.

GWEN. Doesn't the Lord ever turn off the faucet?

TEACHER. Who ever noticed the place where the earth and sky seem to come together?

SCHOOL. I have—I—yes, I have—etc.

TEACHER. We call that the horizon. Who can tell me what the horizon is for?

VAN. I guess it must be to keep the sea from slopping over into the sky.

TEACHER. You were going to draw some maps at home and bring them to show me. How many did so?

(Several show scrawls on dirty pieces of paper. JAMES shows a very good one.)

TEACHER. Who helped you draw this, James?

JAMES. Nobody, teacher, nobody helped me.

TEACHER. Come now, James, tell me the truth. I don't believe you did this all yourself. Didn't your brother help you?

JAMES. No, ma'am, he didn't *help* me. He did it all.

TEACHER (*draws isthmus*). This narrow strip of land which joins two larger bodies of land is called an isthmus. Who can tell me what the Isthmus of Panama connects?

LION. Pa says the Isthmus of Panama is a narrow strip of land connecting Central America with the United States Treasury.

TEACHER (*draws mountain*). What is this, children?

SCHOOL. Ant-hill, ash-heap, toboggan slide, etc.

TEACHER. No, this is a mountain. Define a mountain, Gladys.

GLAD. A mountain is land extending up into the air.

TEACHER. In some parts of the earth there are mountains called volcanoes. Viola, can you tell me what a volcano is?

VI. Yessum. A volcano is a mountain what spits up saliva and drowns folks.

TEACHER. I want to teach you the different directions or points of the compass as they are called. North is in front of you. All point north. (*Children do so.*) South is behind you. All point south. East is at your right hand. (*Some point to right, others to left.*) West is at your left hand. Class, point to the west. Now Ethelbert, you come out here and see if you know them. Point north. (*ETH. does so.*) South. (*ETH. hesitates, then points to east.*) Point south; don't you know what is behind you? (*ETH. begins to cry.*) What is behind you? Tell me at once.

ETH. (*crying*). I knew it, I knew it, I told ma you'd see that patch in the seat of my pants. There's a patch in my pants behind, that's what's behind if I've got to tell the whole school.

TEACHER. Now, we will have our Behavior Game.

(The different stanzas are assigned to different ones. Time should be allowed between each stanza to have quiet restored.)

BEHAVIOR GAME.

Song, "Oh, have you seen the Muffin-man?"

This is our little behavior game,
Behavior game, behavior game;
This is our little behavior game
To show how polite we should be.

(One child stands in centre of platform; another comes along and goes behind him.)

In front of any we ought not to go,
Ought not to go, ought not to go;
In front of any we ought not to go,
For that is a rude thing to do.

(One stands in centre of platform. Another comes along and passes in front.)

But sometimes we find that we must do so,
We must do so, we must do so;
But sometimes we find that we must do so,
Then "Excuse me" forget not to say.

(Two walk across platform.)

Look at the way we walk along,
We walk along, we walk along ;
Look at the way we walk along,
How quietly we do go.

*(Two stand facing each other at opposite sides of platform.
Walk toward each other and bow as they meet.)*

Just bow to each other as you walk by,
As you walk by, as you walk by ;
Just bow to each other as you walk by,
As all polite folks should do.

(Boy and girl at opposite sides of platform. They walk toward each other, the boy raising his hat as they meet.)

Careful are we to raise our hats,
To raise our hats, to raise our hats ;
Careful are we to raise our hats,
When the ladies we do meet.

(Girl seated. Boy enters quietly, takes off cap, shakes hands with girl.)

Softly always we open the door,
Open the door, open the door ;
Softly always we open the door,
Quietly enter the room.

(Two girls and a boy seated in front of platform. Girl enters. Boys rises, offers girl seat, girl bows.)

When seats are all taken, we offer our own,
Offer our own, offer our own ;
When seats are all taken we offer our own
As gentlemen always should do.

(A girl walks across platform. Drops handkerchief. Boy picks up and hands to her.)

We haste to pick up a thing that is dropped,
A thing that is dropped, a thing that is dropped ;
We haste to pick up a thing that is dropped,
Our kindness for others to show.

(Two in front. One gives other an apple.)

If anything ever is given to us,
Given to us, given to us ;
If anything ever is given to us,
I thank you, we'll quickly say.

(Two in front. One has something. Other reaches out hand for it.)

If there's something we very much want,
Very much want, very much want ;
If there's something we very much want,
Then " Please " we first will say.

(Exaggerate every motion, making it as ridiculous as possible.)

TEACHER. We all have a beautiful body given to us. We have eyes to —

SCHOOL. See.

TEACHER. We have ears to —

SCHOOL. Hear.

TEACHER. We have a nose to —

SCHOOL. Wipe.

TEACHER. Why is our nose in the middle of our face.

AL. 'Cause it's the (*snuffs*) scenter.

TEACHER. We have a tongue to what, Mae?

MAE. To talk with.

TEACHER. You may put out your tongue, Mae. (*MAE puts out just the tip of tongue.*) No, no, put it right out, all out.

MAE. Please, teacher, I can't, it's fastened onto me.

TEACHER. What are your teeth for?

SCHOOL. To bite with.

TEACHER. What care should we take of our teeth?

JUL. W-w-we s-s-should n-n-never p-p-pick them w-w-with a p-p-pin or s-s-scrape them w-w-with a n-n-nail.

CARL. I've got the toothache and I'm going to have it yanked out after school and I'm going to take the mean, old thing home and stuff it full of sugar and watch it ache and just make fun of it.

TEACHER. What are our feet for? What force moves us along?

REG. The police force.

TEACHER. Each one of you has a soul. Did you know that you had a soul, Kathryn?

KATH. (*putting hand over heart*). 'Course I did. I can hear it tick.

TEACHER. All over our bodies are little openings, called pores. What do you think those can be for?

HAZ. They are the things we catch cold with.

TEACHER. What do we use our lungs for?

SCHOOL. To breathe with.

HY. Teacher, can people leave parts of themselves in different places?

TEACHER. No, indeed, Hyacinth.

HY. Well, I heard some say Mr. Brown was going to Colorado for his lungs, so I thought perhaps he'd left them there some time and was going after them.

TEACHER. This wonderful body of ours can adapt itself to so many changed conditions.

CEC. You bet it can. Why, my uncle gained a hundred pounds in just a little while, got fat as a pig and his skin didn't crack a bit either.

TEACHER. How many bones in the human body?

GWEN. There used to be two hundred and eight. Now there are two hundred and eight and the appendix.

TEACHER. What is the use of the appendix?

GEN. The principal use of the appendix is so doctors and surgeons can make heaps of money cutting it out.

EARL. Railroad men don't usually have any where near two hundred and eight bones 'cause they've lost so many arms and feet.

DUKE. I've got more bones than that 'coz we had herring for supper last night and I swallowed a lot of bones.

TEACHER. What is a skeleton, Marianne?

MAR. A skeleton is a man without any meat on him.

VI. Teacher, I've got two headaches.

TEACHER. Two headaches! How can that be?

VI. Well, I've got a headache over each eye.

TEACHER. What is the backbone, Alyce?

AL. The backbone is something that holds up the head and ribs and keeps us from having legs clear to our neck.

TEACHER. Our bodies are full of little nerves. What are they for, Van Dyke?

VAN. To carry messages to your brain. If you put your finger on a hot stove, the nerves of your arm get busy and send the telegram to your brain and your brain says, "Take your fingers off that stove quick."

JAMES. The other day I had my fingers in some jam in the pantry, and my nerves sent a message to my brain that my mother was coming and I'd better get my fingers out quick, but I didn't move quick enough, and ma caught me, so the nerves running from my spine to my brain had to work overtime for a while.

TEACHER. When we get old our brain will not work as well as it does now. We are apt to forget things.

MAE. My grandfather is old and his doesn't work very well now. He walks around, thinking about nothing, and when he remembers it, then he forgets that what he thought of was something different from what he wanted to remember.

KATH. (*hand raised*). Our Sunday-school teacher was talking about false doctrine last week and I'd just like to know what she meant.

TEACHER. Can any one tell Kathryn what false doctrine is?

LION. It's when the doctor gives you stuff for scarlet fever when you've just got the stomachache from eating green apples.

TEACHER. Did any of you ever see a kangaroo?

ETH. I did. I saw one at the circus and it had a great big bag in its stomach.

TEACHER. We call it a pouch. Do you know what it is for, Ethelbert?

ETH. Yessum, when it is chased it can crawl into it and hide itself.

HAZ. (*raises hand*). Please tell me what part of an animal a chop is.

TEACHER. Who'll tell Hazel what part of an animal a chop is?

GLAD. It's the jawbone.

TEACHER. Why do you think that?

GLAD. Didn't you ever hear of an animal licking its chops?

TEACHER (*to boy who is making another eat something*). What are you doing, Carl?

CARL. I'm making Julian eat a yeast cake.

TEACHER. Why on earth are you making him eat a yeast cake?

CARL. He swallowed my ten cent piece and I'm feeding him a yeast cake to try to raise the dough.

TEACHER. "Early to bed and early to rise" is a good rule

for little folks to follow. You should all go to bed with the sun like the chickens.

HY. But the old hen goes to bed *with* the chickens.

TEACHER. You should not go to bed on an empty stomach for you can't sleep well.

REG. Mamma sent me to bed without my supper the other night, and I told her I couldn't sleep on an empty stomach.

TEACHER. Did she give you some supper then?

REG. Nope, she told me to turn over on my back and sleep on that, if I couldn't sleep on my empty stomach.

TEACHER. I'm afraid you were a naughty boy. If you were to turn and look yourself squarely in the face, what do you think you'd really need most?

REG. I should think I'd need a rubber-neck.

TEACHER. What happens to our bodies if we do not keep them clean?

JUL. I g-g-g-get a l-l-l-licking.

TEACHER. What is an organ of the body?

MAR. An organ is a piano of the body what has some work to do.

TEACHER. We have talked a long time about our bodies. Now, I want some one to tell me just what is in them, no matter about other little boys and girls, just tell what is in you. Cecil, you may tell me.

CEC. I ain't going to tell what any other boy has inside of him, 'cause I ain't no tell-tale, but I'll tell you what I've got inside of me if you won't blow to my mother. I've got inside of me a hart, liver, lights and a stomick, and the stomick's got inside of it two doughnuts, one mince pie, half a cake, seven tarts, six cornballs, some candy and a whole lot of jam. I think that's all that is inside of me.

TEACHER. That finishes our lessons for to-day, and as we have a few minutes more before time to go home, perhaps some of you would like to recite some of your memory gems.

EARL. I know a nice piece, teacher.

TEACHER. That's good. Come right out here and speak it.

(EARL *winks slyly to other boys.*)

EARL.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of dust,
Make my mean old teacher
Cross enough to bust.

And my little mischiefs
Harmless though they be
Make her very angry
Hopping mad gets she
So our ——

TEACHER. I think that is quite enough of such classical poetry. You may take your seat, Earl.

DUKE. I can sing a song, teacher. I can sing "The Careless Boy."

(Sings, putting in motions.)

GEN. I know a piece, teacher.

(Speaks, lisping.)

"You'd scarce expect one of my age,
To speak in public on the stage
And make a bow, and shout and squall,
Like one who wears a waterfall.
You know I'm very small and young,
And cannot talk with oily tongue,
Indeed, I now am frightened so,
I'd like to make my bow and go.
But while I'm here I'll say to you,
That I do know a thing or two.
I've learned to read and write and spell
And wash the dishes, too, quite well.
I always mind my p's and q's
And wear substantial leather shoes.
And now, dear friends, I've said my say,
So now I'll bow and go away."

(Quick jerk of head for bow.)

VAN. I know an awful long, hard piece. It's awful hard, but I can say it all. My mother says I have a wonderful memory.

TEACHER. We'll be glad to hear that wonderful piece.

VAN. *(starts off boldly and confidently).*

When Greece her knees—*(hesitates and starts again),*

When Greece her knees—*(longer pause),*

When Greece her knees—*(thinks deeply),*

When Greece her knees ——

MARY ANN. Ben't they to give away?

MARY. No, madam.

MARY ANN. Then whut did you bring it to the for? I can't eat it.

MARY. It's a napkin to wipe your fingers on.

MARY ANN. More new-fangled idees. Let's git home ez quick ez we kin, Hiram.

(HIRAM and MARY ANN get weighed.)

JONES (to HIRAM). Your dinner will cost you three dollars.

MARY ANN. Hiram Greenback!

HIRAM. Keep calm, Mary Ann. I'll live on taters and mush for a while when I get home to make up fer it.

JONES. Fifty cents for your wife and we shall have to charge you extra since your carpetbag occupied a chair. Seventy-five cents for that.

HIRAM. Wall, I vum, if that ain't the beatinest yet. All right, old carpetbag. I've paid fer your lunch and you shall have it. (*Goes to different tables, piles food into carpetbag, both rush out.*) Ta-ta—young man.

JEN. Rush all over and I only got one tip. A dollar.

MARY. I only got one little quarter.

JONES. I'm five dollars out all on account of rocks. I call it rocky.

CURTAIN

H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

MID-CHANNEL Play in Four Acts. Six males, five females.
Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors.
Plays two and a half hours.

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH Drama in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors.
Plays a full evening.

THE PROFLIGATE Play in Four Acts. Seven males, five females. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS Farce in Three Acts. Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY Play in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

SWEET LAVENDER Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Scene, a single interior, costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE THUNDERBOLT Comedy in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Scenery, three interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE TIMES Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females. Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

The William Warren Edition of Plays

Price, 15 Cents Each

AS YOU LIKE IT Comedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

CAMILLE Drama in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

INGOMAR Play in Five Acts. Thirteen males, three females. Scenery varied; costumes, Greek. Plays a full evening.

MARY STUART Tragedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females, and supernumeraries. Costumes, of the period; scenery, varied and elaborate. Plays a full evening.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE Comedy in Five Acts. Seventeen males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery varied. Plays a full evening.

RICHELIEU Play in Five Acts. Fifteen males, two females. Scenery elaborate; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

THE RIVALS Comedy in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER Comedy in Five Acts. Fifteen males, four females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL Comedy in Five Acts. Ten males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

10
NO PLAYS EXCHANGED

BAKER'S EDITION
OF PLAYS

SQUIRE JUDKIN'S APPLE
BEE

Price, 25 Cents



A. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

THE AMAZONS Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, not difficult. Plays a full evening.

THE CABINET MINISTER Farce in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Costumes, modern society; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

DANDY DICK Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours and a half.

THE GAY LORD QUEX Comedy in Four Acts. Four males, ten females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening.

HIS HOUSE IN ORDER Comedy in Four Acts. Nine males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE HOBBY HORSE Comedy in Three Acts. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery easy. Plays two hours and a half.

IRIS Drama in Five Acts. Seven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

LADY BOUNTIFUL Play in Four Acts. Eight males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, four interiors, not easy. Plays a full evening.

LETTY Drama in Four Acts and an Epilogue. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery complicated. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter D. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

Squire Judkins' Apple Bee

An Old-Fashioned Enter-
tainment in One Scene

By JESSIE A. KELLEY
Author of "The Pedlers' Parade"

BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO

Squire Judkins' Apple Bee

CHARACTERS

SQUIRE JUDKINS, *a farmer.*

MRS. JUDKINS, *his wife.*

ELIZABETH JUDKINS, *the daughter of the house.*

EZEKIEL JUDKINS, *who plays the fiddle.*

HESTER WATKINS.

ELIZA DOOLITTLE.

PETER MILLIKEN.

JANE JENKINS.

OBADIAH HIGGINS, *the conundrum propounder.*

HIRAM WADE.

SUSAN BROWN.

AMANDA SMITH.

SALLY HOSKINS, *the village poetess.*

WILLIAM HINES.

SETH DUSENBERRY.

MARY ANN JOHNSON.

SAMANTHA COOPER.

SIMON LIVERMORE.

BENJAMIN STEBBINS, *who never sees a joke until after others have stopped laughing, when he laughs uproariously.*

MOSES HOFF.

SOPHRONIA WEATHERBY, *who "electrocutes."*



COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

SONGS, DRILLS AND RECITATIONS

The songs "Yankee Doodle," "John Brown's Body," "Cousin Jedediah" and "My Grandma's Advice" may be found in Father Kemp's Old Folks Concert Tunes. (Price, 50 cents.) "The Soldier's Farewell," "The Quilting Party" and "Good Night, Ladies" in College Songs. (Price 50 cents.) "The Witch's Daughter"—J. G. Whittier. (Price 30 cents.) "The Courtin'"—James Russell Lowell. (Price 30 cents.) "Aunt Tabitha"—Oliver Wendell Holmes. (Price 30 cents.) "Drill of the Young Harvesters" will be found in "Money Making Entertainments." (Price 30 cents.) Walter H. Baker and Co. can supply the songs and music at above prices.

STAGE

The stage may be arranged to represent a farmhouse kitchen with old-fashioned pictures and mottoes on the walls, ears of corn hung up to dry, old-fashioned clock, kitchen table with red table-cloth and kerosene lamp, easy chair for the Squire, rocking-chair for Mrs. Judkins, numerous chairs for guests. If there is a curtain, the Squire and family may be on stage when curtain rises, the Squire in easy chair reading newspaper, Mrs. Judkins fixing apples, strings, etc., Elizabeth arranging chairs, Ezekiel sharpening knives on whetstone. If no curtain, the family may come on stage at proper time, bringing in pans of apples, dishes, etc., the Squire picking up paper from table and seating himself in easy chair, the rest busying themselves as described. The guests may come down centre aisle and enter up steps upon the stage. They should exit same way down steps and walking up the aisle.

COSTUMES

The costuming should be old-fashioned and rustic, the women in the gowns of years ago, with hair dressed high, large combs, bonnets and shawls, the men as country beaux with well greased hair and boots, gaudy shirts and neckties. Some of the men might have long-legged, cowhide boots with overalls and jumper, one dressed as a dandy with high beaver hat, expansive white collar and cravat, one with tow colored wig, hair sticking out in all directions. They may wear caps pulled down over

ears, mufflers wound many times around necks and which require much time to unwind. Squire Judkins should have a bald-headed wig and chin whiskers, Mrs. Judkins' hair powdered and dressed as elderly woman.

JOKES AND CONUNDRUMS

Wherever possible use local names and make as many hits as possible. Do not hasten in telling jokes and stories. Give audience time to see the point. It is well many times to have the conundrum repeated.

ADDITIONAL MUSIC

(Sent prepaid on receipt of price)

OLD UNCLE DAN (<i>Quartette</i>)	G. H. Rowe . . .	10c.
LITTLE COTTON DOLLY (<i>Quartette</i>)	Giebel . . .	15c.

Squire Judkins' Apple Bee

SCENE.—*Interior of farmhouse kitchen. SQUIRE JUDKINS reading newspaper, MRS. JUDKINS arranging pans of apples, EZEKIEL sharpening paring knives on whetstone, ELIZABETH arranging chairs.*

MRS. JUDKINS (*looking at clock*). Well, I should think 'twas most time for them people to be here.

SQUIRE JUDKINS (*looking up from paper*). I reckon they'll be along pretty soon. A good many chores to do this time of year, you know, mother, and then these girls have to do a good deal of primping, hey, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH. I don't believe they do a bit more than the boys. Here's Zeke, has to grease his hair and boots and fuss over his necktie bad as any girl I know.

MRS. J. Zeke, have you those knives good and sharp? We want to make short work of this paring.

ZEKE. Yes, ma, they're all O. K.

MRS. J. How's your fiddle? That will be needed almost as much as the knives.

ZEKE. That's all right too. Fixed it all up this morning.

SQUIRE J. I think I'll have to buy some of these barrels I see advertised for sale at Sam Longley's store, mother. We'll need a powerful lot of barrels, it's been such a year for apples.

(*Knock at door. MRS. J. opens and admits guests. All shake hands with JUDKINS family. Hats and wraps removed, ELIZABETH and mother taking the women's, the SQUIRE and ZEKE the men's. Seats taken.*)

SALLY HOSKINS. We met at the minister's house so we could all come together.

MRS. J. I'm so glad you all could come. It's a glorious night, isn't it?

SIMON LIVERMORE. Yes, full harvest moon to-night. I'm afraid the frost the other night did some little damage to people who hadn't finished harvesting.

SQUIRE J. Yes, I fear some of our neighbors lost quite a little. Pretty frosty to-night, isn't it?

MOSES HOFF. Yes, pretty sharp.

MRS. J. I suppose these folks are in a hurry to get to work and get the paring over with.

ALL. Yes, let's get to work. Yes, we are, etc.

(MRS. J. and family pass pans, apples, knives, needles and strings. All start paring.)

HESTER WATKINS. Now, let's see who can work fastest.

SAMANTHA COOPER. Let's sing something. I can always work faster when I sing.

ELIZABETH. What shall we sing?

WILLIAM HINES. Oh, let's have the "Song of the Apple Parers" first.

ALL. Yes, that's good. All right, etc.

SOPHRONIA WEATHERBY. Squire Judkins used to be the singing school teacher. You'll have to lead us, Squire.

SQUIRE J. I guess I can do that as well as I can peel apples. (*Stands upon front and leads singing, beating time with great gusto.*) All sing.

SONG OF THE APPLE PARERS (*Tune,—“Yankee Doodle.”*)

When the apples are all gathered in,
And the trees so bare are looking,
When the cellar bins are crowded full,
And there's plenty more for cooking,
'Tis time to call our neighbors in,
And while jolly songs we're singing,
We'll peel and core them merrily,
And then we'll do the stringing.

(*Chorus.*)

Now we're working with a will,
We'll peel apples rosy,
We'll quarter, core and string galore,
And hang them up so cozy.

Still round and round and round again,
Our apple knives go twirling,
Till on the floor in many a heap,
The rosy peels lie curling.

To quarter then we must begin,
And with our needles shining,
We'll pierce each quarter one by one,
Then on a string be twining.

When finished is our labor light,
If working we've been steady,
Hurrah for frolic—games and fun,
We all are surely ready.
So light and gayly we will dance,
While Zeke's the fiddle playing,
All up and down and in and out,
Our merry feet go straying.

SQUIRE J. That's fine. I like to hear that kind of singing. Let's have another song. I always liked John Brown's Body. can't we have that?

ZEKE. That's always a favorite of father's. Come on, let's sing it.

(*"John Brown's Body" sung, SQUIRE J. leading.*)

SQUIRE J. How we used to sing that in war-times. (*Returns to seat.*)

WILL. Singing John Brown makes me think of a story I heard the other day about the John Brown who lives here and his sister Sue. John, you know, is a very sensible, matter-of-fact sort of a young man while Sue is one of the "utterly-utter" kind. They were spending their vacation together at a farmhouse near the shore and one day were seated in the yard watching the water when Sue launched forth "Oh, see that little cloudlet on that little wavelet like a tiny leaflet dancing o'er the scene." John looked at her a moment and quietly remarked, "You'd better go out to the pumplet in the back yardlet and soak your tiny headlet."

(*Great laughter.*)

SIMON. Here's a conundrum for you. What would you do if you wanted your breakfast and your wife wouldn't cook it for you?

JANE JENKINS. You must look out and get a wife that will cook it for you, Simon.

SIMON. But supposing she's all' got and she won't cook your breakfast for you, what would you do?

MOSES. Get a divorce.

SIMON. Oh, no, just use "Force."

(*Laughter.*)

OBADIAH HIGGINS. Ever hear about the Bigger Family? (*Several no's heard.*) Well, there was a family of Biggers—three in the family, Papa Bigger, Mamma Bigger and Baby Bigger—all lived down in Happy Hollow. Now I'd like to have you tell me which was the largest of the family.

(*All think deeply.*)

PETER MILLIKEN. Let's have the answer.

OBADIAH. The baby because it's a *little* Bigger. (*Laughter.*) Another chance for you to try your guessing powers. The father took sick and died. Who was the largest then?

HIRAM WADE. Oh, I suppose the mother must be then.

HESTER. That's too much for my weak brain. Guess you'll have to tell us.

OBADIAH. The father because he was *still* Bigger. Now put on your thinking caps and see if you can't get the last part. The mother, she got kinder lonesome after pa died and she married again to another man named Bigger, a cousin of the first Bigger, I believe. Could you enlighten me as to who was the biggest then?

SAMANTHA. Tell that again, Obadiah.

(*OBADIAH repeats.*)

AMANDA SMITH. Oh, I suppose the new husband was the big gun then.

OBADIAH. That's where you're wrong. Ma was, because she was *twice* Bigger. (*Laughter. MOSES goes over to OBADIAH and examines his head solemnly.*) What are you doing that for, Mose?

MOSES. I'm afraid you have enlargement of the brain.

OBADIAH. Oh, no, no! no enlargement, simply water on the brain, well irrigated, good soil for jokes. See?

MRS. J. We ought to have a song from our girls' quartette. Haven't you something you could sing, girls?

ELIZABETH. We might try "Old Uncle Dan."

(*Female quartette sing "Old Uncle Dan." Applauded by parers and may give "Little Cotton Dolly" for an encore.*)

SQUIRE J. We ought to be proud of that there quartette.

HESTER. We girls have sung, now we ought to have some speaking. Sophronia can speak "The Witch's Daughter" beautifully and it's just the piece for a time like this.

MRS. J. La, yes, Sophronia has taken eloctrocution lessons.

ELIZABETH. You mean elocution, don't you, ma?

MRS. J. Well, it's all the same.

SETH DUSENBERRY. Yes, all the same, both diseases of the throat.

MRS. J. Step up and speak, 'Phrony.

SOPHRONIA. Well, I'll try but it's awful long and I don't believe I can remember it all.

(Speak "The Witch's Daughter.")

(Applause.)

SQUIRE J. It does beat all nater the things they teach folks nowadays.

ELIZA DOOLITTLE. Amanda, what was that epitaph we were laughing about the other day?

AMANDA. Oh, let me think. This is it, isn't it?

"Oh, am she gone,
Oh, be she went,
And left poor I here all alone!
O cruel fate to be so blind,
To take she fore and leave I hind!
Oh, her can never come back to we,
But us can surely go to she."

ALL. Pretty good, etc.

PETER. The grammar of that makes me think of something I heard the other day. I was walking down street when I heard a mother calling her children. Seeing some children a short distance down the street, I supposed they were the ones to whom she was calling so said to them as I passed, "Your mother is calling you." One of them looked up at me with a grin and said, "Her ain't a calling we. Us don't belong to she."

(Laughter.)

HIRAM. That's English as she is spoke.

SQUIRE J. Speaking of epitaphs, I remember an old graveyard we boys used to like to visit to read the inscriptions. Many a laugh we had over this one:

"Here lies the body of Mary Ann Louder,
She burst while drinking a Seidlitz powder,—
Called from this world to her heavenly rest,
She should have waited till it effervesced."

MARY ANN JOHNSON. I've often heard mother tell this one :

"Mammy and I together lived,
Just three years and a half,
She went first, I followed next,
The cow before the calf."

HESTER. Just see what a long string of apples I have !
(*Holds up string of apples.*)

ALL (*together*). See mine. Mine's longer, etc.

(*Some measure.* BENJAMIN *holds up string on which he has strung whole apples.*)

SAMANTHA. I've got this peeling off whole, now I'll wind it round my head three times and throw it to the floor to see what letter it makes.

(*Winds peeling around head and throws to floor. Several jump up to see what initial it makes.*)

SUSAN BROWN. Oh, it's H—H for Hines. That's just right, isn't it, Will?

MRS. J. Come, Will, you'll have to sing for that.

WILL. Well, that's worth singing for.

(*Sings :—"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." Entored by parers and sings :—"We Were Crowded in the Cabin."*)

ELIZA. Snap my apple, Jane, and then I'll count the seeds.

(*JANE snaps apple. Several others have theirs snapped. Eat apples, saving seeds.*)

SALLY. We want to hear Elizabeth sing. All ready, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH. I suppose we've all got to do as we are told, so I'll sing "My Grandma's Advice." (*Entored by parers and sings "Two Strings to Your Bow."*)

MARY. I have my seeds all ready. (*Counts.*) One I love, two I love, three I love they say, four I love with all my

heart, five I cast away. Six she loves, seven he loves, eight they both love, nine he comes, ten he tarries, eleven he courts and twelve he marries. Hurrah! who wants to be bridesmaid?

CHORUS OF GIRLS. I—I—oh, let me.

SETH. Please, may I carry the geraniums, Mary Ann?

SAMANTHA. Oh, dear, I have five seeds, five he casts away. (*Gets out handkerchief and weeps.*)

HESTER. I have eight—they both love—Mutual Admiration Society.

ELIZA. Six, she loves. Well, it's leap year, perhaps it will be all right.

OBADIAH. I have seven—my dog loves me, so what do I care?

ELIZABETH. Ma, we want to hear you speak "The Courtin'." You told me they always had you speak that at Bees and Huskings when you were young.

MRS. J. I'm too old for that nowadays. You young folks can do it so much better.

ALL. You must speak it, Mrs. Judkins. Oh, do speak it, etc.

MRS. J. Well, there's no fool like an old fool. Father, you'd better take this book so you can help me 'cause I can't remember as I could when I was young.

(SQUIRE J. *takes book*; MRS. J. *pauses when partly through.*)

SQUIRE J. Forgotten it, mother? (*Prompts. Heartily applauded.*) Our town can boast of a male quartette as well as a female and I believe they're all here to-night. Boys, let's hear from you.

WILL. Oh, we don't dare to sing after hearing the girls.

HESTER. Pooh, I wouldn't be stumped by girls.

MOSES. Come on, boys, let's sing "Annie Laurie."

(*Applauded by parers and sing "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton."*)

MRS. J. Now all put up your work. I think you've done enough for one night. You pick up the pans and apples, Zeke, while Elizabeth and I get the coffee ready.

(ELIZABETH and mother go out; ZEKE collects pans, apples, etc. Guests push chairs back to wall. Reenter MRS. J. and ELIZABETH. ELIZABETH passes doughnuts and cheese, MRS. J. mugs of coffee. All eating.)

SIMON. Who knows why Mr. White's dog is like Mr. Jones, our hardware man?

OBADIAH. That's easy—because he makes bolts for doors. He's a good one. If Mr. Smith's little boy John should break his knee where could they get a new one for him?

(All think a second.)

SALLY. Give it up.

OBADIAH. At the market where they sell kid-neys. (*Spells k-i-d—kid, n-e-y-s—neys.*)

WILL. Big head, Obadiah.

OBADIAH. Try this. If Mrs. Smith should break her knee, where could she get a new one?

SAMANTHA. You're too deep for us.

OBADIAH. Down among the Che-neys. (*Spells C-h-e—Che, n-e-y-s—neys.*) See? (*Laughter.*) One more. If Mr. Smith should break his knee where could he get a new one?

HIRAM. Obadiah is great on three-story conundrums.

SOPHRONIA. I wish you'd ask that again, Obadiah.

(OBADIAH repeats.)

HESTER. Guess you'll have to tell us.

OBADIAH. Down South—ne-groes there. (*Spells n-e—ne, g-r-o-e-s—groes.*)

WILL. Obadiah, you seem to be full of conundrums.

OBADIAH. Yes, I'm taking Hood's Sarsaparilla to get them out of my system.

SAMANTHA. Why are a sandwich, a young lady and a door-knob alike?

SETH. We don't seem to be very good guessers. Tell us why a young lady, a door-knob and a sandwich are alike?

SAMANTHA. A young lady is something to adore, isn't she, and a door-knob is something to a door.

PETER. Where does the sandwich come in?

SAMANTHA. Oh, that's what you bite at.

(Great laughter.)

SIMON. Are you fond of sandwiches, Peter?

ELIZABETH. Have you heard how frightened Mr. Howard's little boy was the other day? (*Several say no.*) He was down town with his mother and saw a donkey for the first time. It began to bray, frightening him very much and causing

him to cry; but suddenly drying his eyes and looking up, he said, "Oh, mamma, hear the poor horse with the whooping-cough."

SQUIRE J. The power of imagination is great, isn't it? You know Mr. Hallowell who lives up on Oak Street?

ALL. Yes—I know him. Yes, yes, etc.

SQUIRE J. Well, his old horse was out in the pasture back of the barn one day last summer when the barn got on fire. Mr. Hallowell sells pop-corn, you know, and he had just got in a large amount of corn on the ear to have good and dry. The heat from the fire caused that corn to pop and fly in all directions until the pasture looked as if there had been a good-sized snow-storm, and would you believe it, that old horse just gave one look around and lay down and froze to death.

(Uproarious laughter.)

MRS. J. That's a pretty big story, father.

PETER. Well, I think we have the meanest man on record in this town.

JANE. Why, who is it, and what has he done?

PETER. Well, it's Mr. Scrooge.

ALL. I didn't think he was mean, etc.

PETER. He is the meanest man I ever heard of. Just listen. The other night he gave his little boy a cent to go to bed without his supper—saved the cost of a supper, you see?

AMANDA. Wasn't that a shame?

PETER. I wouldn't have said a word about that, but after that poor little boy had gone to sleep he crept up and took the penny out of his hand and put it in his pocket.

ZEKE. He's the champion mean man all right.

PETER. You haven't heard it all yet. When the little boy came down in the morning, his father asked him where his penny was, and he said he couldn't find it, and his father gave him a whipping for losing that cent.

MRS. J. I'll give that man a good talking to when I see him.

ZEKE. I pity him if you get hold of him, ma. Let's change the subject. I've just thought of another conundrum. What's the difference between a lemon, an old maid, and the ocean?

SETH. Too much for our weak brains.

ZEKE. A lemon was made to be squeezed and an old maid wasn't.

OBADIAH. What about the briny, dark blue ocean?

ZEKE. That's where the lobsters get caught.

MOSES. Hi, lobster, how long have you been out?

OBADIAH. Long enough to be boiled, I guess. I'm turning red.

JANE. Why is our church like a drunkard?

SUSAN. I fail to see any resemblance between our church and a drunkard.

JANE. Full every Sunday.

WILL. The church was full last Tuesday night all right when Mr. Goodwin gave that lecture. Have you heard how, at the end of the lecture, he said he would be glad to explain anything which was not understood?

HIRAM. Oh, yes, it was Mrs. Perkins, wasn't it, who asked what a word he had used meant?

WILL. Yes, she asked what a paraphrasis was. He explained it in these words, "Madam, it is simply a circumlocutory and pleonastic cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality lost in verbal profundity."

AMANDA. No doubt she understood perfectly then.

MRS. J. Elizabeth, let's take the mugs out. (*Collect mugs and carry out.*)

ELIZA. The coffee was fine, Mrs. Judkins.

ALL. Yes, it was. Doughnuts, too, etc.

MRS. J. A number of our young girls are to give a drill at the Grange next week. They are rehearsing at the hall to-night and I asked them to come over when they had finished and give the drill for us. Hark, I think I hear them now. (*Knock at door. MRS. J. opens door.*) Good-evening, girls, leave your wraps in the hall and come right in.

Enter drillers.

SQUIRE J. Well, little girls, did you have a good rehearsal?

ONE OF DRILLERS. Yes, pretty good.

MRS. J. I suppose you want to give your drill right away as it's getting late.

ONE OF DRILLERS. Yes, I think we'd better.

(*Girls give "Drill of Young Harvesters"; applauded by parers.*)

ONE OF DRILLERS. We must go right home now. School to-morrow, you know.

MRS. J. It was very kind of you to come and I am sure we all have enjoyed it.

(Drillers say good-night and go out.)

MOSES. If those girls do as well as that next week it will be one of the best things we ever had at the Grange.

SQUIRE J. Yes, it will. I want to hear some more singing. "Cousin Jedediah" is an old stand-by. Let's see, Mary Ann, Eliza, William and Mose sing that.

(MARY sings stanza, quartette sing chorus.)

JANE. Now, Sue, you must speak "Aunt Tabitha."

(OBADIAH jumps up, leads SUSAN up front, introduces her and makes profound bow. SUSAN speaks "Aunt Tabitha." The one who has the tow-colored wig may now go to several of the parers, asking them to feel the wart that is growing on top of his head.)

ELIZABETH. Let's see who can bite an apple hanging from a string. Zeke, you hang up this apple, will you? *(ZEKE hangs up apple.)* Obadiah, you try first. Put your hands behind you.

(OBADIAH tries, making ludicrous faces and gestures. Several others try. At last MRS. J. tries and the SQUIRE holds it for her to bite.)

SOPHRONIA. Who can get an apple out of a pan of water with the teeth? Let's try that.

ALL. That's fun. All right, etc.

(ELIZABETH brings in pan of water and places on table.)

SAMANTHA. You first this time, Will Hines. Hands behind you.

(WILL tries, several others also. While one is trying, some one comes up slyly behind and gives his head a push into the water. Great ado is made, spluttering, wiping face, etc.)

AMANDA. Let's play "Spin the Cover." I'll number the girls and Hiram the boys.

(HIRAM and AMANDA go around to each one, AMANDA giving even numbers to the girls, HIRAM odd numbers to the boys. AMANDA then spins cover, calling an odd number. The one to whom that number has been given tries to catch the cover before it stops spinning. If successful, he spins cover, calling an even number. If not successful, a forfeit must be paid, such as trying to blow out lamp blindfolded, repeating verse of poetry, etc., after which he spins cover and so on as long as desired.)

MRS. J. Zeke, you'd better get your fiddle, and let them trip the light, fantastic toe.

(Chorus of delight. Partners chosen and places taken for "Virginia Reel." In the midst of dance SQUIRE J. pulls off coat, others mop brows with handkerchiefs, one of men mimic girls dancing.)

SQUIRE J. That kinder takes my breath.

HESTER. Sally Hoskins told me she'd written an original poem for this evening.

MRS. J. We surely must hear from our village poetess. Sally, read your poem.

SALLY. Hester, didn't I tell you not to tell?

SQUIRE J. Read it, Sally.

SALLY. Oh, 'tisn't good enough.

ALL. Read—read—read.

SALLY (*reads*). Original poem, by Sally Hoskins, entitled "The Harvesting."

The harvest time has come again,
We've reaped the golden grain,
Our barns are filled with plenteous store,
From topmost beam e'en to the floor.

In cellars, too, kind Nature's hand
Is seen throughout the whole glad land,
The bins are piled with pumpkins yellow,
With turnip, cabbage, apples mellow.

The apples did the orchards fill,
The boys did gather with a will,
Of Baldwins, Greenings, Russets brown,
Which from the trees came tumbling down.

As now the gathering is o'er,
And cellar bins can hold no more,
Some must be peeled and cored and strung,
And in the sun to dry be hung.

Squire Judkins said, "An Apple Bee,"
Which filled the young folks' hearts with glee,
For well they knew that there'd be fun,
After the paring all was done.

The girls have crimped and curled their hair,
To try to make themselves more fair,
While each has donned her prettiest dress —
How sweet they look, you must confess.

The boys, not to be outdone,
Have greased their hair, yes, ev'ry one,
Have worn a shirt of brightest check,
With gorgeous necktie round the neck.

Now every one falls to and works,
For we want no idle shirks,
And soon long strings of apples red,
Are seen hung above our head.

Squire Judkins' wife for us did prepare,
Many choice viands which we did not spare,
But to them all ample justice have done,
For of poor appetites we have none.

Games we've played and songs we've sung,
Till the very rafters rung.
Zeke did on his fiddle play,
While we danced the hours away.

A very pleasant evening we've enjoyed,
Hands and brain were both employed,
And all too quickly time has flown,
While dull care aside was thrown.

All good times must have an end,
So good-night we'll say to each kind friend,
But hope that many more frolics we'll see,
Like that we had at the Paring Bee.

(*Applause.*)

SQUIRE J. We must have that put in the paper, Sally.
We're proud of our poetess.

SAMANTHA. I think it's time we were going home. I shan't
be able to get up at all to-morrow.

ALL. Yes, we must go. I didn't know it was so late, etc.

SQUIRE J. We must have a sing before you go. Let's have
"The Soldier's Farewell." (*All sing "The Soldier's Fare-
well."*) That's good, only a little sad. Let's have "The
Quilting Party" for the wind-up.

(All sing "The Quilting Party." While guests are singing last stanza, JUDKINS family bring in hats and wraps.)

ELIZA. We've had a lovely time, Mrs. Judkins.

ALL. Yes. We all have, etc.

(Good-night said, guests shaking hands with all of JUDKINS family. Boys go out first and wait at door for the girls. As girls come out, boys ask to see them home. One gets the mitten, causing great laughter. All pass up aisle singing, "Good-night, ladies." Curtain drawn on JUDKINS family.)

New Plays and Entertainments

MISS FEARLESS & CO.

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Belle Marshall Locke

Ten females. Scenery, two interiors; costumes modern. Plays a full evening. A bright and interesting play full of action and incident. Can be strongly recommended. All the parts are good. Sarah Jane Lovejoy, Katie O'Connor and Euphemia Addison are admirable character parts, and Miss Alias and Miss Alibi, the "silent sisters," offer a side-splitting novelty.

Price, 25 cents

MRS. BRIGGS OF THE POULTRY YARD

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Evelyn Gray Whiting

Four males, seven females. Scene, an interior; costumes modern. A domestic comedy looking steadfastly at the "bright side" of human affairs. Mrs. Briggs is an admirable part, full of original humor and quaint sayings, and all the characters are full of opportunity. Simply but effectively constructed, and written with great humor. Plays two hours.

Price, 25 cents

SCENES IN THE UNION DEPOT

A Humorous Entertainment in One Scene

By Laura M. Parsons

Twenty-four males, eighteen females and eight children, but can be played by less if desired. Scenery unimportant; costumes modern. Full of humorous points and chances to introduce local hits. Plays from an hour up, according to specialties introduced.

Price, 25 cents

A MODERN SEWING SOCIETY

An Entertainment in One Scene

By O. W. Gleason

Fourteen females. Costumes modern; no scenery required. May be easily presented on a bare platform. Plays forty-five minutes. A humorous picture of this much-abused institution, briskly and vivaciously written and full of "points." Its characters offer a wide variety of opportunity for local hits and satire of local characters and institutions.

Price, 15 cents

New Plays

A MAN'S VOICE

By Helen Sherman Griffith

Six females. Two acts. Costumes modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays about an hour. An admirable comedy in two acts for ladies only, suited for schools or for amateur theatricals. Appeals to the best taste and is at once easy and effective. Very strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

SYLVIA'S AUNTS

By Dorothy Waldo

Eight females. Two scenes. Costumes modern; scenery, an easy interior. Plays twenty minutes. A clever little college play for girls, full of humor and life, and sure to please. Two old maid parts, the rest all young; all the parts good. Ideally suited for school performance.

Price, 15 cents

MISS OLIVER'S DOLLARS

By Emilie H. Callaway

Eight females. One act. Costumes modern; scene, an easy interior. Plays half an hour. A bright and animated piece, very easy and effective. Three eccentric old women, the rest society people, middle-aged and young. Suited for schools or amateur theatricals. Tone high.

Price, 15 cents

THE WOOING OF WILHELMINA

By Thomas Littlefield Marble

Four males, three females. Three acts. Costumes military and modern; scenery varied but easily arranged. Plays about an hour only. An extremely pretty little comedy in three acts of a romantic type; very up to date and picturesque, and very dramatic. Strongly recommended to the lovers of old-fashioned romance. Clean, wholesome and vivacious.

Price, 15 cents

New Plays

COUSIN KATE

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Hubert Henry Davies

Three males, four females. Costumes modern; scenery, two easy interiors. Plays two hours and a half. One of the most delightful comedies of recent years, made widely and favorably known through the admirable performance of the leading rôle by Miss Ethel Barrymore. The inimitable spirit with which the scenes between Miss Barrymore and Mr. Bruce McCrae were played returns inevitably to haunt the imaginative reader of the lines of this play. Sold for reading only; acting rights strictly reserved.

Price, 50 cents

CHARACTERS

HEATH DESMOND, <i>an artist.</i>	MRS. SPENCER, <i>a widow.</i>
REV. JAMES BARTLETT, <i>a clergyman.</i>	AMY SPENCER, <i>her daughter.</i>
BOBBY SPENCER, <i>a schoolboy.</i>	JANE, <i>a servant.</i>
	COUSIN KATE CURTIS, <i>a novelist.</i>

MRS. GORRINGE'S NECKLACE

A Play in Four Acts

By Hubert Henry Davies

Five males, five females. Costumes modern; scenery, a single interior. Plays two hours and a half. An admirable play of strong dramatic interest presenting a cast of characters imagined, drawn and contrasted with unusual skill and effect. The piece is well known in the United States through the memorable performance of the leading lady character by Miss Mary Moore supporting Mr. Charles Wyndham. To such as remember that admirable performance of an admirable play, the reading of the text will be full of reminiscent pleasure. Sold for reading only; acting rights strictly reserved.

Price, 50 cents

CHARACTERS

CAPT. MOWBRAY, <i>retired.</i>	MRS. JARDINE.	
COL. JARDINE, <i>retired.</i>	ISABEL KIRKE	} <i>her daughters.</i>
LIEUT. DAVID CAIRN.	VICKY JARDINE	
MR. JERNIGAN, <i>a detective inspector.</i>	MISS POTTS.	
CHARLES, <i>a footman.</i>	MRS. GORRINGE.	

New Farces

THE ELOPEMENT OF ELLEN

A Farce Comedy in Three Acts

By Marie J. Warren

Four males, three females. Costumes modern; scenery, one interior and one exterior. Plays an hour and a half. A bright and ingenious little play, admirably suited for amateur acting. Written for and originally produced by Wellesley College girls. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

TOMMY'S WIFE

A Farce in Three Acts

By Marie J. Warren

Three males, five females. Costumes modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and a half. Originally produced by students of Wellesley College. A very original and entertaining play, distinguished by abundant humor. An unusually clever piece, strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

ALL CHARLEY'S FAULT

An Original Farce in Two Acts

By Anthony E. Wills

Six males, three females. Scenery, an easy interior; costumes modern. Plays two hours. A very lively and laughable piece, full of action and admirably adapted for amateur performance. Dutch and Negro comedy characters. Plays very rapidly with lots of incident and not a dull moment. Free for amateurs, but professional stage rights are reserved by the author. Strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

OUT OF TOWN

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Bell Elliot Palmer

Three males, five females. Scene, an interior, the same for all three acts; costumes modern. Plays an hour and a half. A clever and interesting comedy, very easy to produce and recommended for amateur performance. Tone high and atmosphere refined. All the parts good. A safe piece for a fastidious audience, as its theme and treatment are alike beyond reproach.

Price, 25 cents

New Plays for Female Characters

THE PURSUIT OF THE PARSON A Mock Trial in One Act

By Helen Lee Brooks

Thirteen females and jury. Costumes of the future; scenery unimportant. Plays one hour. A clever and amusing picture of the days to come when the ladies will run things. Originally presented in Louisville, Ky

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

HON. PORTIA BLACKSTONE, *Judge.*

MADAME ELIZABETH KENT-COKE, *Prosecuting Attorney.*

MADAME TOMASIA ERSKINE, *Attorney for Defendant.*

"DOTTY" DEVELIN, *the Defendant.*

CLERK OF THE COURT.

SHERIFF.

Witnesses for the Commonwealth

MISS MEHITABLE SIMPKINS, *a spinster of uncertain age.*

MISS NANCY ANN SIMS, *another spinster of doubtful age.*

PROF. ELVIRA JONES-JOHNSON, *Instructor of Advanced Theology.*

Witnesses for Defendant

DR. ELEANOR AINSWORTH, *expert Oculist and Alienist.*

MRS. POLLY POSY, *chum of Dotty.*

PROF. DOLLY DIMPLE, *Professor of the Art of Courtship.*

FOREWOMAN OF THE JURY and eleven jurors.

THE TRUTH ABOUT JANE A Comedy in One Act

By Alice C. Thompson

Seven females. Costumes modern; scenery, an easy interior. Plays twenty-five minutes. A very easy, bright and up-to-date piece doing justice to the virtues of the "athletic" girl. Strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

OYSTERS A Farce in One Act

By Alice C. Thompson

Six females. Costumes modern; scene, an easy interior. Plays twenty minutes. An easy and clever little play for younger girls, with one old maid character. A novel idea very amusingly treated. Strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

Novelties

SCENES IN A RESTAURANT

An Entertainment in One Act

By *Jessie A. Kelley*

*Author of "Our Church Fair," "The Village Post-Office,"
"Miss Prim's Kindergarten," etc.*

Fifteen males, ten females. Costumes modern; scenery unimportant. Plays one hour. A humorous presentation of what happens every day in the average restaurant, hitting everybody right where they live. Sure to be popular. All parts good; lots of incident and chances for local hits. Can be recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

Mr. Jones, *head waiter.*
Jennie } *waitresses.*
Mary }
Mr. Rice, *a mean man.*
Mr. Foss, *who has a plan.*
Mrs. Brett.
Mrs. Dacey.
Mrs. Slack, *deaf, middle-aged, and stout.*
Miss Drew.
Mr. Rich } *actors.*
Mr. Jackson }
Reuben Grass, *from the country.*
Mandy Clover, *his best girl.*

Mrs. Stanley, *an indulgent mother.*
Maud, *her daughter; a spoiled child.*
Beggar.
Mr. Delaney } *drummers.*
Mr. Hazelton }
Mr. Hall, *a health craze.*
James, *his servant.*
Mr. Monroe, *a chronic nicker.*
Hiram Greenback, *from way back.*
Mary Ann, *his wife.*
Mr. Casey } *right from Ireland.*
Mr. Mahoney }

FUN IN A THEATRICAL OFFICE

A Vaudeville Entertainment

By *Maravene Kennedy Thompson*

Seven males, sixteen females. Costumes modern; scenery unimportant. Plays a full evening. A complete vaudeville entertainment in itself or can be used as the frame for other specialties; a "go-as-you-please" show, very elastic and adaptable to all places and circumstances. A big hit in its original performance. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

Luke Loud, *a theatrical agent.*
Bat, *his office boy.*
Clara Vere De Vere, *his stenographer.*
Orchestra Carr, *his pianist.*

VAUDEVILLE ARTISTS

Gentlemen

Pietro De Bianco.
George Washington Lincoln.
Jan Getupangitaki.
Reuben Hastings.

Ladies

Mrs. Susan Suffreno Ricer.
Mrs. Trailing Arbutus Flower, *and her
thirteen children.*
Miss Anise Elderbloom.
Frisky Dewdrop.
Fluffy Flutter.
Madame Sylva.
Mrs. Bridget Casey.
Mrs. Rulethe Roost.
Two ladies *for sketch introduced.*
Mme. Carmencita.
"Peach" Ott.
Ruby Ott.
Goldie } *the Coquette Sisters.*
Birdie }
Queenie }

A. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

THE MAGISTRATE Farce in Three Acts. Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interior. Plays two hours and a half.

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH Drama in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE PROFLIGATE Play in Four Acts. Seven males, five females. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS Farce in Three Acts. Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY Play in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

SWEET LAVENDER Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE TIMES Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females. Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter D. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

The William Warren Edition of Plays

Price, 15 Cents Each

AS YOU LIKE IT Comedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

CAMILLE Drama in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

INGOMAR Play in Five Acts. Thirteen males, three females. Scenery varied; costumes, Greek. Plays a full evening.

MARY STUART Tragedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females, and supernumeraries. Costumes, of the period; scenery, varied and elaborate. Plays a full evening.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE Comedy in Five Acts. Seventeen males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery varied. Plays a full evening.

RICHELIEU Play in Five Acts. Fifteen males, two females. Scenery elaborate; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

THE RIVALS Comedy in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER Comedy in Five Acts. Fifteen males, four females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL Comedy in Five Acts. Ten males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

BAKER'S EDITION
OF PLAYS

THE SUFFRAGETTES'
CONVENTION

Price, 25 Cents



H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

THE AMAZONS Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, not difficult. Plays a full evening.

THE CABINET MINISTER Farce in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Costumes, modern society; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

DANDY DICK Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours and a half.

THE GAY LORD QUEX Comedy in Four Acts. Four males, ten females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening.

HIS HOUSE IN ORDER Comedy in Four Acts. Nine males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE HOBBY HORSE Comedy in Three Acts. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery easy. Plays two hours and a half.

IRIS Drama in Five Acts. Seven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

LADY BOUNTIFUL Play in Four Acts. Eight males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, four interiors, not easy. Plays a full evening.

LETTY Drama in Four Acts and an Epilogue. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery complicated. Plays a full evening.

THE MAGISTRATE Farce in Three Acts. Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interior. Plays two hours and a half.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter D. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

The Suffragettes' Convention

An Entertainment in One Scene

For Twelve Female Characters
and One Male

By

JESSIE A. KELLEY

*Author of "The Pedlers' Parade," "The Village
Post-Office," "Taking the Census in Bing-
ville," "The Tramps' Convention," etc.*

BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

The Suffragettes' Convention

CHARACTERS

MRS. JOHN YATES, *presiding officer.*
MRS. SILAS CURTIS, *suffragette speaker.*
MRS. EBEN ALTMAN, *suffragette speaker.*
MRS. ELDON KEENER, *anti-suffragette.*
MRS. OSCAR DAYTON, *anti-suffragette.*
MRS. JONAS HARDING, *anti-suffragette.*
MISS ROSABELLE HYACINTH, *engaged.*
MISS PRISCILLA PRUDENCE, *would like to be engaged.*
MISS ANNA HELDER, *great on style.*
MRS. CHARLES BATES, *anti-suffragette.*
MRS. RUSSELL SAGER, *suffragette.*
MRS. FRANCIS WOOD, *suffragette.*
SILAS CURTIS, *who becomes an ardent advocate of woman suffrage.*



COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

COSTUMES

Miss Hyacinth should be well dressed in up-to-date manner, but in excellent taste; Miss Helder extremely stylish apparel, hobble skirt, immense hat, much false hair, etc.; Mrs. Yates, severe attire, very plain mannish shirt-waist with man's collar and tie, skirt also very plain, mannish hat; Priscilla Prudence in grotesque attire with hair twisted tightly into a small protruding knot behind, very small hat.

The rest may be in ordinary costumes, if desired, although it always adds to the ludicrousness of the performance if absurd costumes are worn. The suffragettes should carry banners or wear sashes with the words "Vote for Women," "Woman Suffrage Forever," etc.

NOTES

The players should be careful to face the audience at all times, speaking slowly and distinctly. Practice the story telling. Many a good story is spoiled in the relating. Give jokes slowly that audience may get the point and remember that conundrums will usually bear repeating. Miss Prudence has a strong part and can make a great deal of fun by the actions and remarks which show her soul-absorbing desire for a man. Silas, even when not having anything to say, should keep himself in evidence by putting head out of door often, making grimaces, nodding head, clapping hands, smiling or acting as if trying to suppress laughter, dodging back when fearful of being detected, then appearing again cautiously. He might even tiptoe out softly when the women are deeply interested in the speaker, and slyly touch one of the ladies, causing great consternation. Innumerable ways will suggest themselves to make this part a side-splitter. The women should act as they naturally would at such a time if a man's voice were heard repeatedly and could not be located:—be surprised, amused, angered, excited, indignant, frightened. Put vim into it all. The suffragettes are ready at all times to criticize the anti-suffragettes

and vice versa; many black looks, nudges and whispered criticisms being exchanged. Throughout the opening remarks, before Mrs. Yates succeeds in calling them to order, all should appear to be busily engaged in conversation, standing around in knots of twos or threes, but express the conversation by gestures, lip motions, etc., in order that there may be no noise to prevent the audience from hearing the remarks. Use local names wherever possible in stories, jokes and conundrums. Put all the action possible into everything.

The Suffragettes' Convention

SCENE.—*The scene represents a hall suited for convention purposes, chairs arranged for the ladies, a desk or stand of some sort for the presiding officer, and a closet or wardrobe of some sort at back of stage for SILAS CURTIS. There may or may not be a curtain. The players may all be standing around stage as curtain rises or they may file in if there is no curtain. There is much confusion at first, all talking at once; then out of the din gradually are heard the disconnected remarks of the various women.*

MRS. RUSSELL SAGER (*shaking hands with* MRS. FRANCIS WOOD). Let me see—your name is Wood, isn't it? And how is Mr. Wood?

MRS. W. He is very well just now, thank you.

MRS. S. Any kindlings?

MRS. CHARLES BATES (*to* MISS ROSABELLE HYACINTH). Your literary circle is making a study of Browning now, I hear.

MISS HYACINTH (*gushingly*). Yes, indeed.

MRS. B. What have you learned about the wonderful poet so far?

MISS HYACINTH. Why, we've discovered that he's just too cute for anything.

MISS ANNA HELDER (*to* MRS. JONAS HARDING). Just see that cat of a Dayton woman eye my new dress.

MRS. H. (*to* MRS. OSCAR DAYTON). I don't see how Rosabelle Hyacinth does have so many new dresses. Her father can't be making much on the job he's got.

MRS. SILAS CURTIS (*to* MRS. ELDON KEENER). Rosabelle looks pretty to-night, doesn't she?

MRS. K. Yes, but she makes up something awful. She's got a dreadful yellow skin.

MRS. EBEN ALTMAN (*to* MRS. D.). That was a pretty girl with you last night.

MRS. D. Yes, that's Birdie Downey.

MRS. A. Birdie? Why do you call her Birdie?

MRS. D. Because she's pigeon-toed, has crow's feet, her mother calls her a goose, her father has feathered her nest, and she has a bill with everybody.

(MRS. JOHN YATES *raps for order, but no attention is paid.*)

MRS. S. Oh, I just love to travel.

MRS. W. Why do you love to travel?

MRS. S. To see things, of course.

MRS. W. You can see things without traveling; try Welsh rarebit and mince pie. It's cheaper.

MISS PRISCILLA PRUDENCE (*to* MRS. B.). I saw you coming home from a funeral yesterday. Who was dead?

MRS. B. Why, my old friend, Mrs. Smith.

MISS P. Smith—Smith—there are lots of Smiths around here; which one was it?

MRS. B. The one in the hearse.

(MRS. Y. *raps repeatedly, but to no avail.*)

MRS. H. (*to* MRS. W.). Who are those people who moved in next house to you?

MRS. W. I can't find out a thing about them. They keep to themselves and don't seem to have anything to do with anybody.

MRS. H. Don't they have any callers?

MRS. W. I've watched that house carefully for a week, and the only caller I've seen was the garbage man.

MRS. H. Why don't you ask him about them?

MRS. W. I did, finally, but he couldn't tell me much. Just said, "Shure, ma'am, I don't know who they're afther bein', but I do know that they certainly do be havin' swell swill."

(MRS. Y. *tries again to call them to order.*)

MRS. K. (*to* MRS. H.). Anna Helder thinks she is one of the four hundred.

MRS. H. Well, she looks more like one of the fifty-seven.

MRS. K. Fifty-seven! What do you mean?

MRS. H. Heinz—fifty-seven varieties—of pickles.

MRS. C. (*to* MRS. A.). Has your new parlor suite come yet?

MRS. A. Will you believe me, they brought it at ten o'clock at night, and I sent it right back?

MRS. C. Why did you do that?

MRS. A. Why? Do you think I am going to pay two hundred dollars for a parlor suite and have it sent out after dark so none of the neighbors can see it when it is brought in? Not if I know it!

(MRS. Y. *raps repeatedly for order.*)

MRS. Y. Will the ladies please come to order?

(*Women continue talking. MRS. Y. sighs, groans, shakes head in despair.*)

MRS. B. (*to MRS. S.*). You know my sister?

MRS. S. Yes, indeed.

MRS. B. She was taken suddenly ill the other night, and the doctor couldn't seem to help her any. She was in dreadful shape.

MRS. S. What did you do? I saw her out yesterday.

MRS. B. I got her a new pair of corsets, and they put her back in great shape right off.

(MRS. Y. *raps again. Tries to speak, but in vain.*)

MISS P. (*to MISS HYACINTH*). How did you like those collars you sent away for? They said you'd never wear them out, didn't they?

MISS HYACINTH. They were perfectly horrible. I wrote back to them at once and told them they were perfect frights, and that I wouldn't be seen on the street with them.

MISS P. Did they send the money back?

MISS HYACINTH. No, they wanted to know what I was kicking about. Asked if they didn't guarantee I wouldn't wear them out—doors.

(MRS. Y. *pounds repeatedly; finally secures silence.*)

MRS. Y. Ladies, we *must* proceed to the important business which awaits us. You know our procession was much delayed owing to the fact that there were several millinery stores on our route, and (*sarcastically*) of course the ladies had to stop to look in the windows, so I will make my opening remarks very brief. (*Oratorical manner, with many gestures.*) We are engaged in a glorious work—we are to free the women of this country—to free them from the shackles which have bound them for centuries. You know how earnestly I believe in this

great work, but I regret to say there are still some of our misguided sisters (*antis nudge one another ; whispered remarks, etc.*), who have not yet seen the light, so I have invited them here to-night to hear our eloquent speakers, hoping that their eyes may be opened to their wonderful privilege and duty. (*More nudges, etc.*) The time is coming, and coming soon (*voice very loud and high*), when women shall have the vote. We are not animals, we are not criminals, we are not lunatics, we are not children, and we will vote. There are pessimists (*looking at antis*) who say we'll never get the vote, but they remind me of the old lady who was watching the trial of the new trolley car. It took a good deal of time and labor to get it started, and the old lady, watching every movement with great interest, kept saying, "It'll never go. It'll never go." Finally it started and sped off down the track out of sight. The old lady with amazement written all over her face, but with conviction in her voice cried out, "It'll never stop. It'll never stop." Ladies, we are going to get the vote and we are never going to stop until we do get it. I want the papers to give the utmost attention possible to our proceedings that the news may be spread broadcast over the country.

MRS. A. (*rising*). Madam President, may I ask what plans you have made for keeping the reporters alert?

MRS. Y. I have arranged that carefully. I had it announced that early in the proceedings we should go into executive session.

MRS. A. Very good, indeed. They'll be on hand.

MRS. H. (*rising*). Madam President, you seem very proud to call yourself a suffragette. Pray tell me what a suffragette is.

MRS. Y. A suffragette is simply a person who is trying to overcome the tradition that women can't throw straight. (*MRS. H. sits down.*) Ladies—co-workers in our noble cause—and others—Mrs. Curtis has kindly consented to speak to us on the vital question, "Shall Women Vote?" I ought to explain that Mrs. Curtis, because of a delay in delivering her baggage, has not received the dress she intended to wear. She has, however, kindly agreed to appear this evening without her dress. (*Suppressed laughter, etc.*) No, no, I didn't mean just what I said. I mean that Mrs. Curtis will appear with what she has on.

(*Sits down quickly and fans violently.*)

MRS. C. Ladies of a common cause—downtrodden sisters,

the statement is made that a woman's voice is stronger than a man's.

(SILAS sticks head out of closet door.)

SILAS. That's because she gives it more exercise.

(Women look around in amazement, but SILAS has gone back and they can see no one.)

CHORUS. Was that a man? Where is he? Did you ever? etc.

MISS P. (*rising*). That sounded like a dear, noble man's voice. Where can he be? I should like to clasp him to my bosom.

MRS. Y. He must have gone. Pray proceed, Mrs. Curtis. No doubt it was the janitor.

MRS. C. As I was saying, a woman's voice is stronger than a man's, and her mind—her mind is cleaner and purer—yes, purer and cleaner.

(SILAS puts head out cautiously.)

SILAS. That's because they change their minds so much oftener.

(Dodges back quickly. Consternation; chorus of exclamations; some rise and look around.)

MRS. Y. I cannot understand this.

MRS. C. I will pay no attention to it. (*Oratorical manner, growing excited.*) As your presiding officer has remarked, we *are* engaged in a glorious work, we *are* marching boldly forward with the firm determination of breaking the shackles that bind our fellow women and make them slaves. (*Yells.*) Soon the mountains and the valleys will echo and reëcho with our shouts for freedom. I say what is our country coming to—and echo answers, What?

MRS. K. (*rising*). Madam Speaker, did I understand your question to be, What is our country coming to?

MRS. C. That is what I said.

MRS. K. And you say echo answers, What?

MRS. C. (*curtly*). That is what I said.

MRS. K. Then all I can say is that there must be something wrong with the acoustic properties of this hall. Who ever heard of an echo answering like that? (*Sits.*)

(Antis smile, while suffragettes scowl, whisper, etc.)

MRS. Y. (*rising*). I beg you, Mrs. Curtis, to take no notice of such insulting remarks, but to continue your most eloquent speech. (*Sits.*)

MRS. C. (*giving antis a withering look*). The time has come when women must be allowed to vote. We have waited a long time. There are still some men and, I blush to say it (*looking at antis*), some women who sneer at our movements. There are even those who say our ranks are mostly recruited from those who are so old they have given up all hopes of getting a man.

MISS P. (*rising*). I can testify that that is incorrect, for I can state from personal experience that I have not yet given up hopes. (*Sits.*)

MRS. C. Which proves conclusively, ladies, what erroneous statements are made. Still, why should women wish to marry? (*Excited.*) They have no rights! They cannot vote, they cannot go to the polls. They must slave over the wash-tub and the cook-stove while their husbands go to clubs. Think, my hearers, of the poor neglected wives all alone in great, gloomy houses, rocking the cradles of their sleeping babes with one foot and wiping away their tears with the other.

(SILAS puts head out.)

SILAS. That's quite a trick. Like to see her wipe her tears with her foot.

(Dodges back, clapping hand over mouth to suppress laughter.)

MRS. Y. Where is that man? Let us find him.

(Women jump up, look under chairs, behind doors, etc.)

MRS. S. I believe it's just a trick of those mean antis.

(MRS. Y. raps for order ; women sit down.)

MRS. Y. We are sorry to have you so interrupted, Mrs. Curtis, but I think the villain must surely have departed now, as we cannot find him. Pray go on, Mrs. Curtis.

MRS. C. I say, Is it right? Is it just? Well, I guess not. I say no (*screaming and pounding on desk*), and if I had the voice of fifty hundred thousand claps of thunder rolled into one I would thunder forth, We will be free. We will have the vote.

(*Sits down, wildly applauded by suffragettes, while the antis preserve a frigid silence.*)

MRS. Y. (*rising*). We thank Mrs. Curtis for her optimistic words, and we are going to have the vote, but let us not put off our efforts until to-morrow, for although yesterday, to-day was to-morrow, and to-morrow to-day will be yesterday, nevertheless, yesterday to-morrow would be the day after to-morrow, because to-day would be to-morrow yesterday and to-morrow will be to-day to-morrow, or would have been the day after to-morrow yesterday—or in other words, to-morrow never comes. The subject is now open for discussion.

MRS. D. (*rising*). The men have made out to govern this country ever since it was discovered by Robinson Crusoe, and I guess they will for a spell longer, so you folks might as well keep still. What would you women do in time of war if you had the suffrage?

MRS. Y. Just what a good many of our men do—stay at home and urge others to go and fight.

MRS. D. Well, I'm against it because—well, just because.

MRS. Y. You are stealing our thunder.

MRS. D. How is that?

MRS. Y. Aren't you saying you're against it because?

MRS. D. Yes.

MRS. Y. Well, that's our reason for—because.

MRS. D. Huh, because is every woman's reason. I don't believe women want to vote, anyway; they just think they want it. I believe it's just as Uncle Walt says in the *Post*. I have it here, so I'll read it for the benefit of (*sarcastically*) my poor, misguided sisters. (*Reads or recites.*)

THE GREAT PRIVILEGE

"Put on your Sunday bonnet, May—you know this is election day and we must go and vote." So spake the husband, combing hash from out his whiskers and mustache, and putting on his coat. "I hope you'll like the noble boon," he said, in tones of loud bassoon. "For it you've worked and prayed; for it you've squirted briny tears and skirmished round for twenty years and quite an uproar made. So let us hasten to the polls and vote for skates who spend their rolls to capture all the snaps." "I will not vote to-day," she said, "I want to dye my blue dress red; I'll vote next year perhaps." We're all just grown-up girls and boys who hanker for new sets of

toys and will not be denied ; and when we get our precious boons they are not worth their weight in prunes, and so we let them slide. Them's my sentiments too.

(Sits down loudly applauded by antis, frowned on by suffragettes ; whispers, nods, etc., by all.)

MRS. H. *(rising)*. Talk about poor, downtrodden wives ! I know some of these suffragettes who leave all the dishes for their poor, tired husbands to do when they get home at night. Can they find any authority for that in the Scriptures ? Doesn't it say, "She looketh well to the ways of her household. She worketh willingly with her hands. She riseth while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household." Doesn't this prove conclusively that woman's place is in the home and that she should attend to those duties ? *(Sits.)*

MRS. W. *(rising)*. If the lady will pursue her Scriptural studies a little further she will find these words : "I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down," which *I* say proves conclusively that men should do the dishes. Poor, tired husbands indeed ! Here's a poem I clipped from a paper which shows which is the poor, tired creature. *(Reads or recites.)*

DOES MA WISH SHE WAS PA ?

"I wish I had a lot o' cash,"
 Sez pa, one winter's night ;
 "I'd go down South an' stay a while
 Where days are warm an' bright."
 He set an' watched the fire die,
 Seemed lost in thoughtful daze,
 Till ma brought in some fresh pine-knots
 An' made a cheerful blaze.

"I wish I had a million shares
 O' stock in Standard Oil,"
 Sez pa ; "I wouldn't do a thing."
 Ma made the kettle boil,
 An' mixed hot biscuits, fried some ham
 An' eggs (smelt good, you bet !),
 Fetched cheese and doughnuts, made the tea,
 Then pa—set down an' et !

"I wish I was a millionaire,"
 Sez pa; "I'd have a snap."
 Next, from the lounge, we heard a snore;
 Pa—at his ev'nin' nap!
 Ma did the dishes, shook the cloth,
 Brushed up, put things away,
 An' fed the cat, then started up
 Her plans for bakin' day.

She washed and put some beans to soak,
 An' set some bread to rise;
 Unstrung dried apples, soaked 'em, too,
 All ready for her pies;
 She brought more wood, put out the cat,
 Then darned four pairs o' socks;
 Pa woke an' sez, "It's time for bed;
 Ma, have you wound both clocks?"

Poor, tired husbands indeed! That's a sample of them.

(Flounces down in seat.)

MRS. S. *(rising)*. Yes, they're all pesky lazy. I saw Mr. Harris sitting on a stump in his yard one day when I was passing, so I stopped and asked him how he was getting along. "Oh, pretty fair," says he. "I had some trees to cut down, but a cyclone came along and blew them all down and saved me the trouble, and then lightning set fire to the trees and saved me the trouble of burning them." Then he yawned and stretched and said, "Now, I'm just sitting here waitin' for an earthquake to come along and shake my potatoes out of the ground."

MRS. W. That's just the way they do things.

MRS. Y. Miss Helder has a few words to say to us on this subject, I know.

MISS HELDER *(rising and coming to desk, much confused and embarrassed)*. Mr.—er—er—Mr.—er—Mr. Chairman—when I—when I left—er—er—*(arranging hat)* when I left home this evening—er—er—er—*(feeling of belt in back)* when I left home this evening only two people—er—er—er—only two people on earth *(feeling of hair)*, my mother and myself—er—er—er—my mother and myself knew what I was going

to—er—er—say (*twisting handkerchief*), but, well now—er—er—perhaps mother knows, but—er—er—I'm sure I don't.

(*Returns to seat hurriedly, fixes hat and hair, pulls at dress.*)

MRS. B. (*rising*). And still they say women should vote. (*Raises voice.*) What is the woman of to-day, anyway? She is simply an animated being whose waist begins just below her neck, her hips have been planed off even with the rest of her body. She is usually buttoned up the back and around her neck she wears a section of barbed wire covered with lace. (*Looks at MISS HELDER.*) She wears on her head a blonde haystack of hair, and on top of this a central dome with rings about the same size as those of Saturn. She is swathed in her gown like an Indian pappoose, and on the ends of her feet are dabs of patent leather. She walks on stilt-like heels with the expertness of a tight-rope dancer. The pores of her skin are full of a fine white powder. This is the fashionable woman of to-day, and she wants the vote. Is she *fit* to vote? I say no.

(*Sits. Applause by antis. Black looks from suffragettes.*)

MRS. K. (*rising*). And I say no as long as such incidents as these happen. The other day in a car I saw a woman open a satchel and take out a purse, close the satchel and open the purse, take out a dime and close the purse, open the satchel and put in the purse. Then she gave the dime to the conductor and took a nickel in exchange. Then she opened the satchel and took out the purse, closed the satchel and opened the purse, put in the nickel and closed the purse, opened the satchel and put in the purse, closed the satchel and locked both ends. Is she ready for the vote? No, I say, no. Here's a poem I brought to read to these poor, misguided suffragettes. (*Reads or recites.*)

Oh, woman, lovely woman —
 Sweet embodiment of grace —
 Don't you think that on the rostrum
 You are sadly out of place?
 Don't you think that you look better
 In the quiet of your home
 Than when around the universe
 You undertake to roam?

Don't you think when on the platform
You attempt to ape the men,
That the effort almost certainly
Suggests the crowing hen?
Do you think, oh, lovely woman,
That this fury, fume and fuss,
Will bring emancipation, or
Cut any ice with us?

Your tongue, oh, sweet enchantress,
We respectfully suggest,
Makes the weary still more tired
And the wicked long for rest.
Thou hadst otherwise been perfect —
Of all the virtues been the sum —
Had heaven in its wisdom
Only made thee deaf and dumb.

So when, angelic creature,
In the fullness of disgust,
You come to the conclusion
That you've got to talk or bust,
Don't unload it on the populace,
For decency forbids,
But stay at home and give it to
Your husband and the kids.

(SILAS opens door.)

SILAS. That's the talk!

MRS. C. That horrid man has come back.

MRS. Y. We must find him. (*All hunt.*) It sounded as if it were in this closet. (*Several try door, but SILAS holds it shut.*) There is no man in the room. There must be a ventriloquist here. (*Looks at antis.*) Ladies, be seated. We will ignore it and go on with our next number, How Shall We Secure the Vote? Mrs. Altman will now speak to us on that subject.

MRS. A. (*rising and going to desk*). It is a pleasure, ladies, to see so many here assembled to demand the rights which we never have had, and never shall have, unless we make a stand and show the tyrannical lords of the universe that we won't be trampled under foot any longer. I see by the papers that

women in England are not only talking, but working. Are we going to be behind our English sisters? (*Cries of "Never, never! No!" etc., from suffragettes.*) Let us learn a lesson from their enthusiasm. Let us emulate the example of these noble women. Let me read to you a little poem which shows their ardor. (*Reads or recites.*)

VOTES FOR WOMEN

The shades of night were falling fast
As thro' an English city passed
A girl who wore—it looked quite nice,
A sash that bore this strange device —
"Votes for Women!"

Her eyes flashed fire, her mouth beneath
Revealed a row of pearly teeth,
And like a silver trumpet rung
The accents of her native tongue—
"Votes for Women!"

"Oh, stay," the cabman cried, "and rest,
Do not proclaim with so much zest!"
A half-brick caught him on the eye,
He fell, and murmured with a sigh —
"Blimee! Votes for Women!"

At Westminster she saw the light
'Neath which M. P.'s talk half the night;
In the clock tower the said light shone,
She twigged and answered with a groan —
"Votes for Women!"

"Don't try to pass," her husband said,
"The street is lined up right ahead
And London cops are deep and wide,"
But still that clarion voice replied —
"Votes for Women!"

At break of day as prisonward
The savage cops, with one accord,
Muttered an oft-repeated swear,
A voice cried through the stilly air —
"Votes for Women!"

There in the courtyard cold and gray
They sentenced her at break of day,
And from the judge's lips there fell
A sentence terse that spelt her knell —
"Forty bob or ten days."

(*Folds up paper.*) She was a martyr to a noble cause. Oh, for some martyrs on this side of the Atlantic.

MRS. S. It's easy enough to talk, but what are we going to do?

MRS. A. That's just what I'm coming to. In England I've heard that there's a law that females shall be supported by their nearest male relatives, so the women all left their work and went to live with their relatives saying if they could not vote they would not work, which very quickly changed the views of even the most deadly male enemies of woman's suffrage. We may have to resort to some such thing as that here if milder measures fail, but I think a little firmness and decision in the home is all that is necessary. Just inform your husbands that you refuse to cook any more meals for them until they vote for woman suffrage. That'll fetch them mighty sudden. You can starve a man into anything.

MRS. Y. That wouldn't do in my case, for my husband is a good cook and can cook for himself.

MRS. A. Then you must try another plan. Lock him up in a dark closet or tie him down cellar with the clothes-line. I have known those methods to work wonders in changing a man's views.

MRS. W. (*rising*). I call such actions disgraceful. Poor husbands don't have any peace as this woman's suffrage is dinned into their ears morning, noon and night till they must wish in their secret hearts that a woman had never been born.

(*SILAS puts head out.*)

SILAS. I speak for you for my second wife.

MRS. A. That dreadful man again!

(*All hunt again. Chorus of exclamations and suggestions.*)

MRS. Y. I believe this place is haunted. There is certainly no man here in bodily form. Be seated, ladies.

MISS P. (*rising*). I would like to know how those of us who have no husbands can help secure the vote?

(MRS. A. *rests chin on hand a second and thinks.*)

MISS HYACINTH. Why do so many women rest their chins on their hands when they are trying to think?

MRS. B. To hold their mouths shut so they won't disturb themselves, of course.

MRS. A. Can't you get a man to pop the question, Miss Prudence?

MISS P. No, it's as hard as pulling teeth.

MRS. A. And yet I hear both operations are often performed without gas.

MISS P. (*with hand on heart, uplifted eyes*). Love would work a great transformation for me.

MISS HYACINTH. I know it does in my case. When the gas is lowered there is a great transformation act—the leather rocker is quickly transformed into a spoon-holder.

(*Laughter.*)

MISS P. I don't understand why widows very seldom have any trouble getting a second husband, and I can't get even one.

(*SILAS at door.*)

SILAS. Because dead men tell no tales.

(*Groans of despair and inquiring looks.*)

MRS. Y. I am convinced now that it is a spirit. You notice he said dead men tell no tales.

MRS. W. Speaking of widows, I'd like to know the difference between a grasshopper and a grass widow?

MISS P. There isn't any difference. They both jump at the first chance.

MISS HYACINTH. What is it a man never has, never had, and never can have, but can give a lady?

CHORUS. Don't know. Tell us, etc.

MISS HYACINTH. A husband, of course.

MISS P. Oh, if only a man would give himself to me! (*Crosses hands over breast.*) What a pleasure it is to have a man at your feet if it is only a bootblack. A woman's heart is like the moon, there is always a man in it. I don't see why these married women want the vote. Wouldn't they vote the same way as their husbands?

MRS. A. Yes, if they first tell him how to vote.

MRS. W. That's easier said than done. I told my husband the other day that by the end of the century woman would have the rights she'd been fighting for. "I don't care if she does," says he. "Do you mean it? Have I at last brought you round to my way of thinking? Won't you really care?" says I. "Not a bit, not a bit; I'll be dead then," he said.

(Laughter.)

MRS. A. Can't some of the ladies give Miss Prudence a few points on how to make a man propose?

MRS. C. Why does she want a husband? She's better off without one.

MISS P. Why did you marry?

MRS. C. I had a cat. It died, and I was lonesome.

MRS. B. *(rising)*. Just watch your opportunity, Priscilla, and grasp it. I was in a restaurant with Mr. Bates and he says to me, "Will you have a little lobster?" "Oh, Charles, this is so sudden," I said as I fell into his arms, and I announced the engagement next day.

(SILAS at door.)

SILAS. Stung! Poor chap!

(More exclamations.)

MISS HELDER. Why do they call a man in love a lobster, I'd like to know.

MISS HYACINTH. Because he has a lady in his head, of course.

MISS P. What kind of a husband would you advise me to get?

MRS. H. *(rising indignantly)*. You get a single man and let the husbands alone.

MISS HELDER. I wish they would use a new phrase and not always talk about the "blushing bride."

MRS. B. Well, when you see the sort of men girls have to marry it's enough to make them blush.

MRS. D. I never could see why a woman should take the name of the man she marries.

(SILAS at door.)

SILAS. She takes everything else, so she might as well take that.

MRS. K. (*rising and looking around*). I don't believe that is any ghost.

MRS. Y. If it's a man in the flesh I'd like to use the broomstick on him for a few minutes.

MISS P. I'm getting scared. Do you know, I was alone the other night when I saw a horrid-looking man. I just lifted up my skirts like this (*raising skirt*) and ran.

MRS. A. Did you catch him?

MRS. S. (*has been writing with fountain pen; giving pen a shake*). This fountain pen reminds me of some husbands—expensive, can't be depended upon, won't work and half the time it's broke.

(*SILAS puts head out.*)

SILAS. 'Tain't like a woman. A fountain pen will dry up and a woman won't.

(*Exclamations, sighs, groans.*)

MRS. W. There are some good husbands. I'd like to ask why a good husband is like dough?

MRS. K. A good husband like dough?

MRS. W. Yes. Because a woman needs (kneads) him.

MISS HELDER. Do you know that brakemen and clergymen are in much the same business?

MISS P. How do you make that out?

MISS HELDER. Don't they both do a good deal of coupling?

MISS P. Oh, how I long to be coupled!

MRS. A. Can't you give Miss Prudence some enlightenment, Miss Hyacinth? I hear your engagement has just been announced.

MISS HYACINTH (*rising*). I am so happy—ever since my engagement to George the whole world seems different. I do not seem to be in dull, workaday America, but in —

MISS HELDER. Lapland. (*Laughter.*) You really ought to pull down the blinds, Rosabelle. The neighbors aren't blind, if love is. I don't believe in kissing any more. It isn't sanitary. Germs and microbes lurk in every kiss.

MISS HYACINTH (*indignantly*). Well, they will never do away with kissing, so what are you going to do about it?

MRS. A. I should advise that at least you sterilize every kiss, or if this is not possible, take a sanitary gargle after every fifth kiss. Can't you tell Miss Prudence how he proposed?

MISS HYACINTH. He said I was the only girl he ever loved.

MISS P. Oh, why doesn't some one tell me that?

MISS HELDER (*rising*). Huh, that's what a man told me once, and I dismissed him at once, telling him never to return until he had ceased to be a bungling amateur.

MISS P. Why didn't you send him to me?

MISS HELDER. He came again in six months and I said: "Am I still the only girl you ever loved?" "I cannot tell a lie," says he; "you are simply the best one of the bunch."

MRS. H. (*sneeringly*). Suppose he told you that you were worth your weight in gold?

MISS HELDER. Indeed, he wasn't such a back number as that. He told me I was worth my weight in radium.

MISS P. Are you engaged to him now?

MISS HELDER. No; he took me to the aviation meet and I wanted him to carve our initials on the gas bag, but he wouldn't, so I broke the engagement.

MISS P. (*excitedly*). Where does he live? Was he broken-hearted? Perhaps I can heal his poor heart.

MISS HELDER. He threatened first to buy a revolver and blow out his brains, but I told him not to go to that expense, just to get a pinch of snuff and sneeze and that would do it in his case.

MRS. A. That was rather insulting.

MISS HELDER. Not as bad as he said to me. Told me he guessed he was lucky to get rid of me, that I was only a summer girl, anyway.

MRS. A. Just what is the definition of a summer girl?

MISS HELDER. He said that a summer girl is a rack to stretch shirt-waists on—inside is a compartment for lobster salad, ice-cream and chocolates, while outside is an attachment for willow plumes, lace gowns and diamond rings. (*Sits down.*)

MRS. A. We are getting away from our subject. Miss Hyacinth, what did he do after he proposed?

MISS P. Oh, do tell. This is so absorbingly interesting!

MISS HYACINTH (*twisting ring*). Oh, he sighed and I sighed.

MRS. H. Must have been a circus.

MISS HYACINTH. No, only a side (sighed) show. Then he wanted to take my picture, said I was sweet enough to eat, and I asked him if that was why he wanted to put me on a plate. (*Sits.*)

MRS. K. Mush and molasses! There'll be a change. Makes me think of a rhyme I used to know. (*Recites.*)

Before the maiden married him
 And got him in her power,
 To sew a button on his coat
 Would take her just an hour.
 But things are very different now,
 For when her aid he seeks,
 To sew that button on his coat
 It takes her several weeks.

MRS. A. I hope you have received some enlightenment from our discussion of this subject, Miss Prudence, but my experience has been that the woman who can support a husband in good style doesn't generally have much trouble finding a husband to support.

MRS. C. (*rising*). Perhaps some of these present who are so anxious to enter matrimony ought to hear this story. It may prove a warning. An archbishop was administering confirmation and asked a nervous little girl what matrimony was. "It is a state of terrible torment which those who enter are compelled to undergo for a time to prepare them for a brighter and better world." "No, no, that's the definition of purgatory," says the priest. "Perhaps she's right, perhaps she's right," replied the archbishop. "What do you and I know about it?"

MRS. Y. Some of us *know* she was right.

MISS P. I'd gladly take the risk.

SILAS (*at door*). You'll never get the chance, so don't worry.

MRS. Y. Ladies, what shall we do? Do let us hunt again. (*Another search, with suggestions and exclamations.*) This is the strangest thing. We might as well proceed.

MISS HYACINTH (*rising*). George cut this out of the paper and wanted me to read it to you. (*Reads.*)

HOW SHE HAS CHANGED

She does not look like once she did,
 A change we cannot fail to note;
 The bloom of youth has come upon
 The woman who demands the vote.
 Remember what she used to be?
 An ancient damsel with a face
 That would upset the old town clock
 When she spoke in a public place;

An old poke bonnet, grim black dress
And side curls that defiance screamed ;
Of straight front corsets, marcel waves
And picture hats she never dreamed.
She used to shout a wild harangue
And pound the table with her fist,
As she demanded women's rights
And placed all men on Satan's list.
Of course she did her best
But somehow men refused to fall
For her insurgent arguments
Delivered in the old Town Hall.
How different a creature is
The dainty, modern suffragette,
With pleasant smile and piles of hair,
Surmounted with a trim aigret !
Experience has made her wise ;
She's not defiant any more,
And, planning her franchise campaign,
She first goes to the dry-goods store.
Her arguments are of the kind
She knows will jolly men along ;
She fixes it so they can't fail
To listen to her siren song.
She doesn't hire the old Town Hall
And rain abuse and satire reel,
But at the quiet fireside now,
She makes her eloquent appeal.
She doesn't call unpleasant names,
And doesn't fret or fume or fuss ;
She's going to win out some day
For she certainly looks good to us.

I know George will vote for woman suffrage if I want him to.
Woman's influence over man is wonderful.

SILAS (*putting head out*). Huh !

MISS HYACINTH. I've just been reading of a man who had reached the age of forty and had never learned to read or write. He met and loved a woman, and for her sake he made a scholar of himself in two years. (*Sits.*)

MRS. S. (*rising*). That's nothing. I knew a man who was a profound scholar at forty, then he met a woman, and for her sake he made a fool of himself in a day. Don't you be too sure

of your husband voting as you want him to. It's one story before and another after they're married. Here's another one of your *man* poems—shows how deceitful the male creatures are, and what they plan to do when they have you safely landed.

(*Reads.*)

THE FEMALE PERIL

When Bella came back home from coll.,
 She vowed it was her special mission
 To practice as a female politician.
 I told her the career was rough,
 But Bella didn't care a button;
 Though tender, she at times is tough,
 Like mutton.
 So Bella joined the Suffrage cause,
 With brickbats and a stout umbrella,
 And broke some window panes (and laws),
 Oh, Bella!
 Prison, I thought, will make her quail;
 Alas! I soon perceived my folly,
 She merely said she found the gaol
 Quite jolly.
 It nerved her to a new attack;
 Fresh schemes within her head had risen,
 And soon I wished my Bella back
 In prison.
 The vote itself will barely do,
 She makes a higher bid for freedom,
 And wants her sex admitted to
 M. P. dom.
 Now, though all this upsets my gorge,
 I cannot ask her yet to drop it.
 But when I've married her, by George,
 I'll stop it!

(*SILAS opens door and claps.*)

MISS HYACINTH. George wouldn't do that.

MRS. S. (*scornfully*). Oh, no, George wouldn't. (*Sits.*)

MRS. A. I will only say in closing my remarks what the serpent said after Eve had been created and stood before

Adam's eyes. "What do I see?" cried Adam. "Your finish," hissed the serpent as it glided off into the grass. So I say we see to-day the finish of man's age-long tyranny.

(Sits, applauded by suffragettes.)

MRS. W. *(rising)*. I would like to ask the speaker why it was that the serpent didn't give the apple to the man?

MRS. A. *(rising)*. Because it knew very well that the man would be selfish enough to eat it all himself, but that unselfish woman would go halves.

MRS. W. Men are fools anyway. They climb a tree to shake the fruit down when, if they waited long enough, it would fall down; they go to war and kill one another when, if they only waited, they'd die naturally, and they run after the women when, if they didn't do so, the women would run after them.

MISS P. *(looking over shoulder)*. I don't see many running after me.

MRS. Y. Miss Prudence will now favor us with a song. *(Miss P. sings some love song; applause.)* The next number on our program is, What Reforms Shall We Make When We Have the Vote? Mrs. Sager will open the discussion, then we hope to hear the views of all present.

MRS. D. *(rising)*. I would like to say before leaving the last subject, that if women went to Congress, it would simply be a case of a House of Mis-Representatives. *(Sits.)*

MRS. H. *(rising)*. And no woman will ever be President of the United States.

MRS. Y. I'm not so sure of that.

MRS. H. No, there never will be a woman candidate, because the candidate must be over thirty-five years of age. That settles that. *(Sits.)*

MRS. Y. Mrs. Sager.

MRS. S. There are so many reforms that we women will make that I hardly know where to start, but we certainly can check the frightful extravagance that is going on in this country. Let us encourage thrift. The chief cause of poverty and distress in this town is lack of thrift. You talk of the wolf at the door. He never comes to my door.

SILAS *(at door)*. I s'pose he's afraid he'd get skinned if he did. *(Usual looks of consternation.)*

MRS. S. I will not be insulted. That is no ghost. It is some of these cats of women. *(Looks at antis.)*

MRS. Y. I'm sure it isn't, Mrs. Sager. Let us take no notice of it. Pray proceed.

MRS. S. There's a good deal of truth in the old saying, "See a pin and pick it up, all the day you'll have good luck."

MRS. B. (*rising*). I rise to object to that statement. One day I saw a pin in the street, and remembering the old adage which has just been quoted, I stooped to pick it up, my eyeglasses fell and broke on the street, my corset string also broke, the buttonhole in my collar gave way, I nearly lost my false teeth, and a gust of wind took my hat and swept it away up the street. I got the pin, but I'll never do it again.

(*Laughter.*)

MRS. S. Exceptions do but prove the rule. The next reform I would speak of is a law that should provide a way for fitting all women for some occupation so that if worst came to worst they could keep the wolf from the door.

MISS HELDER. I can do that with my singing. I am sure I need never fear the wolf coming to my door.

MISS HYACINTH. The wolf would never come near if he could hear, but suppose he should happen to be deaf? (MISS HELDER *scowls at* MISS HYACINTH.) Why are you giving me such a hateful look?

MISS HELDER. You certainly have a hateful look, but I didn't give it to you.

MRS. Y. (*rapping for order*). Mrs. Sager, go on with your most helpful remarks.

MRS. S. Every woman should know how to drive nails. So many times a nail is needed around the house. I, myself, can drive nails like lightning.

SILAS (*at door*). That's right. Lightning never strikes twice in the same place.

MRS. S. I will not stand such insulting remarks, ghost or no ghost.

(*Sits down, fanning violently and looking at antis suspiciously.*)

MRS. Y. That ghost is certainly a very saucy one, but we will let it know that it takes more than one man's ghost to break up a suffragette meeting. Perhaps Miss Helder will favor us with a solo next. That will quiet our nerves.

(*MISS HELDER sings, preferably a suffragette song.*)

MISS HELDER. What kind of a voice would you call mine?

MISS P. I should never call it. I should let it sleep.

MISS HYACINTH. Isn't the paint and power thick on her face?

MRS. H. Little grains of powder,
Little drops of paint
Make a girl's complexion
Look like what it ain't.

MRS. Y. Mrs. Sager's remarks about the further education of women certainly meets my approval, and still some men would like to take our girls away from the co-educational colleges. When they do this, as they threaten, what will follow? (*Voice pitched very high.*) What will follow, I demand?

SILAS (*at door*). I will.

MRS. Y. Well, I'm glad at least to know that pesky ghost isn't a woman hater.

MRS. K. I saw your husband on the street last week, Mrs. Altman.

MRS. A. Did you notice his new teeth?

MRS. K. No, he had his mouth closed.

MRS. A. Then it wasn't my husband.—Oh, dear, my husband is an awful hard man to please.

MRS. C. He wasn't always that way.

MRS. A. How do you know?

MRS. C. Couldn't have been very hard to please—married you, didn't he?

MRS. W. Your husband used to do a good deal of sewing, Mrs. Altman. Does he sew much now?

MRS. A. No, he won't even mend his ways. Men are curious creatures.

MRS. S. Yes, a man is like a watch—known by his works.

MRS. W. And by the hours he keeps.

MRS. B. And by the spring in him.

MISS HELDER. And by his being sometimes fast.

MRS. H. And by the way his hands go up.

MISS HYACINTH. And by his not always going when you want him to.

MISS P. I'd never want him to go.

MRS. Y. (*rapping for order*). The question for discussion is, What Reforms Would We Inaugurate If We Had the Ballot? We are ready for suggestions.

MRS. C. (*rising*). We are making great strides. We have

the noiseless baby carriage, now we need the noiseless baby. That will take time. One reform I would advocate would be that women should hold all offices now held by men. We are working in gradually; we have women doctors, lawyers, etc., but I think we should have women policemen. (*Sits.*)

Mrs. D. (*rising*). How can you, in your wildest flights of fancy, imagine an old maid policeman? If she did arrest a man, would she take him to the station house? Miss Prudence, would you take a man to the station house?

Miss P. No, indeed; I'd go with him to the minister's house.

SILAS (*at door*). Worse punishment.

(*Groans, sighs, etc.*)

Mrs. D. That shows how women policemen would observe the laws.

Mrs. B. (*rising*). Our laws are like the ocean—the worst trouble is caused by the breakers. Women policemen are not a success. They tried it over in Colgate. A telephone message had been received that there was a burglar in a certain house. The lady cop responded quickly.

Mrs. Y. That's more than a man police ever did.

Mrs. B. After a brave struggle she arrested the burglar. "Don't dare to resist or I will shoot," she said. (*Acts out.*) "Don't shoot, lady; I won't resist, but I jest wanted ter tell yer dat in de fracas yer hair got mussed and yer hat is over yer ear." "Gracious me!" says she, "I could never think of going to the station house like that. Wait here till I find a mirror." While she was finding the mirror he *found* the way to escape. Home is the place for a woman. (*Sits.*)

MISS HYACINTH. Did you know they were going to vaccinate all the police of the city?

Mrs. Y. No need of that. A policeman never catches anything.

Mrs. C. (*rising*). Women should surely be employed in all post-offices, at any rate.

Mrs. Y. Why so, Mrs. Curtis?

Mrs. C. Because they understand managing the males.

Mrs. S. (*rising*). They could never be judges.

Mrs. C. I'd like to know why.

Mrs. S. They'd pronounce a sentence one day and change it the next.

Mrs. H. (*rising*). I believe with Mrs. Bates that home is

the place for women. These suffragettes! What about their children? Now, I have a model son; he doesn't use liquor, he never chews or smokes and he is never out after supper.

MRS. C. How old is your son, Mrs. Harding?

MRS. H. He'll be three months old to-morrow.

MRS. A. I suppose you have picked out a profession for him.

MRS. H. Yes; we are going to make a doctor of him.

MRS. A. Why did you choose that?

MRS. H. Because he always seems so pleased when folks stick out their tongues.

MISS HELDER. Dr. Rogers is digging a well in his yard. He went out to look at it the other day and fell in. Folks said it served him right; it was a doctor's business to tend to the sick and let the well alone. (*Laughter.*) He's a wonderful surgeon. He took the lung out of a man.

MRS. W. That's nothing. Mrs. Jones left her husband and took the heart out of him.

MRS. Y. We are getting away from our subject. Perhaps Mrs. Dayton can give us some points on this subject. What are your boys doing now?

MRS. D. (*rising*). The year old one is still in the milk business, and the oldest one is a director in a bank.

MRS. Y. He's pretty young to be a director.

MRS. D. He directs postal cards.

MRS. K. Haven't you a boy about fourteen?

MRS. D. Yes; he's in the plumbing business—learning to hit the pipe.

SILAS (*with pipe in mouth*). I'd like to have a few whiffs myself.

MRS. C. It's shocking the way boys smoke nowadays, and even girls. Does your daughter smoke, Mrs. Altman?

MRS. A. No, she has promised me that she will not touch tobacco until she is of voting age, so I promised I would put a hundred dollars in the bank during each year of her minority. That will give her a nice little capital to start her career as a stateswoman.

MRS. B. Shall you give her a coming-out ball?

MRS. A. No, she's such a strong suffragette she will probably keep me busy giving bail.

MRS. B. My daughter is to enter society and I don't believe there is another girl in this place who has been so thoroughly schooled and enjoyed so many advantages. She has

had her appendix removed, spent a year in a sanatorium, gone abroad three times for exhaustion, three times for nervous prostration, has eloped with the chauffeur, been proposed to by three fake counts, and has played in vaudeville. I certainly have done my duty in educating my daughter.

Mrs. C. When women vote they'll put a stop to such doings.

Mrs. W. (*rising*). I think husbands need training as much as children, and I should like to see some drastic laws passed about men leaving the theatre between the acts. Only last night when we were at the theatre my husband says, "I hear an alarm of fire. I must go and see where it is." He came sneaking back after a while and said, "It wasn't a fire after all." "No, nor water either," says I.

Mrs. K. Could you detect by his breath that he had been drinking?

Mrs. W. No, the story he told took his breath away.

Mrs. S. (*rising*). I heartily endorse Mrs. Wood's idea that stringent laws are required in that line. My husband had promised me not to drink for a year, but the last time we went to the theatre he started to go out after the first act. I reminded him of his promise, but he said he only promised for a year and two years elapsed between the first and second acts.

SILAS (*at door*). Isn't it time to pass the refreshments?

Mrs. Y. Is our ghost getting hungry? Perhaps we can starve him out.

Miss P. I very seldom go to the theatre. I always *try* to retire before midnight. I don't like to lose my beauty sleep.

Miss HELDER. Really, Miss Prudence, you should try harder. You certainly don't get enough.

Mrs. K. Were any of you ladies at the theatre the other night when the lights went out?

CHORUS. I wasn't. No, etc.

Mrs. S. Was there a panic?

Mrs. K. There would have been if it hadn't been for the presence of mind of an usher. He began to kiss the back of his hand very loudly so folks thought if there was any kissing going on they'd sit still.

Miss P. I wish I'd been there.

SILAS. Gee, don't I?

Mrs. H. (*rising*). Why don't you teach your husbands to obey you? I'd like to see my husband go out between the acts. He never disobeyed me but once.

MRS. D. That is quite remarkable.

MRS. H. Not so very. You ought to see the scar. He had his feet up on a chair the other day, and I told him to take his feet right off. He looked me square in the eye and said, "Mrs. Harding, there is only one person in the world that I allow to talk to me like that." I didn't know but I'd have to give him another scar; but he said, as he removed his feet, "And that person is you, my dear." Make and enforce your own laws about husbands.

MRS. B. (*rising*). I don't seem to be very successful. I tried to break my husband of cigarette smoking—pretended to faint.

MISS HELDER. Did it scare him so he never indulged again?

MRS. B. No, the beast smoked half a dozen while he was waiting for me to come to. (*Sits.*)

MRS. D. My husband never smokes.

MRS. K. (*sneeringly*). Suppose you think your husband is an angel?

MRS. D. Not yet, but I still have hopes. Black is very becoming to me.

MISS HYACINTH (*rising*). I think a law should be passed forbidding managers of theatres to expect a girl to remove a *new* hat. I had a lovely new hat with a big willow plume. It was just too sweet for anything; but when I wore it to the theatre the other night a horrid man back of me asked me to take it off.

MISS HELDER. Just like the selfish creatures!

MISS HYACINTH. I pretended not to hear him, and in a few minutes he had the impertinence to ask again. Then I turned to him and said, "There's no demand for my doing so." What did the beast do then but roll up his overcoat, sit on it, then put his hat on. In a moment everybody around was yelling, "Take that hat off." I thought they meant me, so I had to remove it. Wasn't that a mean trick? (*Sits.*)

MRS. Y. They should have had on the program what I saw in one place. "All ladies over forty years of age please keep their hats on." Every lady in the house was hatless.

MISS HELDER (*rising*). I should be in favor of a law reducing the price of opera tickets. They ask such preposterous prices. I paid fifty cents for a ticket, and stood in the orchestra aisle. The manager came along and said that price was only for standing room in the gallery. "What do you

charge for standing room down here?" I asked. "One dollar," says he. "Then I'll stand on one foot during the rest of the performance," and I did.

SILAS (*at door*). Just like a hen!

MRS. K. My husband told me the other day that we must both economize, so I agreed—told him he could shave himself, and I'd cut his hair. That makes me think, did you ladies know that Mrs. Robinson died while her husband was in Europe?

MISS HYACINTH. Yes; George met him at the wharf and told him.

MRS. K. Wasn't it an awful shock to him?

MISS HYACINTH. It didn't seem to be. He exclaimed, when George told him that his wife had died very suddenly, "Oh, don't make me laugh. My lips are chapped."

MRS. W. Just like the beasts!

MRS. Y. (*rapping*). Let us return to the subject.

MRS. W. (*rising*). I'd like to see a law passed abolishing all men's clubs. I asked my husband the other night if it were absolutely necessary for him to go to the club. "Not absolutely necessary," replied he, "but I need the rest." I'd abolish every club in the land.

MRS. S. (*rising*). I used to hate them, too, but since I have heard what interesting subjects they discuss, I'm in favor of them.

MRS. Y. What do you know about their subjects?

MRS. S. Mr. Sager was very late getting home the other night, and I was prepared to give him a good curtain lecture, but when I heard the reason for his being so late I just didn't. They were discussing female beauty, and he said as he had the most beautiful wife in the town of course he was authority on the subject. (*Scornful looks from other women.*) No, I think some clubs are all right. (*Sits.*)

MRS. C. (*rising*). I wish to say that I consider Mrs. Sager an easy mark. I am told that she even allows her husband to carry a latch-key. (*Sits.*)

MRS. Y. Are we rightfully informed, Mrs. Sager?

MRS. S. (*rising*). Yes, I do let him carry a latch-key, I must admit, but it doesn't fit the door. I just let him carry it to humor him. He likes to show it to his friends, you know, and make them think he is independent. (*Sits.*)

MRS. Y. Perhaps those little concessions do help to bring our day of freedom nearer.

MRS. K. (*rising*). I would like to inquire what the hus-

bands say when you suffragettes get home so late from your meetings?

MRS. A. (*rising*). My husband threatens sometimes to go home to his mother. (*Sits.*)

MRS. C. (*rising*). My husband says he is going to get a divorce if I don't give up this suffragette business. He says he doesn't mind doing the cooking, washing the dishes, and even taking care of the children, but he won't stand having pink ribbons run in his night-shirt to fool the baby. Unreasonable! (*Sits.*)

MRS. K. Have you heard that Mr. Goddard is suing for a divorce because his wife goes through his pockets?

MRS. S. There'd be a good many divorces if all husbands sued on those grounds.

MRS. K. I asked my husband what he would do if he woke up and found me going through his pockets, and he said he'd get up and help me look if there was any chance of finding money.

MRS. D. (*rising*). He wasn't so cruel as my husband. He woke up when I was looking over his pockets and asked what I was doing, so I told him I was only sewing on a button that was off. He got right out of bed, found three buttons on his coat, two on his vest and six on his underclothes that were about ready to drop off, sat there and made me sew them on, me just freezing and he telling what a loving little woman I was to crawl out of bed a cold night to sew buttons on his clothes. (*Sits.*)

SILAS (*at door*). Ha, ha! That's the best joke I've heard for a long time.

MRS. Y. That spirit again! He's been quiet so long I thought he must have returned to his underground abode. Are there any more suggestions about husband training? I think Mrs. Dayton surely needs a few.

MRS. W. Firmness is all she needs. Why didn't she give him a scar like Mrs. Harding? Wood used to try to bulldoze me, but he's got all over it. This is the way that Wood went home before he took a wife. (*Reels across stage and back*) He was on deck for joy rides or whatever else was rife. He was out late six times a week and led a frisky life. But now he comes straight home like this (*walking quickly and very straight*), and stays there you can bet. He's had to learn a thing or two he never will forget. He dares not stay out late because he's wed a suffragette.

SILAS (*at door*). Poor cuss!

MRS. Y. We shall have to leave this subject. Are there any other reforms to suggest?

MISS P. (*rising*). I should like to have laws passed forbidding the wearing of such looking dresses and hats. (*Looks hard at MISS HELDER.*) It is a disgrace to our sex. It's a positive danger to ride in the street cars now. I was riding in a car last night and a lady, if you could call her that, got on and bowed to an acquaintance. The end of the quill in her hat jabbed a poor dear, darling man in the face (I longed to kiss him), gouged out an eye, and his eye stuck on the end of the quill. "Excuse me, madam, I'd like my eye if you don't mind," he said. "How dare you speak to a strange lady? I'll have you arrested for trying to flirt with me," was the answer he got. It's high time we did a little progressing on the dress question. It is ruinous to health as well as a menace to others. If we dressed as we should we'd soon be as strong as a woman I met the other day. She had just had typhoid fever, was convalescing, so she was working over to Howard's digging post holes while she was getting back her strength. Don't know what she plans to do when she gets well. Every time a stylish woman changes her dress some one has to be Johnnie on the spot to hook or unhook her. They remind me of a clock—all face and figure, no head to speak of, very hard to stop after it is wound up, and has a striking way of calling attention to itself at every hour of the day. (*Again looks at MISS HELDER.*) Let us remedy this evil by our vote. Look at the hobble skirt. It reminds me of an umbrella poorly rolled up.

SILAS (*at door*). Umbrellas can be shut up and they can't.

MRS. K. Why is a woman like an umbrella?

MRS. D. Because she's made of ribs and attached to a stick.

MRS. K. No.

MRS. S. Because nobody ever gets the right one.

MRS. K. No.

MRS. W. Because she fades with age.

MRS. K. No.

MRS. A. Because she's a good thing to have in the house.

MRS. K. No, I'll tell you why a woman is like an umbrella. She's accustomed to reign (rain). See?

MISS HELDER (*rising*). I object to Miss Prudence's remark. I don't believe the gown that fastens up the back brings out any more cuss words than Dr. Mary Walker's collar buttons.

MISS P. How much better it would be if we dressed like Eve.

MISS HELDER. What would have been the use of Eve's wearing clothes when there was no other woman to be jealous of them?

MISS P. Then look at the false hair some women wear. Why do they put the hair of another person on their heads? I'm sure I wouldn't. Look at my hair, all my own.

(Turns so all may see. Laughter.)

MISS HELDER. Why do you put the skin of another animal on your feet, I'd like to ask, Miss Prudence? Why don't you go barefooted? *(Sits.)*

MRS. Y. I agree with Miss Prudence that there should be a reform in dress. I dress as much like a man as possible, and the proudest moment of my life was when I fell over the side of a ship and a sailor called out, "Man overboard!"

MISS P. I want to say in closing my remarks on dress that lemons do not always come wrapped up in tissue paper. Lemons come to some men nowadays wrapped up in princess gowns or hobble skirts. *(Sits.)*

MRS. Y. What other reforms would this meeting like to endorse?

MRS. K. *(rising)*. I'd like to have cleaner money. There was a frightful loss of life at my house this morning when I accidentally burned a dollar bill. Ten thousand microbes went to their death instantly. *(Sits.)*

SILAS *(at door)*. I'd risk the microbes.

MRS. C. *(rising)*. I would pass laws for stricter examinations for druggists. I am always very particular to inquire carefully before I order anything in a drug store. It is a matter of life and death. The other day I went into Mr. Hunt's store and asked Mr. Allen, who works there, if he was a chemist and druggist. He said he was. "Have you been in the business a number of years?" "I have." "Understand the business thoroughly?" "I do." "Registered?" "Yes." "That your certificate over there?" "Yes." I walked over, read it, and it seemed to be all right, so I ordered five cents worth of tooth powder sent up to the house, but I don't know yet if he was properly qualified. Let us have stricter laws for druggists. *(Sits.)*

MRS. H. *(rising)*. Is there a Christian Scientist in this room?

MRS. S. I am a Christian Scientist.

Mrs. H. Would you mind changing seats with me? I feel a draft.

Mrs. S. Certainly. There is no draft. It is simply an error.

(They change seats.)

Mrs. Y. Any other reforms?

Mrs. K. *(rising)*. I think before women are fit to vote they should learn to show more politeness to their own sex. Woman is woman's best friend, after all. Even when she is getting married, doesn't a man give her away and her maids stand up for her? *(Raises voice.)* Who has done the most to elevate woman? Who, I say, has done the most to elevate woman?

SILAS *(at door)*. The man that invented those high French heels.

Mrs. Y. Our ghost is growing witty.

Mrs. K. What is it that binds us together and makes us better than we are by nature?

SILAS *(at door)*. Corsets!

Mrs. K. Oh, if I could only get my hands on that ghost, if ghost he be. Let us be helpful to one another. Let us tell one another of our faults.

Mrs. C. *(rising)*. I would like to say that I tried that once.

Mrs. K. How did it work?

Mrs. C. We haven't spoken since. *(Sits.)*

Mrs. K. Perhaps you did it in a rude manner. I am surprised every day to see how polite women can be to men and how rude to one another. Just yesterday I saw two women coming from opposite directions. One was looking in a store window, the other was watching something across the street. They ran into one another. Both scowled and glared. One said: "You clumsy thing, do you want the earth?" "I should think you did," the other replied.

Mrs. W. They ought to have been looking where they were going. Just like a couple of women!

Mrs. K. There it is—always maligning your sex. A little further down the street one of these same women ran into a young man. She smiled and said, "I beg your pardon," in her sweetest tones. He replied, tapping his hat, "Don't mention it, please."

Mrs. B. *(rising)*. That makes me think of Mr. Austin. He's dreadfully absent-minded. The other day he ran against

a cow. He raised his hat and said, "I beg your pardon, madam," before he discovered it was a cow. Then he began to think deeply again with head down and stumbled against Mrs. Alger. Without looking up he said, to her amazement, "Is that you again, you brute?"

(*Laughter.*)

MISS P. (*rising*). We should be kind to men and women both. As I was coming here to-day I saw, lying in a drunken stupor, a poor fellow man. Men and women hurried by him with merely a curious glance, but as I passed the thought came to me that he was still a man—a man—perhaps a loved husband and father. So kneeling, I brushed aside the hair from his face and brow and kissed him.

SILAS (*at door*). Terrible punishment, but it served him just right.

MISS P. I'd even kiss that ghost if I could find him.

SILAS. Gosh, it's getting dangerous here!

MISS HELDER (*rising*). I think women are just too mean for anything. I met Mrs. Harlow on the street car and offered to pay her fare, and would you believe me, the mean thing let me.

MRS. H. (*rising*). I don't think women are one bit more hateful than men. I used to typewrite for an old bald-headed crank of a man who was never suited with anything. One morning he was specially ugly and yelled out, "Look at my desk! Is that the way to keep my desk?" "But you told me never to touch your desk," I said. "Well, I told you not to disturb my papers, but look at this sheet of postage stamps. I don't want *them* here." "Where shall I put them?" I asked. "Put them anywhere," he growled; "anywhere out of my sight." So I just gave them one good lick with my tongue, stuck the whole sheet of postage stamps on his old bald head and left the job. (*Sits. Laughter.*)

MRS. A. (*rising*). I find that men are usually polite to all women except their own wives. I was riding in an electric car the other day where a woman was standing, trying to hold on to a strap. I said to the man sitting next to me, "Why don't you get up and give that lady your seat?" He laughed so that he could hardly speak; finally he managed to say, "That is a joke on you. That ain't no lady. That's my wife." (*Sits. Laughter.*)

MRS. D. (*rising*). I think one of the first laws we women

should make would be one compelling men to give women their seats in a car. (*Sits.*)

MISS HYACINTH (*rising*). Have you heard the joke on Miss Helder?

MISS HELDER. I'll never speak to you again if you tell that, Rosabelle Hyacinth.

MISS HYACINTH. Oh, it's too good to keep.

CHORUS. Tell us. Do tell, etc.

MISS HYACINTH. We entered a car where every seat was taken, so Anna whispered to me, "I'm going to get one of these men to give me his seat. You just watch me." She looked over the men, selected a middle-aged gentleman, walked up to him and began (*acting out*), "My dear Mr. Jones, how glad I am to meet you! I haven't seen you for ages. Will I accept your seat? I *am* awfully tired. Thank you so much." The gentleman looked, listened, quietly arose and gave her his seat, saying, "Sit down, Bridget, my girl. Don't often see you out on washing day. Of course you are tired. How is your mistress?" But Anna decided she didn't care for that seat.

SILAS. Ha, ha! That's a good one.

MRS. S. That ghost is getting on my nerves.

MISS HELDER (*rising*). I do hope when women vote everything will be made sweet and dainty for them. This clipping is just my idea of how things should be. (*Reads.*)

A FASHIONABLE FUNCTION

There'll be a band in every booth
To play all day, you bet,
And tables small, with chocolate cake
And tea and favors set,
And members of the press on hand
Their gems and gowns to note,
And print their names and photographs,
When women vote.

The ballot, daintily engraved,
Will be a pretty sheet
In lovely pastel colors pale,
With sachet powder sweet.
Gilt paint will give the ballot box
A new and brilliant coat,
And bows of ribbon tie it up,
When women vote.

The rabble will no longer be
Admitted as of yore,
Each guest will have to show a card
To lackeys at the door.
And foremost in the social swim
A candidate must float,
If he would be a nominee,
When women vote. (*Sits.*)

MRS. A. Fol-de-rol. I don't care about the fixings if we only get the vote. We'd soon have women getting man's wages then.

SILAS. Don't they, now? My wife gets all mine.

MRS. Y. (*in awed whisper*). Ladies, do ghosts have wives?

(*Shaking of heads. "Don't believe so," etc.*)

MRS. H. They say there is no marrying in heaven.

MISS P. Oh, dear, there's no hope for me in the other world then!

MRS. Y. Are there any other reforms the ladies would like to mention before we proceed to the next number?

MRS. K. (*rising*). I'd like to see some laws passed reforming store management. It's perfectly awful. I went to a counter in Rice's the other day and asked for a pair of shoe-strings, some hairpins, half a dozen handkerchiefs and a belt buckle. I had only twenty minutes to get my car, and the clerk stopped chewing gum long enough to tell me that I would find the shoe-strings on the tenth floor, the hairpins on the third, the handkerchiefs at the extreme rear of the eighth, and the belt buckles in the basement.

MRS. C. Of course you got your train?

MRS. K. Yes, next day. (*Sits.*)

MRS. B. Things are high enough. They might at least make it convenient to get them.

MISS HYACINTH. Some things are very cheap now.

MRS. B. I should like to know *one* thing that is cheap.

MISS HYACINTH. You can get all the perfumery you want for a cent (*scent*).

MISS HELDER. I found a bargain in a beautiful embroidered handkerchief for five dollars.

SILAS. Five dollars! Gee, that's a lot of money to *blow* in.

MRS. Y. Let us have one more search for that creature.

If it is a man I'd like the satisfaction of finding him. (*All search again.*) It must be a spirit that melts into thin air after speaking.

MRS. H. (*rising*). Speaking of bargains, have you ladies been to the sale at Macy's?

MRS. S. Yes, I went. Didn't they have the greatest bargains?

MRS. W. My, but wasn't it a jam? The cars were packed, the streets were packed, the store was packed.

MRS. H. Have you seen the piece of poetry one of our gifted townswomen wrote about it?

CHORUS. I didn't see it. I saw it, etc., etc.

MRS. H. It was in the paper, and I cut it out. I think I have it in my bag. (*Hunts a second.*) Yes, here it is. (*Reads.*)

THE CHARGE OF THE BARGAIN BRIGADE

Half a block. Half a block.

Half a block onward.

Packed into trolley cars

Rode the Six Hundred.

Maidens and matrons hale,

Spinsters tall, slim and pale,

On to the Bargain Sale

Rode the Six Hundred.

Autos to right of them,

Hansoms to left of them,

Flying machines over them

Rattled and thundered.

Forward through all the roar,

On through the crowd they bore

To Macy's Cloak and Suit Store,

Rode the Six Hundred.

When at the mart of trade,

Stern-faced and unafraid,

Oh, the wild charge they made!

All the clerks wondered.

Theirs not to make reply,

Theirs not to reason why,

Theirs but to sell and pacify,

All the Six Hundred.

On bargains still intent,
Homeward the buyers went,
With cash and patience spent
And friendship sundered.
What though their hats sport dents,
What though their gowns show rents,
They have saved dollars and cents.
Noble Six Hundred. (*Sits.*)

MRS. C. (*rising*). I think our minds should be occupied with weightier matters, and I move you, Mr. Chairman, that we proceed to the next number on our program.

SILAS. Are they never going home? I'm getting sick of it.

MRS. Y. I suppose you have heard the story of the German who took out his first naturalization papers. As he was leaving the court room they noticed he was scanning very closely the official envelope which enclosed the document. In a few days he appeared at the court room again and smilingly said to the clerk of the court, "Vell, here I vos." "Glad to see you," replied the clerk, "but would you mind telling me who you are and why you are here?" The man looked much surprised, drew out the official envelope and pointing to the printing on the corner of it read, "'Return in five days.' So here I vos." (*Laughter.*) In view of the fact that there has been so much said about women not knowing how to register, I thought it might be wise to have a little practice at this meeting. Mrs. Curtis, will you be the registrar? (*Mrs. C. takes seat at small table with pencil and paper.*) Now, Mrs. Wood, will you kindly be the one who wishes to register? Just walk up to Mrs. Curtis as if you really were going to register. (*Mrs. W., after some whispering and delay, walks up to table.*) Now do just exactly as you would do if it were the real thing.

MRS. W. Is this where voters register?

MRS. C. Yes, this is the place.

MRS. W. Well, I guess I'll let you put my name down.

MRS. C. Very well, madam; your full name, please.

MRS. W. Land sakes! Do I have to give you all of it?

MRS. C. Yes.

MRS. W. And tell my real age, too?

MRS. C. Certainly.

MRS. W. It's a shame to expect a woman that doesn't look a day over thirty-five to have to say she's fifty, but that's it if you've got to know,

MRS. C. Where were you born ?

MRS. W. Goodness sakes ! Any need of telling that ?

MRS. C. That is one of the necessary questions.

MRS. W. Well, I was born about two miles north and three miles west of Sidney, on the old Quaker road that runs ——

MRS. C. That will do. What precinct are you in ?

MRS. W. Precinct ? What on earth is a precinct ?

MRS. C. Don't you know what a precinct is, and don't you know what assembly district you're in ?

MRS. W. Land ! No, indeed.

MRS. C. Then you'd better learn. Here, sign your name.

MRS. W. This place ?

MRS. C. No, on this line.

MRS. W. I can't write with my glove on.

MRS. C. Take it off then.

(After some delay Mrs. W. gets name signed.)

MRS. W. It seems to me there is an awful lot of red tape or whatever you call it about this registering business. I declare, if you have to go through all this rig-a-ma-role I don't know as I want to vote.

MRS. C. Now raise your right hand while I swear you.

MRS. W. Swear me ! And you a church-member !

MRS. C. I want you to take the oath.

MRS. W. Well, it's all true, every word of it, and if you ——

(SILAS, who has had head out much interested in the proceedings, gives a terrific sneeze, then dodges back quickly into the closet.)

MRS. Y. That settles it. No ghost could sneeze like that. We are going to find that man.

(All search.)

MRS. D. *(trying closet door)*. I believe he is in here. Come and help, and we'll open it if we have to pull it off the hinges.

(Several pull at door which flies open ; two grab SILAS ; the others rush at him, all, except Miss P., trying to strike him. He falls down ; they yank him to his feet, giving him several shakes.)

MISS P. Oh, it's a man, a real live man! Don't hurt the dear thing! Oh, don't kill him! Give him to me!

SILAS. Oh, no! no! Kill me first!

MRS. A. It's Silas Curtis! Have you anything to say for yourself, you villain? (*Strikes him with broom.*)

SILAS (*holding up hands to ward off blows*). Spare my life and let me go home to my wife who is sick.

MRS. C. (*grabbing him by the collar*). That's a lie. I'm sick, am I? (*Gives him a shake.*) There, take that for hiding in the closet like a sneak and then lying. Thought you were funny, didn't you? You won't think it's so funny when I get you home. Are you in favor of woman suffrage now?

SILAS. No, I am not.

(*Mrs. C. shakes him and throws him on the floor.*)

MRS. C. Did you say you wasn't in favor of woman suffrage, Silas Curtis?

SILAS (*scrambling up*). You must have misunderstood me, my dear wife. I am in favor of woman suffrage; allus hev been and allus will be. (*Waves hands over head.*) Hooray for woman suffrage! Woman suffrage forever!

MRS. C. (*giving him another shake*). Very well. Now march straight home and wash the dishes you sneaked off and left, then go out in the barn and sleep in the haymow.

CHORUS. Go, and be thankful we didn't kill you outright.

SILAS. Thank you, I am, ladies. Hooray for woman suffrage!

CURTAIN

New Publications

THE NEW YORK IDEA

A Comedy in Four Acts

By Langdon Mitchell

Nine male, six female characters. Scenery, three interiors; costumes modern. Plays a full evening. The most notable contribution to American comedy of recent years, well known through the performance of Mrs. Fiske in all the principal cities of the country. Acting rights are strictly reserved, but permission may be obtained by amateurs to play it on payment of an author's royalty of \$25.00 for each performance.

Price, 50 cents

THE THUNDERBOLT

A Comedy in Four Acts

By Arthur W. Pinero

Ten male, nine female characters. Scenery, three interiors; costumes modern. Plays a full evening. Published in advance of its production in the United States by special arrangement. A powerful acting play that reads like a novel. Acting rights strictly reserved for the present.

Price, 50 cents

CLUB AND LODGE-ROOM ENTERTAINMENTS

For Floor or Platform Use

Comprising: "A Ribbon Race," any number, males and females; "A Variety Contest," any number, males and females; "The Shamrock Minstrels," four males, three females; "Apollo's Oracle," any number, males and females; "Plantation Bitters," nine males, eight females; "Gulliver and the Lilliputians Up-To-Date," ten males; "Dame History's Peep-Show," any number; "The Broom Drill," sixteen characters, male or female or both. 160 pages.

Price, 25 cents

Sent post-paid on receipt of price by

**Walter H. Baker & Co., 5 Hamilton Place
BOSTON, MASS.**

New Entertainments

THE TRAMPS' CONVENTION

An Entertainment in One Scene

For Male Characters Only

By Jessie A. Kelley

Seventeen male characters. Costumes typical tramp dress; scenery, unimportant. Plays an hour and a half. An entertainment in the vaudeville class, like this author's other pieces, intended for local treatment and with possibilities of unlimited fun under such treatment. Music can be introduced, if desired, though this is not necessary or called for. The opening is very funny and original and the finish—The Ananias Club—can be worked up to any extent. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

DUSTY BOB, *President of Convention.*
HAPPY HOOLIGAN, *who tells how to deal with the dog.*
GENTLEMAN JIM, *who speaks about courts and cops.*
HEALTHY TIM, *an applicant for the Ananias Club.*
SUNNY MIKE, *another applicant for the Ananias Club.*
DIRTY JOE, *who tells methods for getting food.*
TIRED TIM, *still another Ananias.*
FROSTY FINNEGAN, *another applicant.*
LAZY LOGAN, *too lazy to wink.*
TATTERED RAGONS, *very successful in avoiding work.*
DUSTY RHODES, *who also wants to join the Ananias club.*
HOBBO JAKE, *who gives some pointers on the drink question.*
TRAMPING MUGGS, *another Ananias.*
HUNGRY DAN, *another applicant.*
HATLESS HAL, *the successful competitor for the Ananias Club.*
FROWSY FILTHY, *who clothes them all.*
THE JANITOR.

THE DAY THAT LINCOLN DIED

A Play in One Act

By Prescott Warren and Will Hutchins

Five male, two female characters. Costumes modern; scene, an easy exterior. Plays thirty minutes. A very pretty and effective little play admirably suited for a Lincoln Day entertainment. Capable even in unskilled hands of great pathos, it offers plenty of comedy, and is a piece that we can heartily recommend. The great personality that it celebrates brings out whatever of honesty and sincerity there is in the thing it touches, and so it befalls that in this little play the true Lincoln spirit is movingly embodied. Professional stage-rights reserved.

Price, 25 cents

New Plays

THE SISTERHOOD OF BRIDGET

A Farce in Three Acts

By Robert Elwin Ford

Seven males, six females. Costumes modern; scenery, easy interiors. Plays two hours. An easy, effective and very humorous piece turning upon the always interesting servant-girl question. A very unusual number of comedy parts; all the parts good. Easy to get up and well recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

EDWARD MASON, <i>a wealthy stock-broker.</i>	MRS. MASON, <i>socialist and aesthete.</i>
LORD CURTON, <i>in search of a wife with money.</i>	ELEANOR MASON, <i>her daughter.</i>
WARD LEIGHTON, <i>lieutenant of the 176th Regiment.</i>	BRIDGET, <i>the cook.</i>
MIKE McSHANE, <i>driver of a milk-cart.</i>	JOSIE RILEY, } <i>housemaids.</i>
	EMMA HONE, }
JIMMY MACRAE, <i>page at Mr. Mason's.</i>	MARY MACRAE, <i>Jimmy's sister.</i>
	TIMOTHY ROUKE, <i>house painter.</i>
	WILLIAM, <i>butler at Mr. Mason's.</i>

THE ALL-AMERICA ELEVEN

By M. N. Beebe

Twelve males. Costumes modern; scenery unnecessary. Plays fifteen minutes. An up-to-date and popular entertainment for boys in one scene, sure to please both the boys and the audience. Characters: Football Boy, Baseball Boy, Tennis Boy, Office Boy, Messenger Boy, Country Boy, Chinese Boy, Jewish Boy, Irish Boy, Indian Boy, Negro Boy and Trainer.

Price, 15 cents

TAKING THE THIRD DEGREE IN THE GRANGE

By A. C. Daniels

Seventeen males. Costumes eccentric; scenery unnecessary. Plays ten minutes. A burlesque initiation in one act, especially adapted for a Grange entertainment. Very simple, very clean and wholly lacking in horse-play and acrobatics. Well suited for its purpose.

Price, 15 cents

New Plays

A MAN'S VOICE

By Helen Sherman Griffith

Six females. Two acts. Costumes modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays about an hour. An admirable comedy in two acts for ladies only, suited for schools or for amateur theatricals. Appeals to the best taste and is at once easy and effective. Very strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

SYLVIA'S AUNTS

By Dorothy Waldo

Eight females. Two scenes. Costumes modern; scenery, an easy interior. Plays twenty minutes. A clever little college play for girls, full of humor and life, and sure to please. Two old maid parts, the rest all young; all the parts good. Ideally suited for school performance.

Price, 15 cents

MISS OLIVER'S DOLLARS

By Emilie H. Callaway

Eight females. One act. Costumes modern; scene, an easy interior. Plays half an hour. A bright and animated piece, very easy and effective. Three eccentric old women, the rest society people, middle-aged and young. Suited for schools or amateur theatricals. Tone high.

Price, 15 cents

THE WOOING OF WILHELMINA

By Thomas Littlefield Marble

Four males, three females. Three acts. Costumes military and modern; scenery varied but easily arranged. Plays about an hour only. An extremely pretty little comedy in three acts of a romantic type; very up to date and picturesque, and very dramatic. Strongly recommended to the lovers of old-fashioned romance. Clean, wholesome and vivacious.

Price, 15 cents

H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

MID-CHANNEL Play in Four Acts. Six males, five females.
Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors.
Plays two and a half hours.

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH Drama in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors.
Plays a full evening.

THE PROFLIGATE Play in Four Acts. Seven males, five females. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS Farce in Three Acts. Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY Play in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

SWEET LAVENDER Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Scene, a single interior, costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE THUNDERBOLT Comedy in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Scenery, three interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE TIMES Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females. Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

The William Warren Edition of Plays

Price, 15 Cents Each

AS YOU LIKE IT Comedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

CAMILLE Drama in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

INGOMAR Play in Five Acts. Thirteen males, three females. Scenery varied; costumes, Greek. Plays a full evening.

MARY STUART Tragedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females, and supernumeraries. Costumes, of the period; scenery, varied and elaborate. Plays a full evening.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE Comedy in Five Acts. Seventeen males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery varied. Plays a full evening.

RICHIEU Play in Five Acts. Fifteen males, two females. Scenery elaborate; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

THE RIVALS Comedy in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER Comedy in Five Acts. Fifteen males, four females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL Comedy in Five Acts. Ten males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

12
NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

BAKER'S EDITION
OF PLAYS

Taking the Census
in Bingville

Price, 25 Cents



H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

THE AMAZONS Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, not difficult. Plays a full evening.

THE CABINET MINISTER Farce in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Costumes, modern society; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

DANDY DICK Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours and a half.

THE GAY LORD QUEX Comedy in Four Acts. Four males, ten females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening.

HIS HOUSE IN ORDER Comedy in Four Acts. Nine males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE HOBBY HORSE Comedy in Three Acts. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery easy. Plays two hours and a half.

IRIS Drama in Five Acts. Seven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

LADY BOUNTIFUL Play in Four Acts. Eight males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, four interiors, not easy. Plays a full evening.

LETTY Drama in Four Acts and an Epilogue. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery complicated. Plays a full evening.

THE MAGISTRATE Farce in Three Acts. Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interior. Plays two hours and a half.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

Taking the Census in Bingville

An Entertainment in One Act

By

JESSIE A. KELLEY

*Author of "Scenes in a Restaurant," "Our Church
Fair," "The Village Post-Office," "Miss
Prim's Kindergarten," etc.*

BOSTON

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

Taking the Census in Bingville

CHARACTERS

CENSUS TAKER.

ROSY GRADY, *an Irish maid.*

PATRICK MALONE, *a policeman who didn't want to be examined.*

BILL WATT, *not so bright but still gets ahead of them all.*

MR. HARDER, *chauffeur.*

MR. KNOTT, *aeronaut.*

MR. STONE, *farmer who has rheumatiz.*

MRS. JONES, *a much married woman.*

MR. SALOON, *a barber who is "Henglish."*

DR. DUNCAN.

MRS. TIBBETS, *who tries to be young.*

MR. SINGLE, *an editor.*

MR. JEPSON, *a grocer-postmaster.*

MRS. SAMPSON, *who has a large family.*

MR. MORE, *an undertaker.*

MRS. MURPHY, *who is proud of her name.*

MISS HARTLEY, *a teacher.*

MR. SHARP, *a lawyer who is looking for clients.*

TONY, *a fruit dealer.*

MR. ELLWOOD, *a minister.*

MRS. STONE, *a farmer's wife who is afraid she has hookworm.*

SUSIE GIBBS, *who is love sick.*



COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

STAGE SETTING

Stage may be arranged to represent a hall. If not convenient to have curtain have the players come in in groups with usual salutations, the moderator calling the meeting to order when all are assembled. Departure may be made same as entrance. If a curtain is used have the players seated when it rises and the moderator calls meeting to order at once. Curtain falls as census taker rushes out.

COSTUMES

Most of the costumes may be ordinary modern costumes but where the parts admit, some grotesque costuming always adds to the effect.

NOTES

The census taker may add much to the merriment by his impatience, manifested in various ways as running fingers through hair, pacing floor while stories are being told, etc., etc. Bill Watt may also be much in evidence doing any droll things—chewing gum, offering it to others, taking out looking glass and fixing hair, spinning top, etc. Be very careful, however, that in doing these things, no such disturbance is made that the audience cannot hear what is being said. Census taker should be careful not to have back to the audience at any time. All should come forward and stand while being questioned. Speak slowly and distinctly. Make the jokes local in every possible case. Practice story-telling until it can be done perfectly, bringing out the point plainly and acting out the part. Laugh heartily at the jokes. Songs and speeches may be easily inserted if desired.

“My Pome too U” is taken from “Life.” “Love” and “A Deal in Bananas” are also taken from papers.

Taking the Census in Bingville

MR. SINGLE (*in a very oratorical manner*). Fellow citizens, we have met here to-night to consider the munificent offer of that great and good man, Andrew Carnegie, who out of the abundant generosity of his heart wishes to furnish us the wherewithal to build a library in this town.

MR. MORE. Huh! Guess he could furnish it better out of his pocketbook than out of his heart.

MR. SINGLE (*looking at Mr. M. scornfully*). If our brother has anything to say worth saying will he kindly address the chair? If not, will he remain silent? I am the chairman of this meeting (*pompously*), and wish it run properly.

MR. ELLWOOD. Mr. Chairman —

MR. SINGLE (*very suavely*). Mr. Ellwood?

MR. E. I understand that this man does not want to die rich, perhaps remembering that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter heaven, so I think it is our duty to help him dispose of a little of his surplus wealth. I move that our secretary be instructed to notify him to that effect.

MR. HARDER. Just tell him while you're writing that if he needs any more help in getting rid of it that I should be very willing to accommodate him to the extent of half a million or so.

MR. STONE. Wall, now, I tell yew, when I git rich, there's one thing I'm a-goin' to hev.

MISS HARTLEY. What's that, Mr. Stone?

MR. STONE (*going through motions*). A pair of galluses for my other pants. Dashed if I ain't tired of everlastingly shiftin' galluses from one pair of trousers to tother.

(CENSUS TAKER *rushes in.*)

CENSUS TAKER. I'm glad I've found where the folks of this forsaken town are. I've pounded at every door until my knuckles are sore and couldn't raise a soul.

DR. DUNCAN. They say opportunity knocks once at every man's door. This would be a poor time for her to knock around here, wouldn't it?

MR. SHARP. She hasn't knocked very loud at my door yet, but I don't know why this is a poor day for her visit. Why?

DR. D. Everybody would think it was the census man and hide.

CENSUS TAKER. Guess that's what they all did in this blooming place.

MR. SHARP. I don't take any chances. I answer every knock and give my office boy strict orders not to let a client escape.

MR. KNOTT. Thought you were the fellow I saw in the court room the other morning rushing around as if you hadn't time to breathe.

MR. SHARP (*laughing heartily*). Did you see my boy come rushing in for me?

MR. K. Yes. The way you ran out I thought some one was dying. What was the matter?

MR. SHARP (*acting it out*). He told me there was a man in the office who wanted to see me on business, so I didn't let any grass grow under my feet before starting—hadn't seen a client for a month. I ran till I was out of breath, the boy behind me until he got near enough to say, "You needn't hurry, sir, I've locked him in." Then I eased up, went in slowly and told him I was very busy, but if he would be brief I would give him a few minutes of my valuable time.

MR. SALOON. Did you get the case?

MR. SHARP (*dejectedly*). No, he wanted the undertaker.

CENSUS TAKER. Will you people quit your gabbing and answer my questions? I've twenty-six questions to ask each one of you, and how do you suppose I'm ever going to do it?

(*Opens book, gets out pen, etc.*)

MR. SINGLE (*stepping up to CENSUS TAKER, throwing out chest*). Do you realize that you are interrupting a meeting of which I am the chairman?

CENSUS TAKER. Can't help that. This is government business and must be attended to, willy-nilly. You go and sit down until I'm ready for you. (MR. SINGLE, *amid laughs of the people, sits down*.) I'll give some of the women a chance to talk first. They're always glad to exercise their tongues.

MRS. JONES (*aside*). He seems to be very good at it him-

self. Tongue hung in the middle and wags at both ends, I should say.

CENSUS TAKER (*pointing to Miss H.*). I'll begin with you. Please step out here where I can see and hear you better. (*Reads.*) State whether head of family, wife, son, daughter, boarder, lodger or servant.

Miss H. I'm a servant to the public. Let me see (*counting on fingers*), there's the superintendent one, seven on committee makes eight, I have fifty children —

CENSUS TAKER. Fifty children! That's the biggest family I've struck yet.

(*Laughter.*)

Miss H. Fifty children who have each two parents —

CENSUS TAKER (*nodding head*). Oh, I see.

Miss H. Which makes one hundred, added to eight makes one hundred and eight. Yes, I am servant to one hundred and eight people.

CENSUS TAKER. Hired girls won't usually work in such large families. Do all the washing?

Miss H. (*frigidly*). I am not a hired girl. I am a school-teacher.

CENSUS TAKER (*scratching head*). Oh, that's it. Huh-huh! (*Reads.*) Male or female?

Mrs. J. Such ridiculous questions! If a woman had charge of census-taking she'd know better than to ask such fool questions.

CENSUS TAKER (*reading*). State whether white, black, mulatto, Chinese, Japanese or Indian. S'pose you call yourself white.

Mrs. SAMPSON (*aside*). She's most as black as an Indian.

CENSUS TAKER. How old are you? Give age in completed years at last birthday.

Miss H. (*indignantly*). I am an unmarried woman and I don't think it right to have to answer that question.

Mrs. MURPHY. Shure, a boid that won't sing must be made to sing.

CENSUS TAKER. You will have to answer the question. How old are you?

Miss H. (*defiantly*). If you've got to know, I'm twenty-five.

CENSUS TAKER. You are more than that. Tell the truth.

Miss H. Well, then, I'm thirty.

CENSUS TAKER. You're more than that, I know by the looks. Own up.

MISS H. (*snappishly*). If you've got to know, I'm forty years old, but I call this census-taking an imposition.

CENSUS TAKER. That's not so old. Cheer up. You have some chance of getting married yet.

(*Winks and smiles at audience.*)

MISS H. I haven't lost hope, but I'll tell you one thing; I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth, for I'm tired and sick of your palaver already.

(*Laughter.*)

MR. STONE. That's the time you got left, Mr. Census-man. Can't git ahead of these 'ere schoolma'ams.

CENSUS TAKER (*running down list of questions*). Where were you born?

MISS H. In Athens.

CENSUS TAKER. Huh, a foreigner! A Greek.

MISS H. I am not a foreigner.

CENSUS TAKER. You said you were born in Athens, and Athens is in Greece if I remember my geography.

MISS H. I was born in the Athens of America, in Boston. Some people are so stupid.

CENSUS TAKER. And some people can't give a straight answer to a straight question to save their necks. Father and mother born in Athens too?

MISS H. (*snappishly*). Yes, they were.

CENSUS TAKER (*looking down list and mumbling questions*). That's all I want of you.

MISS H. And I've had more than I want of you.

(*Laughter.*)

CENSUS TAKER. This man looks more intelligent. (*Points to Mr. E., who rises.*) Are you head of the family?

MR. E. Yes, presumably, but it isn't wise to be too sure. (*Turns to people.*) Did I ever tell you that story of one of my parishioners in my last parish?

DR. D. No, let's hear it.

CENSUS TAKER (*in despairing manner*). He's worse than the woman.

MR. E. Mr. Hines was a henpecked man if ever there was one—didn't dare to say his soul was his own when his wife was

around, but when she was away you'd think he owned the earth.

MRS. J. Just like all the male animals.

MR. E. One time his wife went away to be gone several days, so he invited some of his men cronies to come up and spend the evening with him, which they did, and he was bragging that he was boss in his own house, he'd like to see any woman dictate to him, he had whoever he liked come to his house, and they did just what they liked, came when they liked, and went when they liked. "In fact," he says, "I am a regular Julius Cæsar." (*Laughter.*) His wife had come quietly in while he was talking, walked up to him, took him by the ear and says: "Julius Cæsar, you march straight up-stairs to bed, and you," turning to his companions, "go home;" and they went. (*Laughter.*) I must answer this man's questions.

CENSUS TAKER (*running down list of questions to himself*). How old?

MR. E. Forty-five. Father Time jogs along, doesn't he?

BILL WATT. Say, Mr. Ellwood, I never heard of Mother Time. Wasn't there a Mother Time, too?

MR. M. Oh, she got lost several centuries ago, Bill. She waited to pin her hat on and has never caught up yet.

BILL. Couldn't she run?

MR. M. No, 'fraid she'd kill some one with the hatpin.

BILL (*pulling hatpin out of SUSIE GIBBS' hat*). I wouldn't want to die such a turrible death. Gee! Just look at that.

(*Holds up hatpin.*)

SUSIE. You give me my hatpin, Bill Watt.

BILL. Take it. I don't want your old hatpin. I'd be arrested for carrying concealed weapons.

MR. JEPSON (*acting out the story*). I was in a crowded street car the other night and the conductor roared out at a meek looking little man who had evidently been imbibing a little, "Why don't you move up the aisle? There's lots of vacant room between you and the lady." The man shook his head unsteadily. "All the room that's there will stay there for all me," he said rather thickly. "I know when I'm well off, betcher life." "Nothing's going to hurt you," says the conductor. "Nothing going to hurt me? Whash you call those four hatpins?" And he pointed a wobbly finger at four hatpins in the woman's hat long enough to scare any man.

(*Laughter.*)

CENSUS TAKER. Guess they'll get the returns from this place some time in the next century. (*To Mr. E.*) Any children, mister?

MR. E. Two, a boy and a girl.

MR. H. Hear about my little girl wanting to sing at the wedding in your church the other night, Mr. Elwood?

MR. E. No; wants to begin young, doesn't she? You mean the Ross wedding?

MR. H. Yes; she'd heard the folks talking about the affair. They spoke of some one who was to sing, so she piped up, "I want to sing at the wedding." "No, dear, you couldn't sing there," said her mother. "Yes, I could; I know a pretty piece to sing." "What is it?" I asked. "I'd sing 'Heaven Look with Pity.'" (*Laughter.*)

MR. K. I took my little girl to the choral concert the other night. Mr. Gustavo was the director, and you know how he everlastingly waves that baton.

MR. M. Who was the soprano soloist?

MR. K. Madame Alda. When she was singing a solo, taking those very high notes, Amy leaned over to her mother, and, in a loud whisper that could be heard half way across the theatre, says, "Mamma, why does that man hit at the woman with his stick?" "Hush," says her mother, "he's not hitting her." "Well, then, what is she hollering so for?" says Amy, and I didn't wonder she asked. (*Laughter.*)

CENSUS TAKER (*breaking in hurriedly*). Your occupation, Mr. Elwood?

MR. E. Minister. That makes me think of a story about my little boy.

CENSUS TAKER. If they've started telling the bright sayings of their kids I might as well stop.

MRS. SAMPSON. The dear little boy! What did he say?

CENSUS TAKER (*disgustedly*). The dear little boy —

MR. E. He is not allowed to come into my study when I am writing, but the other morning he came in several times, so I finally said to him, "How many times must I tell you not to come in here when I am busy? You must play somewhere else. You break my train of thought. Do you understand? You break my train of thought." He hung his head and went to find his mother. "Mamma, papa has been calling me names—dreadful names. He called me a train wrecker, and I don't wreck trains, do I, mamma?" (*Laughter. To CENSUS TAKER.*) I beg your pardon. What's your next question?

CENSUS TAKER. What denomination?

MR. E. A Methodist. I've got to tell another story about that boy of mine.

CENSUS TAKER. Will he ever stop?

MR. E. He'd been rather naughty one day, so I asked him if he didn't want to go to heaven to live. I was rather surprised at his answer. "No," he said, "I've moved six times already, and I'm getting rather tired of helping pack furniture." (To CENSUS TAKER.) Anything more you want to ask?

CENSUS TAKER (*reading from book*). State whether able to speak English. (*Aside*.) Only trouble with him is he doesn't know when to stop speaking English. Very common trouble with ministers. (*Aloud*.) That's all, sir. Perhaps this woman with the children would like to answer next. Are these all the children you have, madam?

MRS. STONE. Yes.

CENSUS TAKER. This is a little girl. (*Points to one*.) And this one belongs to the contrary sex. Am I right?

MRS. STONE. What did you say?

CENSUS TAKER. I said this one belonged to the contrary sex.

MRS. STONE. Oh, yes, yes, they both belong to the contrary sex; both girls, and contrary is no name for 'em.

CENSUS TAKER (*smiling at little girl*). Wouldn't you like to tell me what name your mother calls your father, my little girl?

CHILD (*indignantly*). She don't call him any names. She likes him. (*Laughter*.)

CENSUS TAKER. How old are you, madam?

MRS. STONE. I've just reached my thirtieth birthday.

CENSUS TAKER (*aside*). Huh, took you about fifty years to reach it. (*Aloud*.) Your occupation?

MRS. STONE. Oh, I get up about four o'clock, mornings, get breakfast for the family and three hired men, see to the milk, feed the hens and pigs, get the children off to school, wash dishes, bake, sweep, make beds and —

CENSUS TAKER. Oh, you keep house. (*Writes and reads aloud*.) Occupation—none.

MRS. STONE. I tell my husband I don't know what is the matter with me. After I've washed, ironed, swept, baked, washed dishes, fed pigs, milked cows and the rest of the work, I'm too tired after supper to sew. I think I must have the hookworm.

CENSUS TAKER. Must be something serious the matter with you if you're tired after that. (*To Mr. K.*) Are you Shott?

MR. K. No, I'm not shot or half shot.

CENSUS TAKER. I thought you looked like a man I used to know—John Shott.

MR. K. No, I'm Knott.

CENSUS TAKER. Tell me what your name is then.

MR. K. Will Knott.

CENSUS TAKER. Why not? What is your name?

MR. K. Will Knott.

CENSUS TAKER (*angrily*). I demand you to tell your name.

MR. K. How many times do you want me to tell it? My name is Will—W-i-l-l—Knott—K-n-o-t-t.

CENSUS TAKER. Oh, certainly—Knott—your occupation?

MR. K. An aeronaut. (*Quotes.*)

“Death comes to daring spirits
Who wing the blue;
The sparrow's fall is heeded;
Will man's be, too?”

DR. D. If you sail the blue you're a sailor, aren't you?

MR. K. Guess so.

DR. D. Why don't you use nautical language and say: “Shiver my timbers”?

MR. K. Oh, you're behind the times. I say “Shiver my gas bag” or “Shiver my wings.”

MR. SHARP. They call a man who is always on the water a sea-dog, don't they?

MR. K. I believe so.

MR. SHARP. Then you must be a skye-terrier.

MR. K. A skye-terrier! Why?

MR. SHARP. Because you're always in the sky.

CENSUS TAKER. Any children? (*Aside.*) Most afraid to ask that question for fear of getting them started on stories again.

MR. K. One.

CENSUS TAKER. How old?

MR. K. Let me see—born March, 1894. How old would that be?

CENSUS TAKER. Depends on whether it's a boy or a girl. That will do for you. Who next?

DR. D. Better try me.

(*DR. D. steps out close to CENSUS TAKER.*)

CENSUS TAKER. What smells so? (*Holds nose.*) Phew!

DR. D. It's this suit. My wife had it packed away in moth balls. When I put them on to-night she noticed I looked rather sad and inquired the reason. "These clothes," I moaned. "You ought to look pleased over them," she said; "there isn't a moth in them." "I know it," I replied, "but it's just my sympathetic nature, which sometimes carries me to painful extremes. Of course I'm glad the moths are gone, but I can't help being sorry for them to have to die such a horrible death."

MR. J. Killed all the germs, hey?

DR. D. Yes, and don't know but it will kill me. Speaking of germs makes me think of something my little boy——

CENSUS TAKER. Oh, murder, on that tack again!

DR. D. We're very careful about germs at our house; spray the telephone, sterilize the drinking cups, don't allow him to drink in public, etc.

MR. SHARP. Don't wonder the kid gets sick of it.

DR. D. The other night he said to me, "Papa, do you know what I'm going to do when I grow up?" "No," I said, expecting to hear he was to be a policeman or a conductor. "I'm going to do something awful. I'm—going—to—eat—a—germ; a—real—live—germ."

(*Laughter.*)

MR. M. Say, Doctor, how's your faith cure working?

DR. D. Fine—fine. Hear about my last case?

MR. M. No, haven't heard.

DR. D. You knew Mr. Johnson, Sam Johnson, didn't you?

MR. M. The one that lived on Ash Street?

DR. D. Yes; he was a pretty sick man last fall. Ought to have gone to a warmer climate but couldn't afford to, so I thought I'd try the power of imagination on him. I had a large sun painted on the ceiling of his room and persuaded him to think it was a hot sun shining on him.

MR. M. How did it work?

DR. D. Fine at first. Thought he was improving rapidly when, on my arrival there one morning, I found him dead.

MR. J. Failed?

DR. D. No, it worked too well. His imagination was too strong and he simply died of a sunstroke.

(MAN *rushes in holding finger.*)

MAN. Where is the doctor?

DR. D. Right here. What can I do for you?

MAN. I've cut my index finger.

DR. D. (*shaking head*). Sorry, sorry, but I can't do anything for you. I'm a specialist on the middle finger. Run right across the street to Dr. Smith. [Exit MAN.]

CENSUS TAKER. Did you say you had children, Doctor?

DR. D. I've got a parrot.

MR. E. Good talker?

DR. D. Great, but I'm afraid I can't keep it here. Had him in the medical college and he picked up a lot of professional terms. Mrs. Simpson was calling on us the other evening and somebody asked her to sing. You know what a wretched, raspy voice she has. The instant she stopped that parrot screeched: "Chloroform her, chloroform her." I've lost that patient all right, and she was one of my wealthiest ones.

MR. STONE. I don't want to be no doctor. Reckon I'd dream of cases.

DR. D. I did dream of one the other night. Little Joseph Abbott has had a number of operations, appendix and tonsils removed, etc., and I pitied the poor little chap and had been thinking of him a good deal. Suppose I had him on my mind when I fell asleep, for I dreamed he was at the gates of heaven asking to go in. Peter asked him if he had been baptized. "No, not exactly," says he, "but I've had my appendix removed, my tonsils taken out, my eye muscles cut, one kidney removed and my ear drum pierced." Peter went over to the card index, returned in a moment and said, "All right, sonny, they're all here; you may come in and join them."

MISS H. That's as bad as a little girl I had. She had been absent several days, so I looked her up and inquired the cause. "I'll tell you, ma'am," she says. "I wuz gittin' along reel well in school and wuz goin' to keep on till I hed a fine eddication, but you know one day a man came and 'zaminated me and sed I'd have to hev my tonsils cut out, have my teeth pulled out and wear glasses, and when I went home and told my mother she sed, 'You kin jest stay to hum; I ain't a-goin' to hev you insected fer no school.'"

MR. H. Guess you must have been the man, Doctor.

CENSUS TAKER (*to* MRS. TIBBETTS). I'll see if I can get

in a few words now. You next, madam. I'll take the hardest question first. How old are you?

MRS. T. (*giggling like a schoolgirl*). I don't like to tell.

CENSUS TAKER. But you must tell.

MRS. T. I'm afraid if the teacher heard she'd make me go back to school.

CENSUS TAKER (*aside*). She's over forty, I'll wager. (*Aloud*.) Come, madam, your age. I have no time to waste.

MRS. T. I've kept my age a secret since I was twelve years old.

CENSUS TAKER (*slyly; winking at people*). Well, you'll tell it one of these days. Women can't keep a secret.

MRS. T. Well, I think when a woman has kept a secret thirty-five years she knows pretty well how to keep it.

CENSUS TAKER. A little example in addition. Thirty-five and twelve are forty-seven. Thank you, madam.

MRS. T. You—you—you horrid creature!

CENSUS TAKER. Married?

MRS. T. (*giggling*). Not now.

CENSUS TAKER. How many times have you been married?

MRS. T. Three, but (*giggling and coming closer to CENSUS TAKER*) I'm willing to get married again.

(*Tries to put arms around him.*)

CENSUS TAKER (*stepping back hastily*). Madam, I am not proposing, I am taking the census.

MRS. T. Wouldn't you like to take a wife, too?

CENSUS TAKER. No, I'm no bigamist. I have a wife and six children already.

MRS. T. Horrid creature! I've a good mind to sue you for trifling with my affections. (*Flounces back to seat.*)

CENSUS TAKER. The government ought to pay a hundred dollars an hour for this job. Catch me ever taking the census again. Here, you, mister (*to MR. SALOON*), step up here and answer these questions lively. (*MR. SALOON steps up.*) What is your name?

MR. SALOON. John J. Saloon.

CENSUS TAKER. Saloon! I never heard that name before. Spell it.

MR. SALOON. Hess, hay, hell, two hoes, hand hay hen.

CENSUS TAKER (*dropping book and pencil and staring at him open-mouthed*). Say, spell that again, will you? What language do you speak, anyway?

MR. SALOON. Hi'm han Henglishman hand Hi speak the Henglish language. Can't you understand plain Henglish, you blooming hidiot?

CENSUS TAKER (*picking up book*). Well, try your "Henglish" again. Spell your name.

MR. SALOON. Hess, hay, hell, two hoes, hand hay hen.

CENSUS TAKER (*shaking head in despair; finally handing Mr. SALOON the book*). Here, write your "Henglish"; I can't "Henglish" it. (MR. SALOON *takes book, writes and hands back*. CENSUS TAKER *reads aloud*.) S-a-l-o-o-n. Why couldn't you say so in the first place? Your occupation, Mr. Saloon?

MR. SALOON. Hi'm a barber.

MR. SHARP. Related to Christopher Columbus?

MR. SALOON. Not that Hi know of.

MR. SHARP. Thought perhaps you might be—same trade.

MR. E. Why, Christopher Columbus' folks weren't barbers!

MR. SHARP. History tells us they were woolcombers, doesn't it? (*Laughter*.)

CENSUS TAKER. Ever serve in the navy, Mr. Saloon?

MR. SALOON. Yes, hay little while, honly barber hin the regiment. Major was hawful mad when Hi left.

MR. D. Couldn't get any one to cut his hair, I suppose.

MR. SALOON. When they told him there was no one hin the regiment who could cut hair, he said: "Hain't there hay gardener hin the company? Find him hand send him to me."

MR. M. What good would a gardener do?

MR. SALOON. When the gardener came the major said: "Hare you hay gardener?" "Hi ham," he said. "Then go cut hair," says the major. "Hi can't cut hair," says the gardener. "Great guns, man, hif you can cut grass you can cut hair. Go hand do hit."

CENSUS TAKER. I wish you'd cut out your stories. How many children have you?

MR. SALOON. Six.

CENSUS TAKER. Give me their ages.

MR. SALOON. Hall right, sir. Mary will be thirteen hin September—yes—that must be right; hand John his—John his—ahem—John his—he's going on twelve Hi guess; then Susie—Susie—wait hay minute till Hi think—Susie—Hi never can remember how hold she his—but James his—James his—James his—and Joe—Joe—Joe his—for goodness' sake, man, go hover to the 'ouse hand hask my wife.

CENSUS TAKER (*sighing deeply*). Go sit down. I'll try you next. (*Points to MRS. SAMPSON.*) Any children?

MRS. SAMPSON. Yes.

CENSUS TAKER. Well, I'll hear about the rising generation first.

MRS. SAMPSON. Rising generation! If you tried gittin' 'em up in the mornin' a few times you'd never call 'em the risin' generation agin.

MR. E. Bless the children! What should we do without them?

DR. D. That isn't the question. What would the measles, mumps, chickenpox and whooping cough do without them?

MR. M. Yes, and what would the doctors do without the measles, mumps, chickenpox and whooping cough?

CENSUS TAKER. How many children have you?

MRS. SAMPSON (*nodding head and counting on fingers*). Lemme see, there's Sue and Kate and Sarah and Liza and Bill and Bob and Jim and Joe and John and —

CENSUS TAKER. Now, madam, if you would just give me the number.

MRS. SAMPSON (*angrily*). Number? Number? We ain't commenced numberin' 'em yet, thank ye. We ain't run out of names.

MRS. J. I don't see how you ever tell those twins apart, Mrs. Sampson; they're as like as two peas in a pod.

MRS. SAMPSON. I can't allus, but if I hear a noise in the pantry and call out, "Bill, is thet you?" and he ses, "Yes, ma," I'm purty sure it's Bob, and he's up to some mischief.

MISS H. Where do you ever find room to put all your family in that little house?

MRS. SAMPSON. We do hev ruther a tight squeeze. When the last baby came my husband said we'd got to make more room somehow, so he hung the broom outdoors and cut off the cat's tail. That made a little more room.

CENSUS TAKER. You haven't told me yet how many children you have.

MRS. SAMPSON. I don't know fer certain.

CENSUS TAKER. You don't know!

MRS. SAMPSON. Not fer certain. You see, Bill's gone fishin', Bob's got a gun and gone huntin', John's breaking a colt, and Sue's thinkin' of elopin'. Can't reely tell how many I hev till I get 'em all in bed.

CENSUS TAKER (*disgustedly*). Sit down. (*Aside.*) I'll

say twenty-five for a guess. (*To Mr. M.*) You next. Occupation?

Mr. M. Undertaker.

Mr. J. Solemn business, Mr. More, but I suppose you have some queer experiences like the rest of us?

Mr. M. Yes; funny thing happened the other night. Telephone rang, I answered, some one asked, "Can I get a box for two here to-night?" "Box for two? We don't have boxes for two here. They're all for one." "Isn't this the City Theatre?" "No," I said, "this is the undertaker's," and he hung up quick without ordering a box for two.

(*Laughter.*)

CENSUS TAKER (*impatiently*). Any children?

Mr. M. Yes, one daughter.

CENSUS TAKER. Her name?

Mr. M. (*smiling at people*). Postscript.

CENSUS TAKER. Postscript! Do you mean to say your daughter's name is Postscript?

Mr. M. That's what we call her.

Mr. H. Why do you call her that?

Mr. M. Because her name is Adaline More.

Mr. H. Ad-a-line More. Oh, I see. Pretty good.

CENSUS TAKER. That's all for you. Here, you fellow, come out here. (*Points to BILL, who shambles out, knocking over several chairs.*) What's your name?

BILL (*grinning*). Bill.

CENSUS TAKER. Bill what?

BILL (*hands in pocket, shifting from one foot to other*). Bill Watt.

CENSUS TAKER. Now don't try to be funny with me. I want your name, and I want it quick. What is it?

BILL (*vacantly*). Watt! Watt! Watt is my name.

CENSUS TAKER. Yes, what is your name?

BILL. Watt—Watt—Watt. Do you want me to whistle it?

Mr. E. His name is W-a-t-t—Watt.

CENSUS TAKER. Occupation?

BILL. Hey?

CENSUS TAKER. What do you work at?

BILL. I've got a job.

Mr. K. Where are you working, Bill?

BILL. In a domino factory.

Mr. H. What do you do there?

BILL. I put on the dots.

MR. J. Why aren't you working to-day, Bill? Business dull?

BILL. Business ain't dull; they're making double blanks to-day; ain't no dots to put on. (*Laughter.*)

MR. STONE. Say, Bill, I know something you couldn't dew.

BILL. Guess not. I kin do anything.

MR. STONE. Wall, you couldn't do this. Want to try it?

BILL. Fire ahead.

MR. STONE. You can't carry water in a sieve.

BILL. Huh, that's easy.

MR. STONE (*winking at crowd*). Want to try it?

BILL. What'll you give me if I do it?

MR. STONE. I'll give you a quarter.

BILL. All right, get your quarter ready. (*BILL goes out and amid roars of the crowd appears with a piece of ice in a sieve.*) Hand over your quarter.

MR. STONE. I said water.

BILL. Ain't ice frozen water? You didn't say what kind of water.

CHORUS OF VOICES. Give him the money. He's won. Got ahead of you that time, etc.

DR. D. Don't get much ahead of Bill, after all.

(*MR. STONE gives BILL the money, which he tries with his teeth, drops to hear it ring, etc.*)

CENSUS TAKER. Are you married, Bill?

BILL (*sadly*). Yes, I am, and I wish I wasn't.

MR. SHARP. Don't you like matrimony, Bill?

BILL. No, don't like it—don't like it at all.

MR. SHARP. Why not?

BILL. Well, lawyer, yer see it's this way. Before we was married, when I knocked at the door, she used ter say, "Am that you, honeysuckle?" Now when I come home she yells out, "Wipe your dirty feet before you come in, you clown, you!" No, siree, matrimony ain't all a bed of roses.

DR. D. (*aside*). Queer thing about this chap—offer him the choice of a cent or a nickel and he'll take the cent every time. (*Aloud.*) Here, Bill, which will you have?

(*Offers him a penny and a nickel.*)

BILL (*grinning*). I'll take this one.

(Takes penny. Several others try him, BILL taking the penny each time amid much laughter.)

DR. D. Bill, why is it you always take the cent instead of the nickel?

BILL. What do you think? Think I'm a fool, hey? Suppose I took the nickel, would I ever get the chance to take another one?

CENSUS TAKER. You're too smart for this crowd, Bill. I'm through with you. Go, sit down.

BILL *(returning to seat, counting pennies aloud)*. Got enough to buy some 'backy.

CENSUS TAKER *(to MRS. J.)*. You next. Your name?

MRS. J. I don't know.

CENSUS TAKER. You didn't understand my question. What is your name?

MRS. J. I don't know for sure.

CENSUS TAKER. Don't know your own name!

MRS. J. I've been divorced several times. At present my name is Mrs. Jones in this state; in some states it is Miss Simpson, my maiden name; in three states it is Mrs. Brown, my first husband's name, and in two states it is Mrs. Rogers, my second husband's name.

MR. SHARP. Say, when a woman marries and gets divorced inside of a week what would you call it?

MR. SINGLE. I'd call it taking his name in vain.

CENSUS TAKER. What were the causes of your divorces?

MRS. J. The causes of my divorces? My marriages, of course.

CENSUS TAKER. Is this your residence?

MRS. J. I eat and sleep here, but I have a trunk in the next state where I am getting a divorce from my present husband.

CENSUS TAKER. Then you're married at present?

MRS. J. I'm married in New York, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, divorced in Oklahoma, Dakota and Alaska, a bigamist in five states and a single woman in four others.

MR. J. The old saying is true, "It is only fools who get married."

MRS. J. That's because Providence takes care of the fools.

MR. J. How do you make that out?

MRS. J. By giving them wives to look out for them. What would you men have had if the Lord had not made us?

DR. D. One more rib.

(*Laughter.*)

MRS. J. Statistics show also that seventy-five per cent. of the male criminals—seventy-five per cent. of the male criminals are unmarried. What does that show?

MR. STONE. Shows how many men rather go to the penitentiary than git married. Say, that hobble skirt you've got on makes me tired. How do you ever git home in it?

MRS. J. (*scornfully*). You needn't worry about my getting home. I get home in better season and in better condition than you men folks do with your free-legged trousers.

MR. H. Here's a conundrum. Why is it that all our coins have a woman's head stamped on them?

MR. SINGLE. Why do our coins have a woman's head stamped on them?

MR. H. That's it.

MR. M. Because money talks. Right?

MR. H. Right you are.

CENSUS TAKER. How old are you, Mrs. Jones, Brown, Rogers, Simpson, whatever your name is?

MRS. J. Thirty.

CENSUS TAKER. Thirty what?

MRS. J. Thirty years.

CENSUS TAKER. Oh, I thought it might be months. (*Aside.*) She'll never see forty again. Guess I'll set a trap for her. (*Aloud.*) How many years since you were first married?

MRS. J. (*smilingly*). Twenty-five years.

CENSUS TAKER. Thirty years old now, been married twenty-five years. Married rather young, didn't you? Five years is rather a tender age for matrimony.

MRS. J. (*indignantly*). I'll not stay here to be insulted. I am not perfect, but (*striking an oratorical attitude and gesticulating*) who is perfect? Think carefully each for himself or herself—every man and woman in this audience—have you ever known or heard of a perfect person—an absolutely perfect person? (*Pauses.*)

MR. STONE. I think I have, Mrs. Jones.

MRS. J. Who was it, pray? I should like to meet that person.

MR. STONE. It was my husband's first wife.

MRS. J. (*to CENSUS TAKER*). Are you through with your crazy questions?

CENSUS TAKER. Yes, through with you.

MRS. J. I'm going home, then. You men had better get started too if you haven't any hobble skirts. [*Exit* MRS. J.]

MR. SINGLE. Hearing the name Jones makes me think of a strange echo I heard once. Up in a range of hills about twenty miles from here there is a little ravine where, if you stand at one end of it and yell Jones, the echo comes back, "Jones, Jones, Jones, what Jones?"

(*Laughter.*)

MR. M. Mrs. Jones is a strange woman.

MR. E. Still she's very liberal in her charities.

MISS H. But not very practical. She was visiting my school one day when I was talking to the children about the sleeping sickness of the Africans, and the next day sent me fifty alarm clocks to send to them.

CENSUS TAKER (*to* ROSY GRADY). Come, my pretty girl, your turn next.

ROSY. Shure, kape a civil tongue in yer head and not be afther calling me pretty before all these folks for I can't be afther returning the compliment. Begorra, I was in a strate-car the other day and the conductor comes straight up to me, stops in front of me and before all the pape says, "Your fare." "Shure," I says, "I know I'm fair, but if you want to be afther telling me that just come round to my place some aven-ing." That stopped his noise for he just said, "Money." I gave it to him and he went off quick as scat, looking rather silly.

MRS. SAMPSON. Where are you working now, Rosy?

ROSY. At Mrs. Lawson's.

MRS. SAMPSON. What do you do?

ROSY. I take care of the baby.

DR. D. Mr. Lawson is very particular about that baby, isn't he, Rosy?

ROSY. Shure, he is that. When I wint to see about the place Mrs. Lawson says (*mimicking*), "My husband is very particular about the person I have for a nurse. He wishes me to go into the most minute details about your qualifications. Do you know how to prepare food? Can you sew and mend? Do you mind sitting up late at night? Are you faithful and devoted and have you a kind and loving disposition?" Shure, I thought it was toime for me to say a woird, so I says, "Ex-

cuse me, ma'am, am I to take care of the baby or your husband?"

(*Laughter.*)

MRS. STONE. I'm coming to call on Mrs. Lawson some day. I don't know as she'll care to see me.

ROSY. Shure, she will. Oi heard her tellin' Mr. Lawson only last night that avery time the door-bell was afther ringing it was some wan with a bill and she wished some wan would call besoides the collector. Shure, she'd be glad to see you.

MRS. SAMPSON. Well, I tried to call the other day and the girl sed she wasn't to hum. I seen her peekin' out of the winder when I went up the walk, so I jist give her her come-uppance, told the girl to tell her that as I saw her peekin' out of the winder I was afraid she was to hum and I'd have to go in. She needn't think she's any better than other folks if she does live in a bigger house. 'Tain't paid fer, I don't believe.

MR. SHARP. Going to get married pretty soon, Rosy?

ROSY. Yes, sor. Oh (*fumbling in pocket and taking out soiled scrap of paper which she hands to Mr. E.*), he wanted me to give you this; he's away jist now.

MR. E. (*reading*). "This is to give you notis that me and Rosy is comin' to your church on Saturday afternoon nex' to undergo the opperation of matrimony at your hands. Please be on hand as we are goin' to have a team and it is hired by the hour."

MR. SHARP. Thought you told me you wouldn't marry Pat till he had saved a thousand dollars. He hasn't got that much saved yet, has he?

ROSY (*twisting handkerchief and looking down*). He told me last week that he had saved ten dollars and I told him that was near enough.

MR. J. What does he work at, Rosy?

ROSY. Shure, he's the milkman that laves the milk ivery morning. Mrs. Lawson saw him kiss me the other morning and she says (*mimicking*), "In the future I will take the milk in." "Shure," says I, "it wouldn't be no use, mum, he's promised never to kiss any one but me."

MR. M. Was it his cart that got upset the other morning?

ROSY. Yes. Shure, the strate-car run plum into it and spilt can afther can of milk all over the strate. A big fat three-hundred-pound woman got roight in front of Pat when he was saying, "What a waste! what a waste!" and do ye moind

she was that mad and says she, "Moind your own business. I'll look out fer me own waist." Moind that, will ye?

(*Laughter.*)

MRS. M. Shure, Rosy, I thought Jim Mahoney, the street-car conductor, was your stiddy.

ROSY. He was; but I was afther getting tired of him. He was afther talkin' shop all the toime.

MRS. M. What did he say? Begorra he was a foine conductor.

ROSY. Sit up closer—sit up closer—he was afther saying all the toime, and I couldn't stand it no longer.

MR. SINGLE. When is Pat coming back, Rosy?

ROSY. I've just had a letter from him. Shure, his eddication is illigant. (*Takes letter from pocket.*) Look at that, will ye, and he was afther writing it all himself. (*Reads.*) "Miss Rosy Grady, at Mr. Lawson's Private Way, Dangerous Crossing, Bingville, Massachusetts, U. S. A." Shure, I'm proud of Pat.

DR. D. Where are you going on your wedding trip, Rosy?

ROSY. To the ould country. Shure, I've the money all put away in my stocking.

DR. D. I hope you won't have the same experience a young couple I knew had. It was a very rough trip and the boat was rolling and pitching like fury. "Harry," said the young bride, "do you still love me?" "More than ever," was his earnest reply. After a moment's pause she said, as she looked up with a ghastly face, "Harry, I thought that would make me feel better, but it doesn't."

CENSUS TAKER (*looking at watch*). It's getting late; hurry up. You next. (*To MR. SINGLE.*) Are you single?

MR. SINGLE. Yes.

MR. E. Why, he's married; I married him.

CENSUS TAKER. What do you mean by lying to me, sir?

MR. SINGLE. I'm not lying—I'm Single.

CENSUS TAKER. Aren't you married?

MR. SINGLE. Yes, I'm married.

CENSUS TAKER. But you just told me you were single.

MR. SINGLE. I'm married, but I'm Single.

CENSUS TAKER. Is the man crazy? Are you married or are you single?

MR. SINGLE. Both; I am married and my name is Single. Understand?

CENSUS TAKER. Some folks are so smart. You're the editor, aren't you?

MR. SINGLE. Yes.

MR. K. Suppose you'll have a glowing account of the wedding in to-morrow's paper, Mr. Single?

MR. SINGLE. Yes, I have it here in my pocket all ready for the press.

SUSIE. Oh, do read it, Mr. Single. I just love weddings. (*Sadly.*) I wonder if I will ever have one?

MR. SINGLE. I'll read you part of it. Couldn't sell my paper if I give you all the news. (*Reads.*) "The bride looked very well in a traveling suit, but all eyes were centred on the groom. He wore a black suit that fitted his exquisite form to perfection, and in his daintily gloved hand he held a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley. His glossy hair was beautifully curled and a delightful odor of hair oil of the finest quality floated back to the audience as he slowly passed down the aisle. The young people will miss him since he has joined the ranks of the benedicts. He is loved by all for his many accomplishments, his tender graces, pleasant smile and winning ways. The bride has a good salary as a bookkeeper, and the dear boy will miss none of the luxuries of his bachelor life. A number of pretty young men friends were at the station to see him depart." How's that?

MRS. T. Well, that beats the Dutch. Not a word about the bride's costume.

MR. SINGLE. The brides have had the monopoly long enough. It's time to say a word about the man in the case.

SUSIE. I wouldn't care whether they said anything about me or not, if I could only get a man.

MR. M. Better not get married, Susie. Marriage is a pottery.

MISS H. You mean a lottery, don't you, Mr. More?

MR. M. No, I mean a pottery—a place for making family jars.

CENSUS TAKER (*to* MR. SINGLE). I understand you began life as a newsboy.

MR. SINGLE (*winking to people*). No, you've been misinformed.

CENSUS TAKER. You didn't begin life as a newsboy?

MR. SINGLE. No, no, indeed; I began life as an infant.

MR. J. Have a nice trip to Washington, Mr. Single?

MR. SINGLE. Fine.

MR. J. Congress in session?

MR. SINGLE. Yes. Heard a pretty good thing when I was in the Senate gallery.

CENSUS TAKER. Another story!

MR. SINGLE. A gentleman and his little son were sitting next to me, and the boy had a good many questions to ask.

MR. E. Wouldn't be a live boy if he didn't.

MR. SINGLE. Finally the chaplain got up to offer prayer. "He prays for the Senate, does he, pa?" asked the boy. "No," said his father, "he gets up and takes a look at the Senate, then prays for the country."

(*Laughter.*)

MR. SINGLE (*to* CENSUS TAKER). Any more questions?

CENSUS TAKER. No. (*Aside.*) I'll guess at the rest for fear he'll think of another story. While I think of it can any of you tell me a place in this town where I can get a decent meal?

MR. H. Might try Robinson's restaurant.

MR. SALOON. Hi used to heat there, but Hi don't hany longer.

MR. H. Why not?

MR. SALOON. Well, one day Hi went hin hand the bread was sour hand the butter rancid, so Hi thought Hi'd speak to Mr. Robinson habout hit, but they told me he was hout. The next day hit wasn't hany better, so Hi hinqured for him hagain but he was hout hagain. The next day hit was the same, so Hi hasked one of the girls where he was, hand she says, "Hi hexpect him back hany minute. He has just gone hout to get his lunch."

DR. D. Better ask him where he gets his lunch.

MR. SALOON. That's what Hi'm going to do.

DR. D. You think more of what you eat than a friend of mine did—a young surgeon.

CENSUS TAKER. They're started again.

MR. SHARP. What did he do?

DR. D. He was invited to a Thanksgiving dinner, and when the turkey was brought in the host said, "Now, Doctor, on account of your great surgical skill, I'll ask you to carve the turkey. I'm sure you can do it better than I can." The doctor took his place at the head of the table, raised the carving-knife and made a deep cut in the turkey's breast, smiled absent-mindedly, then frowned, felt in his pockets, took out some

medicated cotton, a roll of bandage and some pins, then proceeded to dress and bind up the cut he had made. When he had it all done nicely, he patted the turkey, looked up with a smile and said, "Now, I think that with rest and good care, the patient will soon be on his feet again."

(*Laughter.*)

MR. STONE. Wall, I vum. Didn't they eat the creature?

DR. D. No, they couldn't bear to hurt the doctor's feelings, so they had a turkeyless dinner.

MR. J. Cheap way. Very saving of him.

DR. D. Speaking of being saving makes me think of a Jew that got a glass eye for his son. I got it all fitted nicely and imagine my surprise when he said to him, "Now remember, Ikey, dat vas a goot glass eye you've got. It cost me lots of money and you must take goot care of it. Always take it out and put it in your pocket when you ain't lookin' at noddings."

BILL. Say, Mr. Ellwood, is Rotterdam swearing?

MR. E. No, Bill, Rotterdam is the name of a city.

BILL. Then I can say it all I want to, can't I, Mr. Ellwood?

MR. E. Yes, but why do you ask that, Bill?

BILL. I don't want to swear, Mr. Ellwood, 'cause you told me not to.

MR. E. I'm glad you remembered what I told you.

BILL. Yes, but it's all right to say Rotterdam, ain't it?

MR. E. Yes.

BILL. Well, Susan Smith stole some of my candy to-day and I told her I hoped it would rot-ter-dam teeth out. That was all right, wasn't it, Mr. Ellwood?

(*Laughter.*)

CENSUS TAKER (*taking BILL by the collar and setting him down hara*). There, you keep your noise still till I get these questions answered. (*Points to Mr. J.*) You next—name?

MR. J. (*in rather low voice*). Jepson.

CENSUS TAKER. Chipson?

MR. J. No, Jepson.

CENSUS TAKER. Oh, yes, Jefferson.

MR. J. (*yelling*). No, Jepson. (*Spells.*) J-e-p-s-o-n.

CENSUS TAKER. Jepson—I have it.

MR. J. That's right.

CENSUS TAKER. The acoustics of this hall are very bad.

MR. STONE. The hall is all right, mister, it's the soap factory across the street you smell.

CENSUS TAKER. Your first name? Initial, please.

MR. J. Oh, K.

CENSUS TAKER (*pausing between each letter, writing*).
O—K. Jepson.

MR. J. Excuse me, it isn't O. K. You didn't understand me. I said Oh —

CENSUS TAKER (*erasing and writing again*). O. Jepson.

MR. J. No, that isn't right. Rub out the O and let the K stay.

CENSUS TAKER (*impatiently*). Give me your initials again.

MR. J. I told you K.

CENSUS TAKER. You said O. K.

MR. J. I said Oh —

CENSUS TAKER. Now you say K.

MR. J. (*angrily*). Let me finish what I started to say. I said Oh as an exclamation. I did not mean that it was my initial. My name is Kirby Jepson.

CENSUS TAKER. Oh, I see.

MR. J. No, not O but K. Give me your pencil and I'll write it myself. (*Writes.*) There, I hope that's O. K. What next?

CENSUS TAKER. Married?

MR. J. Yes.

CENSUS TAKER. Any children? Hope that won't start another story.

MR. J. Two.

MRS. SAMPSON. What have you named the baby, Mr. Jepson?

MR. J. Obadiah T.

MRS. SAMPSON. And what does the T stand for?

MR. J. That just means Temporarily—just till he gets his uncle's money.

CENSUS TAKER. Occupation?

MR. J. Grocer, and a mighty poor business it is nowadays. Folks finding fault all the time and not paying their bills.

MRS. STONE. Yes, Mrs. Hill told me the other day that she didn't know what she was going to do about that bill she owed you, for you annoyed her terribly about it.

MR. J. Tell her to pay it, then; she's owed me two years now.

MRS. STONE. That's what I says. Says I to her, "If it

comes to the worst you can pay it." And says she, "Yes, that's so, I can, but I should never have thought of that."

MR. J. Then, there's Mrs. Rapp—always finding fault. The other day she sent her little girl down to say that one of the currant buns she'd bought the day before had a fly in it, and she had the audacity to ask for another bun in its place.

MR. M. Suppose you gave her one, didn't you?

MR. J. Think I'm a Vanderbilt? I did not, but I always do intend to do the square thing, so I told her to tell her ma if she'd send the fly back I'd send her a currant for it.

MR. STONE. Wall, Mr. Jepson, I bought some ham from you last week and it was mighty bad.

MR. J. There they go again. That ham was good, for it was cured only last week.

MR. STONE. Reckon it must have had a bad relapse, then. It certainly wasn't cured, or even on the road to recovery when I got it.

MR. E. If business is poor why don't you advertise, Mr. Jepson? Advertising pays.

MR. J. Not always. My wife sent two dollars in answer to an advertisement of a sure method of getting rid of superfluous fat.

MR. H. Did she get the information? My wife would be interested in that.

MR. J. Yes, she got an answer saying to sell it to the soap man.

MR. E. Advertising certainly paid that man.

MRS. T. Eggs are terrible high, Mr. Jepson.

MR. J. Yes, home eggs are high.

MRS. SAMPSON. I used to use Western eggs, but I don't any more.

MRS. T. I always do for my cooking.

MRS. SAMPSON. I sent my daughter Sadie to the store one morning for a dozen of Western eggs, and she came home in a high glee because one egg had the name and address of the farmer on it and also a request that the person buying it would write to him.

MRS. T. (*aside*). Bet she did mighty quick. She's set her cap for every man round here. (*Aloud*.) Did she?

MRS. SAMPSON. Nothing 'ud do but Sadie must boil that egg and eat it at once, but she's never cared much for biled eggs since.

MRS. T. Why?

MRS. SAMPSON. She wrote to the farmer and he sed he was reel glad to hear from her, but he hoped she didn't eat the egg as it was two years come hayin' time since he writ that, and he was married now so couldn't write to her any more.

MRS. T. Stung again. Poor Sadie.

CENSUS TAKER. Have you a dry-goods department, Mr. Jepson?

MR. J. Yes, and that's worse than the groceries. Women are the fussiest creatures; can't please them nohow.

MRS. STONE. Don't believe they are any worse than the men.

MR. J. Yes, they be. A woman came in the other day looking for table-cloths. Showed her every one I had in the store; nothing suited her, said she was looking for a new idea in cloths. So I just reached round and pulled out one I'd shown her before and said, "If it's something new you want, madam, this is just the article. Here you see the centre is right in the middle and the border round the edge. The very latest thing."

MR. E. Did she take it?

MR. J. Yes; she exclaimed, "Oh, isn't that too sweet for anything!" and bought two of them. Women do beat the Dutch!

CENSUS TAKER. How many brothers and sisters have you living and how many dead?

MR. M. Try this, Mr. Jepson, and see if it comes out right. (*Give very slowly so audience may try if desired, or some one else on stage might try it.*) Take the number of your living brothers, double the amount, add to it three, multiply by five, add to it the number of your living sisters, multiply the result by ten, add the number of deaths of brothers and subtract one hundred and fifty from the result. The right hand figure will be the number of deaths, the middle will be the number of living sisters and the left hand figure will show the number of living brothers.

MR. J. Correct. (*Gives numbers to CENSUS TAKER.*)

MR. M. The mails have changed, haven't they?

MR. J. Yes, they come in a little earlier now.

CENSUS TAKER. Are you postmaster, too?

MR. J. Yes.

CENSUS TAKER. That's a pretty good business. Uncle Sam is sure pay.

MR. J. Business would be all right if there weren't so many

stupid people around. What do you think of this for stupidity? A big Swede came into the office the other day and said, "Ban any letter for me to-day?" "What name, please?" I asked. "I tank de name is on de letter," he answered.

(Laughter.)

MR. H. I bet I've got the hardest name in this room.

MR. STONE. You're a stranger to me, but I'll bet my name is harder than yours. Will you take me?

MR. H. Yes.

MR. STONE. Wall, I'll bet a pint of peanuts that mine's harder. I've got the hardest name in the town. It's Stone. Ha, ha! Hand over them peanuts.

MR. H. Not much. Mine is Harder. My name is Harder.

MR. STONE. Wall, I vum, reckon I've lost.

CENSUS TAKER. I have your name, Mr. Stone. I'll keep on with you. Any children?

(MR. STONE comes forward, holding hand to back, twisting and squirming.)

MR. STONE. Oh, my rheumatiz! Mister, I've had rheumatiz nigh on to forty year, and ——

CENSUS TAKER. No matter about your rheumatiz. Answer my questions. Any children?

MR. STONE. Got a boy in college, and my first wife used to say ——

CENSUS TAKER. I don't care a rap what your first wife said.

MR. SHARP. Your boy is quite an inventor, I hear, Mr. Stone.

MR. STONE. Yes, he's great on inventing labor-saving devices.

MR. SHARP. What are they?

MR. STONE. Excuses fer not workin'. Saves lots of labor fer him, but my first wife used to say ——

CENSUS TAKER. No matter about your first wife. Keep any cows?

MR. STONE. Used to hev some, and my son Josh wants to know why I don't hev one now, but I tell him I reckon while he's around that's about the only calf I kin afford to keep. My rheumatiz is purty bad. I've tried all sorts of things for it, but ——

CENSUS TAKER. Stop talking about your rheumatiz, I tell you. Suppose you used to keep valuable cows?

MR. STONE. Wall, that depended. If the tax man was inquirin', they was purty cheap stock, but if one got hurt or killed and it was a damage case, they was mighty vallable; but as I was a-sayin' my first wife allus said —

CENSUS TAKER. Choke it! Can it! Cut it out!

MR. STONE (*disgustedly*). This census don't amount to shucks. All you want is a lot of old figgers, and ye don't pay no attention to my rheumatiz or my first wife. Waste of money — jist a senseless waste of money. I'm a-goin' to write to the government. (*Goes back to seat, muttering.*)

CENSUS TAKER. Miss — (*Points to SUSIE, who comes out simpering and giggling.*) What is your name?

SUSIE (*twisting handkerchief, acting shy*). George said I was a peach, and I said (*giggling*) let us make it a pear (*pair*).

CENSUS TAKER. What name did your parents give you? (*Aside.*) I'm afraid I've struck a hard one now.

SUSIE. Susie Gibbs; but I hope it won't be that much longer.

CENSUS TAKER. How many people live at your house?

SUSIE. Nobody lives there. We're just staying there for the cranberry season.

CENSUS TAKER. Well, how many of you are there now?

SUSIE. I can't rightly tell. Father's probably in the woodshed snoking, Bill's gone to the post-office and Joe has —

CENSUS TAKER. See here, I want to know how many people live at your house. How many slept there last night?

SUSIE. Nobody slept, sir. Ma had an awful toothache, my little brother had the stomachache, pa hurt his foot, Bill felt queer all over, and I'm in love, so I can't eat or sleep. (*Clasps hands over heart.*) I'm in love, but (*weeping*) my sweetheart has left me. Just listen to the cruel, cruel letter he sent me. (*Reads sobbingly.*)

MI POME TOO U.

Hear is the wring u alwus lett me ware,
 Hear is ure lettur ann thee lock uv hare
 U sent me wenn u promist too be troo.
 becuz ure fals i sennd um back too u.
 Doant rite ann ast me wi becuz u no
 Wott u have dun too me thatt greeves me so

U wennt to ride with wilyum joseph shedd
 Hearafthur u wil be as iff ure dedd
 Ann i wil pass u bi with skorn ann awl
 mi friends will neaver speke to u a tall

sum folks wood hate u fore a hartless flurt
 But no, tho u have throne me in thee durt
 i will not hate u. i wil lett u bee
 a sower ole made, ann sum day wenn u sea
 Me goen bi u with a hansum wife
 ule nash ure teath in pane, ann awl ure life
 ule sett ann si becuz u throo me down
 Ann ile be rich ann own most awl thee town.
 but wenn ure dyen in sum loanly plais
 ile kum and dropp a teer on ure dedd fais.

Uve broak my hart butt there are uther gurls
 With jusst uz luvly faises. they are purls
 beside uv u ann dyen fore a sho
 Too be my awl fore they have tolled me so.
 butt u ann me are dun ann if u kum
 on bennded neeze ann offered me ure gum
 too choo ide waiv u skornfully aside
 Ann wood not eaven kare how much u kride,
 Taik back ure letter ann thee wring i woar
 for u are dedd too me foareavermore.

(Buries face in handkerchief and sobs.)

MR. SHARP. Cheer up, Susie, he'll soon be back.

SUSIE. Oh, if he only would. *(Sobs.)* When I think of all our lovely times. *(Sobs.)* When we went to the circus we was waitin' for a car and it came along all crowded full of people and in broad daylight, and what do you suppose he said to me?

DR. D. Something very sweet, I suppose, Susie.

SUSIE. He says, "Come on, Susie, we can squeeze in here, can't we?" *(Sobs.)* I was bashful before all those people, and I said, "I think we'd better wait till we get home." *(Sobs.)* I wish I hadn't said it now. Oh, love is a balm for all wounds.

MR. STONE. I reckon so, but I callate I'd ruther use Jimmison's salve. It smells worse, but it cures quicker, and that's the main pint.

MR. K. Just as good fish in the sea as ever was caught,
Susie. Try again.

SUSIE. You don't know what it is to be in love, Mr. Knott.
It's a dreadful and a beautiful feeling. This little poem shows
how I felt before he left me. (*Takes out poem and reads with
many gestures, sighs, etc.*)

LOVE.

What is this feeling I feel
Inside my heart now and then?
I have felt it there off and on
For quite a spell back, time and again.

When I think of him—my knight
Or whene'er his name I utter,
I feel my face git all red,
And my heart flops round in a flutter.

Things always was beautiful to me
But now they seem more beautifuller,
Everything's beautiful now
Even a caterpillar.

Sometimes I am dizzy with joy
Like as if from heaven above;
But now I know what it be—
It is love—love—love.

(*Weeps bitterly.*) Oh, I can't talk any more. (*Goes to seat.*)

CENSUS TAKER (*looking over people*). Let me see, I haven't
talked with you yet. (*Points to MR. H.*) What is your
name?

MR. H. (*hesitating*). Er—er—er —

CENSUS TAKER. Go on, go on, to err is human, I know.
Your name?

MR. H. Er—Mr. Harder.

CENSUS TAKER. Occupation?

MR. H. Chauffeur.

DR. D. I have a stenographer who has a stylish way of
spelling—spells loafer l-a-u-f-f-e-u-r; says if chauffeur is spelled
c-h-a-u-f-f-e-u-r, loafer should be spelled l-a-u-f-f-e-u-r.

MR. SHARP. Believes in keeping up to the times, doesn't she?

CENSUS TAKER (to MR. H.). Were you ever arrested?

MR. H. What did you think I said I did? Push a wheelbarrow?

CENSUS TAKER. How often does your car kill a man?

MR. H. Only once, that's usually enough. A man hasn't nine lives like a cat. (*Turns to company.*) Say, gentlemen, I've invented an auto horn—great thing. Let me get you interested in it.

MR. M. What kind of a horn is it?

MR. H. Oh, one that folks jump at. (*Laughter.*) Bit well, didn't you?

MR. K. What is your latest in machines?

MR. H. We have a car now that can climb any hill on earth.

DR. D. Huh, that's nothing; the last one I bought tried to climb a tree.

MRS. SAMPSON. Autos are turrible demoralizin' things. Set a turrible example to the youngsters.

MR. H. How's that?

MRS. SAMPSON. Why, jest the other day I heard my Johnnie swearin' somethin' awful at my Jimmie, so I gave him a good shakin' and asked him what he was doin'. He begun cryin' and said, "We wuz only playing, and he was the auto and needed fixin'."

MR. E. I hope you punished him severely for his profanity, Mrs. Sampson. Children should be taught better.

MRS. SAMPSON. Yes, I punished him, but I'm afraid it didn't do much good. I shut him up in the closet where my best clothes are, and he was so quiet I thought somethin' must be the matter, so I called out, "Johnnie, what be you doin'?" No answer, so I called agin; then his little voice piped up: "I've spit on your dress, and I've spit on your hat, and I've spit on your muff, and now I'm waiting for some more spit to come to spit on your new coat," so I yanked him out of that closet lively.

DR. D. I wish some one would get out a few practical suggestions about autos. Perhaps that would do away with some of the cussing.

MR. H. (*taking paper from pocket*). Here are some right here I'll read to you. (*Reads.*)

"If your brake fails to work at a critical moment, run into something cheap."

"If you desire to make an impression on a young lady run over her.

"Common humanity dictates that you stop when the tires are out of wind.

"By seating your best girl in front with the chauffeur you will have something pleasant to look forward to during the ride.

"Should your auto overturn, leave your seat immediately.

"You should know your brakes or else you may break your nose.

"If a man gets in your way and is run down he should apologize. If he is dead, demand an apology from his wife."

CENSUS TAKER. Come, come, I can't stay here all night. Here you. (*To Mrs. M.*) Your name?

MRS. M. Murphy, and a foine name it is.

CENSUS TAKER. How old are you?

MRS. M. Sorra, I don't know, sor.

CENSUS TAKER. Think a minute. Don't you know the date of your birth?

MRS. M. (*shaking head; arms akimbo*). Date of me boirth, is it? Date of me boirth? Shure, there was no sich things as dates whin Oi was boirn.

CENSUS TAKER. Well, how many are there in your family?

MRS. M. Sixteen, sor, countin' the ould man and the pigs.

CENSUS TAKER. How many children?

MRS. M. Tin, sor, countin' the twins.

ROSY. Foine pair of twins ye've got, Mrs. Murphy; but bless me sowl, how do ye iver till thim apart?

MRS. M. Faith, that's aisy, Rosy. If Oi puts me finger in Pat's mouth and he boites it's Mike.

CENSUS TAKER. How many girls?

MRS. M. Two as foine gurls as iver you set your two paapers on.

CENSUS TAKER. How old are they?

MRS. M. Shure, Bridget is about ilivin or twelve years ould.

CENSUS TAKER (*shaking head despairingly*). When is her birthday?

MRS. M. (*rubbing forehead, thinking*). The gurl was born in tater time, that's shure, but whether they was plantin' 'em or digging 'em Oi can't fer the loife of me remember.

CENSUS TAKER. Well, how old is the other girl?

MRS. M. Shure, Oi can be afther tillin' you that all roight if you can be afther remimberin' whin the Johnstown flood was. Shure, she was born that day.

CENSUS TAKER. All right, madam. Be seated. (*Aside.*) I give that up as a bad job. I'll try the lawyer next. (*To Mr. SHARP.*) You ought to know how to answer questions.

MR. SHARP. Yes, lawyers are like little Davy Sloan—always asking questions. He asked so many that his mother finally told him that if he didn't stop asking so many questions something dreadful would happen to him. "Curiosity once killed a cat, you know," she told him.

MRS. SAMPSON. Did she suppose that would keep a young un still?

MR. SHARP. She got left if she did. He kept still about a minute then burst out with, "Say, ma, what was it the cat wanted to know?"

MISS H. I asked Johnnie Thomas the other day how to tell the age of a chicken. "By the teeth," he said. "Why, chickens don't have teeth," I said. "No'm, but we have."

MR. SHARP. I don't wonder. His family take their meals where I do. I made the landlady feel rather sour the other morning.

DR. D. Better keep on the right side of her.

MR. SHARP. There doesn't seem to be any right side—not for me hereafter, anyway.

MR. E. How did you offend her?

MR. SHARP. I casually mentioned as I sat down to the breakfast table that I could see weather resemblances in the most ordinary things. "Indeed, Mr. Sharp; I should love to hear them," she said. "This piece of steak reminds me very forcibly of a winter's day—cold and raw."

MR. J. No wonder you are in her black books.

MR. SHARP. "And this coffee reminds me of a November day—cloudy and unsettled."

MR. M. Whew! She ought to have told you it reminded her of your bill—unsettled.

MR. SHARP. She was looking pretty frigid by this time, so I continued: "And you, madam, remind me of a March day—cold and stormy," and the look she passed down to my end of the table would have congealed a red-hot cook-stove.

(*Laughter.*)

Mrs. T. Some boarders are such hogs; they want the earth.

MR. SMOOK. Human nature is just the same as it has

always been. Even when they were trying to get the animals into the ark there was a blockade. Noah asked what the trouble was and found that both of the hogs wanted the end seat.

CENSUS TAKER. Tend to business. Your name?

MR. SHARP. James Sharp.

CENSUS TAKER. Born?

MR. SHARP. Yes, I think so; might have just growed, like Topsy.

CENSUS TAKER. Business?

MR. SHARP. Rotten.

MISS H. I'm sorry to hear you use slang, Mr. Sharp. I'm trying to break my pupils of the habit, but it's very hard when the parents use it so much.

MR. E. Too bad! Too bad!

MISS H. I took dinner the other day with the family of one of my girl pupils. I had spoken to her people before about the little girl using so much slang, and they said they would have her stop it. No sooner had we got seated at the table than Marjorie says, "I'm not stuck on this bread." "Marjorie," says her mother, "cut that slang out." "That's a peach of a way to correct the kid," chimed in her father. "I know," said the mother, "but I just wanted to put her wise." I decided not to say anything more to Marjorie about using slang.

MRS. SAMPSON. The mother is a great club woman, isn't she?

MISS H. Yes, belongs to every society in town. Her little boy asked me the other day what etc. meant. I told him it was Latin and meant et cetera. He looked puzzled for a minute then said, "But I don't know Latin." "Well, it means and so on." He looked thoughtful for a minute then said, "I wish my mother would stay home from the club and et cetera some buttons on my pants.

(Laughter.)

MR. STONE. Purty stiff bill you sent in to Neighbor Jones fer thet leetle lawsuit, Lawyer Sharp.

CENSUS TAKER. There they go again!

MY. SHARP. I don't have many cases so I have to make a living out of what I do get, but I'm not quite so bad as Lawyer Rogers, who sent his bill in to a client with these two items in it—"To waking up in the night and thinking about your case,

twenty-five dollars. To dining with you after the case was lost, ten dollars."

(Laughter.)

MR. J. *(to MR. SHARP)*. Why were you working so hard to get that stone turned over up in the pasture the other day? I watched you working at it an hour.

MR. SHARP. "Turn me over" was printed on one side, so I was curious to see the other side.

MR. SALOON. Did you find hout?

MR. SHARP. Yes.

MR. SINGLE. You don't seem anxious to tell what it was. Out with it.

MR. SHARP. Ask Dr. Duncan and Mr. More. They were trying to pry it over, too. *(To DR. D. and MR. M.)* Didn't know any one saw you, did you? You both slunk off like a dog caught stealing sheep.

DR. D. *(laughing)*. Yes, we got stung.

MRS. SAMPSON. Tell us what it said.

MR. M. Just this: "Now turn me back again so I can catch some other idiot."

(Laughter.)

DR. D. *(to MR. SHARP)*. You're looking better than when you were in to see me the other day. You are another man now.

MR. SHARP. Well, Doctor, just send in your bill to the other man, will you?

MR. STONE. 'Tain't no use fer you to send your bill in to me fer a while, Doctor.

DR. D. Didn't the crops turn out well?

MR. STONE. I planted three acres of pertaters and I vum if those blasted pertater bugs didn't eat the hull crop in two weeks and then sat round in the trees picking their teeth waitin' fer me to plant more. They seem to know jest where to cum.

MR. J. I'll tell you, Mr. Stone, what I saw in my store. I saw some potato bugs examining my books a few weeks before planting time, to see who'd bought seed. Noticed they stopped quite a while at your name.

CENSUS TAKER. Will you pay attention to me? Here, you dago, see if you can answer questions straight. How old are you?

TONY. I—forty.

CENSUS TAKER. Your business?

TONY. I sella fruit.

CENSUS TAKER. Business good?

TONY (*shaking head*). No—no—'Mericans treecky—man
play treecks on me.

MR. SINGLE. Don't you like America, Tony?

TONY. Yes, like 'Merica, but don't like treecky man.

(Recites with gestures.)

No like da skeeny olda man
Dat come to my peanutta stan'
To-day an' buy da wan banan'
He mak' me seeck !
Eef evra customer ees go
For maka treecks an' talka so
Like heem, you bat my life, I no
Gat reeche queeck.

Wal, dessa man he com' an' say :
"How moocha for banan' to-day?"
An' so I tal heem right away :
"Ees two for fi'!"
"Oh, my! I mus' be gatting deef
Or you ees talka like da tief!"
He say to me, an' look as eef
He gona cry.

"Ees two for fi'," I say agen.
He shak' hees head at me an' den
He tal me: "Mak' eet fi' for ten
An' tak' da mon'."
"All right," I say, "I guess weell do."
Den "Fi' for ten is one for two,"
He say, "Here ees two cent for you,
I taka wan!"

He tak' da beeges' wan of all !
Ha ! w'at you theenka dat for gall?
He ees so meanna man, so small,
He mak' me seeck.
Eef evra customer ees go
For maka treecks an' talka so
Like heem, you bat my life, I no
Gat reeche queeck.

MISS H. Why don't you send your boy to school, Tony?

TONY. He run 'way.

MISS H. Run away? What did he do that for?

TONY. He bad boy. I goin' to leeck him. He say no—he born in 'Merica—he 'Merican—me born in Eetalice—me foreigner. He say he'd no let foreigner leeck him, so he run 'way.

(PATRICK MALONE comes running in, stops, looks around rather bewildered.)

DR. D. (*aside*). That man wants to be examined for the police force, and as I'm the examiner I might as well do it now and have it over. (*Steps up to PAT.*) Strip.

PAT. Phwat are ye afther saying?

DR. D. Strip. Get your coat off and be quick about it. (*PAT. takes off coat, collar and necktie. DR. D. measures his chest, arms, legs, pounds his back, etc., then holds broomstick at some distance from the floor.*) Hop over this stick. (*PAT. tries, but lands in a heap on the floor. DR. D. gets a pail of cold water.*) Now step under this cold shower.

PAT. Oi will not. Oi'll sthay single furst.

DR. D. Single! What's that got to do with it?

PAT. Begorra, what's all this nonsense got to do with gittin' a marriage license? That's what I'm afther wantin', but begorra Oi'd niver have come if Oi'd known Oi had to go through all this.

DR. D. Oh, I thought you wanted to be examined for the police force. You'll get your marriage license next door.

PAT. And you'll get a black oiye if I iver git the chance to give you wan. Examined for the police force, is it? And Oi've bin a police fer foive years.

(PAT. starts to go out, but CENSUS TAKER calls him back.)

CENSUS TAKER. I'll ask you a few questions before you go.

PAT. Are you another examiner?

CENSUS TAKER. No, I'm taking the census.

PAT. All roight, me boy.

(*Sits down, puts feet up in another chair and pipe in mouth.*)

CENSUS TAKER. No smoking here.

PAT. Oi'm not smokin'.

CENSUS TAKER. You have a pipe in your mouth.

PAT. Phwat of it? Shure, Oi have boots on me fate, but Oi'm not walking.

CENSUS TAKER. Your name?

PAT. Patrick Malone.

CENSUS TAKER. Are you related to Michael Malone?

PAT. Distantly, sor, very distantly. Oi was me mither's foirst choild and he was her sivinteenth. Say, Mr. Editor, me poor brother Moike has just died. What do you charge fer a funeral notice in your paper?

MR. SINGLE. Fifty cents an inch.

PAT. Fifty cints an inch, and me poor brither was six fate high. Begorra he'll have to do without a funeral notice.

MR. M. How long have you been on the police force? I thought you worked for Nolan.

PAT. Oi'd wurk no more fur that man Nolan. No, indade.

MR. M. I thought he was a fine man to work for. What was the matter?

PAT. Begorra, 'twas on account of a remark he made to me.

MR. M. What did he say?

PAT. Says he, "Pat," says he, "you're discharged."

MR. E. Didn't you work for Mrs. Luce for a while, Pat?

PAT. She's a freak, she is.

MR. E. Why, I thought she was a fine woman.

PAT. (*shaking head*). She's a freak, she's two-faced, fore-handed and five feet.

CENSUS TAKER (*to PAT.*). Tend to business here, you lobster.

PAT. Lobster, am I? Look out or I'll *pinch* you. Shure the tax man was around the ither day to tax me goat.

MR. K. How much did he tax you for it, Pat?

PAT. He taxed me eight dollars, the ould scalpeen.

MR. K. Eight dollars! That was pretty steep for a goat.

PAT. That's phwat Oi said. Says Oi to him, "Look here, Casey, you know that goat ain't wurth eight dollars." Says he, "Oi'm sorry, but that is the law;" thin he pulls a little book from his pocket and rades: "'All property abutting on Main Street should be taxed two dollars a foot.' Your goat is 'buttin'' on Main Street, ain't he?" "Yis," says Oi, "he's always a-butting." "He has four feet, hasn't he?" "Yis," says Oi. "And four times two is eight, ain't it?" "Yis," says Oi. "So eight dollars is the tax on your goat," says he. It's no use thrying to resist the law, so I paid it; but begorra

whin my party gets in, there'll be a change in some of these laws.

CENSUS TAKER. Are you a Democrat or a Republican?

PAT. Oi'm nayther—Oi'm a Socialist.

MR. H. Don't believe you know what a Socialist is, Pat.

PAT. Shure, Oi do. A Socialist believes in dividing property aqually. If Oi had two million dollars Oi'd give you wan and kape the ither myself.

MR. H. If you had two farms, Pat, what would you do?

PAT. Oi'd divide. Oi'd give you wan, and kape wan.

MR. H. If you had two pigs, Pat, would you share those, too?

PAT. Oh, you go to thunder. You know Oi've got two foine pigs.

(Laughter.)

CENSUS TAKER *(closing book, grabbing hat)*. I'm through with this job. I'm going right up to the office to hand in my resignation. I didn't know there were so many blamed idiots in the world. I've spent two solid hours with this bunch, and I don't know any more than when I began. Stay here and cackle all night if you want to. *(Rushes out.)*

CURTAIN

New Plays

THE SISTERHOOD OF BRIDGET

A Farce in Three Acts

By Robert Elwin Ford

Seven males, six females. Costumes modern; scenery, easy interiors. Plays two hours. An easy, effective and very humorous piece turning upon the always interesting servant girl question. A very unusual number of comedy parts; all the parts good. Easy to get up and well recommended.

Price, 25 cents

GADSBY'S GIRLS

A Farce in Three Acts

By Bertha Currier Porter

Five males, four females. Costumes modern; scenery, an exterior and an interior. Plays an hour and a half. An exceptionally bright and vivacious little piece, full of action. Gadsby's adventures with the fiancées of three of his friends are full of interest and fun. All the parts good. Well suited for High School performance.

Price, 25 cents

THE TIME OF HIS LIFE

A Comedy in Three Acts

By C. Leona Dalrymple

Six males, three females. Costumes modern; scenery, two interiors, or can be played in one. Plays two hours and a half. A side-splitting piece, full of action and a sure success if competently acted. Tom Carter's little joke of impersonating the colored butler has unexpected consequences that give him "the time of his life." Very highly recommended for High School performance.

Price, 25 cents

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL MA'AM

A Play in Three Acts

By Arthur Lewis Tubbs

Six males, five females. Costumes modern; scenes, an interior and an exterior, or can be played in two interiors. Plays two hours or more. An excellent comedy-drama, combining a strong sympathetic interest with an abundance of comedy. The parts are unusually equal in opportunity, are genuine types of rural character, truly and vigorously drawn and easily actable. No dialect parts, but plenty of variety in the comedy rôles and lots of amusing incident. An exceptionally entertaining piece, full of movement and action, and without a dull moment. Can be strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

New Plays

THE COLLEGE CHAP

A Comedy-Drama in Three Acts

By Harry L. Newton and John Pierre Roche

Eleven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two and a half hours. An admirable play for amateurs. Absolutely American in spirit and up-to-date; full of sympathetic interest but plenty of comedy; lots of healthy sentiment, but nothing "mushy." Just the thing for high schools; sane, effective, and not difficult.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

ELIJAH GOODING, *a village product.*

SETH HINES, *just as tired.*

ART WIMPEL, *chief clerk, Occidental Hotel.*

SAMUEL CRANE, *proprietor of the Occidental Hotel.*

STARR CLAY, *promoter of Jay I. C. Trolley Line.*

BART EATON, *factotum of the "Clarion."*

JOHN DREW IRVING, *advance agent and drummer.*

WILL SELSUM, *a traveling salesman.*

BILL, *a bell-boy.*

GEORGE, *another.*

DAVE CRANE, *the college chap.*

SALLIE CRANE, *in love with Art.*

MRS. JANE CRANE, *the mother.*

MADGE CLAY, *the girl.*

GERTIE FLYE, *the news stand girl.*

MRS. MORTIMER JONES-BROWN, *a progressive woman.*

MRS. HEZIAH JENKS, *of the Chester Culture Club.*

MISS MARGARET SEYMOUR, *secretary of Chester Culture Club.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Office of the Occidental Hotel.

ACT II.—Office of the Chester *Clarion*, six months later.

ACT III.—Office of the Occidental Hotel, eight months later.

A TELEGRAM FROM DAD

A Farce in One Act

By J. M. Taylor

Six males, one female; the latter can be played by a man. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays thirty minutes. A college farce, very swift and snappy. Recommended. *Price, 15 cents.*

SPECIAL DELIVERY

A Farce in One Act

By D. M. Henderson

Three males, two females. Costumes modern; scenery, one interior. Plays twenty minutes. A brisk and snappy little farce, easy and amusing. Suited for any use. *Price, 15 cents*

New Plays for Female Characters

THE PURSUIT OF THE PARSON A Mock Trial in One Act

By Helen Lee Brooks

Thirteen females and jury. Costumes of the future; scenery unimportant. Plays one hour. A clever and amusing picture of the days to come when the ladies will run things. Originally presented in Louisville, Ky

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

HON. PORTIA BLACKSTONE, *Judge.*

MADAME ELIZABETH KENT-COKE, *Prosecuting Attorney.*

MADAME TOMASIA ERSKINE, *Attorney for Defendant.*

"DOTTY" DEVELIN, *the Defendant.*

CLERK OF THE COURT.

SHERIFF.

Witnesses for the Commonwealth

MISS MEHITABLE SIMPKINS, *a spinster of uncertain age.*

MISS NANCY ANN SIMS, *another spinster of doubtful age.*

PROF. ELVIRA JONES-JOHNSON, *Instructor of Advanced Theology.*

Witnesses for Defendants

DR. ELEANOR AINSWORTH, *expert Oculist and Alienist.*

MRS. POLLY POSY, *chum of Dotty.*

PROF. DOLLY DIMPLE, *Professor of the Art of Courtship.*

FOREWOMAN OF THE JURY and eleven jurors.

THE TRUTH ABOUT JANE A Comedy in One Act

By Alice C. Thompson

Seven females. Costumes modern; scenery, an easy interior. Plays twenty-five minutes. A very easy, bright and up-to-date piece doing justice to the virtues of the "athletic" girl. Strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

OYSTERS A Farce in One Act

By Alice C. Thompson

Six females. Costumes modern; scene, an easy interior. Plays twenty minutes. An easy and clever little play for younger girls, with one old maid character. A novel idea very amusingly treated. Strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

New Farces

THE ELOPEMENT OF ELLEN

A Farce Comedy in Three Acts

By Marie J. Warren

Four males, three females. Costumes modern; scenery, one interior and one exterior. Plays an hour and a half. A bright and ingenious little play, admirably suited for amateur acting. Written for and originally produced by Wellesley College girls. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

TOMMY'S WIFE

A Farce in Three Acts

By Marie J. Warren

Three males, five females. Costumes modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and a half. Originally produced by students of Wellesley College. A very original and entertaining play, distinguished by abundant humor. An unusually clever piece, strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

ALL CHARLEY'S FAULT

An Original Farce in Two Acts

By Anthony E. Wills

Six males, three females. Scenery, an easy interior; costumes modern. Plays two hours. A very lively and laughable piece, full of action and admirably adapted for amateur performance. Dutch and Negro comedy characters. Plays very rapidly with lots of incident and not a dull moment. Free for amateurs, but professional stage rights are reserved by the author. Strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

OUT OF TOWN

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Bell Elliot Palmer

Three males, five females. Scene, an interior, the same for all three acts; costumes modern. Plays an hour and a half. A clever and interesting comedy, very easy to produce and recommended for amateur performance. Tone high and atmosphere refined. All the parts good. A safe piece for a fastidious audience, as its theme and treatment are all the beyond reproach.

Price, 25 cents

H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

MID-CHANNEL Play in Four Acts. Six males, five females.
Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors.
Plays two and a half hours.

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH Drama in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE PROFLIGATE Play in Four Acts. Seven males, five females. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS Farce in Three Acts. Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY Play in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

SWEET LAVENDER Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Scene, a single interior, costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE THUNDERBOLT Comedy in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Scenery, three interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE TIMES Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females. Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

The William Warren Edition of Plays

Price, 15 Cents Each

AS YOU LIKE IT Comedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

CAMILLE Drama in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

INGOMAR Play in Five Acts. Thirteen males, three females. Scenery varied; costumes, Greek. Plays a full evening.

MARY STUART Tragedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females, and supernumeraries. Costumes, of the period; scenery, varied and elaborate. Plays a full evening.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE Comedy in Five Acts. Seventeen males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery varied. Plays a full evening.

RICHELIEU Play in Five Acts. Fifteen males, two females. Scenery elaborate; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

THE RIVALS Comedy in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER Comedy in Five Acts. Fifteen males, four females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL Comedy in Five Acts. Ten males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter D. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

13
NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

**BAKER'S EDITION
OF PLAYS**

THE TRAMPS' CONVENTION

Price, 25 Cents



H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

THE AMAZONS Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, not difficult. Plays a full evening.

THE CABINET MINISTER Farce in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Costumes, modern society; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

DANDY DICK Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours and a half.

THE GAY LORD QUEX Comedy in Four Acts. Four males, ten females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening.

HIS HOUSE IN ORDER Comedy in Four Acts. Nine males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE HOBBY HORSE Comedy in Three Acts. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery easy. Plays two hours and a half.

IRIS Drama in Five Acts. Seven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

LADY BOUNTIFUL Play in Four Acts. Eight males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, four interiors, not easy. Plays a full evening.

LETTY Drama in Four Acts and an Epilogue. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery complicated. Plays a full evening.

THE MAGISTRATE Farce in Three Acts. Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interior. Plays two hours and a half.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

The Tramps' Convention

An Entertainment in One Scene

For Male Characters Only

By

JESSIE A. KELLEY

*Author of "The Village Post-Office," "Our
Church Fair," "Taking the Census
in Bingville," etc., etc.*

BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO

The Tramps' Convention

CHARACTERS

DUSTY BOB, *President of Convention.*
HAPPY HOOLIGAN, *who tells how to deal with the dog.*
GENTLEMAN JIM, *who speaks about courts and cops.*
HEALTHY TIM, *an applicant for Ananias Club.*
SUNNY MIKE, *another applicant for Ananias Club.*
DIRTY JOE, *who tells methods for getting food.*
TIRED TIM, *still another Ananias.*
FROSTY FINNEGAN, *another applicant.*
LAZY LOGAN, *too lazy to wink.*
TATTERED RAGONS, *very successful in avoiding work.*
DUSTY RHODES, *who also wants to join Ananias Club.*
HOBBO JAKE, *who gives some pointers on the drink question.*
TRAMPING MUGGS, *another Ananias.*
HUNGRY DAN, *another applicant.*
HATLESS HAL, *the successful competitor for Ananias Club.*
FROWSY FILTHY, *who clothes them all.*
THE JANITOR.



COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

COSTUMES

The more disreputable the costumes the better, patched, torn, ragged, dirty, too large, too small clothes of a nondescript character. **HAPPY HOOLIGAN** should have a very small hat which keeps falling off. **FROWSY FILTHY** must have several coats, vests, pants, etc. on with which he fits out the others during his speech.

NOTES

Action is everything. Act out the jokes, act out going to the houses, act out every part possible. Practice the story telling. A story is made or spoiled by the way in which it is told. Go slowly. Repeat the jokes and conundrums so the audience will have time to get the points. Use local names in every possible case in jokes, stories and conundrums. All on stage should laugh heartily at stories told, put in exclamations and the more slang expressions the better. Sprawl and lounge in lazy, ungainly attitudes, in fact *be* tramps for the time being.

The Tramps' Convention

SCENE.—*The stage represents a public hall or any other large room reasonably suited for convention purposes. It may have any other furnishings or decorations that are desired, but it must have standing up stage against the back scene a very large packing case plainly addressed on the side next the audience: "To the Tramps' Convention, Duranceville (or any other town where the entertainment is to be given), State of (whatever it may be)."* The top of this case, which should be large enough to give room and passage to a good-sized man, is arranged to lift up like a lid, and access to its interior is to be had from the back through the back scene against which it stands.

(The curtain rises, discovering JANITOR of the hall putting the finishing touches to the arrangements and decorations of the place. He takes out his watch and looks at it, then shakes it up, puts it to his ear and looks at it again.)

JANITOR. I can't make out where these people are. They engaged the hall for this evening, but here it is nearly eight o'clock and all I have heard from them is this case that came by express this afternoon with eight dollars charges on it addressed to them. I supposed it was all right and paid the eight dollars. Anyhow, I've got the case, whatever there is in it—and it's heavy, too; it'll sure pay the rent and charges even if they don't turn up. Well, I shan't hang round here much longer waiting for them; I'll just turn the key in the door to protect my property and run over to the store. They'll find me there if they want me.

(He goes out and locks the door after him; there is a brief pause and then the lid of the box is cautiously raised by some one inside it and the head of DUSTY BOB appears in the opening and looks carefully about in all directions. Satisfied that the place is empty he climbs out of the box

and looking back inside beckons to some one within to follow him. The head of TIRED TIM promptly appears, nods questioningly and then the actor attached to it crawls out and beckons to a third tramp, who follows in the same fashion, and so on until the entire cast of characters has emerged upon the stage. During this entrance the characters that have appeared dust and adjust themselves, as if repairing the ravages of a journey. When the last one has appeared DUSTY BOB speaks.)

DUSTY BOB. Well, boys, are you all here? I t'ought I missed some of youse in de box.

(Cries of "Sure we are," "We're all right," etc.)

TIRED TIM. Where's Hooligan?

(Cries of "Dat's right, where's old Hooligan?" "He's lost," "He fell out o' dat knot-hole," etc. All look toward the case as the head of HAPPY HOOLIGAN emerges.)

HAPPY H. Ca'm yoursilves, me boys; Hooligan is all roight. Will ye lind me the loan of a hand, plase? *(Several do so, and with great difficulty a very fat Irishman, quite big enough to fill the whole case, is helped out.)* T'anks, boys; an' w're were youse all in de box? I missed you since we lift Buffalo.

GENTLEMAN JIM. Shure ting! We wuz all in de special Pullman. Pulled de company's leg all right on dis game, didn't we?

FROSTY FINNEGAN. I tink dat I will complain to de railroad company dat dis Pullman wuz overcrowded.

DUSTY BOB. Gentlemen, if de raviges of de journey hev been repaired I tink we hed better perceed ter business before dat janiter comes back ter persent his bill.

CHORUS. Dat's so. We don't never pay no bills. He can't git ahead of dis crowd, etc.

(All sprawl in chairs in slouching attitudes as if too lazy to sit up.)

DUSTY BOB *(in spread eagle style)*. Gentlemen uv our most noble perfushion, we are met here to-day ter talk over some uv de difficulties uv dat same perfushion and ter devise ways and means by which our work—excuse me, gentlemen, work is a

word de bare mention uv which we must avoid as much ez possible—ter devise ways and means, I say, by which our callin' may hev a still more honored standin' in de community and more and more members be attracted ter it. To dat end I, as yer honored preserdent, hev arranged a program dealin' wid some of de troubles and how ter overcome dein, and hev induced some ob de shiningest lights uv de perfession ter speak ter us. One uv de first troubles is de dorg, fur before yer can ax fur food er drink—do not misunderstand me, I do not mean water; I would not so insult dis intellergent company—er clothes, yer must settle wid de dorg, derfore de first number on de program is "How Ter Deal Wid de Dorg," and I hev de great pleasure ter interduce ter yer Happy Hooligan, who will guv yer his views on de subjick.

HAPPY H. (*making deep bow with hand on heart, hat falls off; replaced with difficulty*). I feel highly honored, gentlemen and leddies, if there should be any here in disguise, at bein' axed ter guv me views of der dorg question. It is a serious question in our perfession and must be met face ter face.

GENTLEMAN JIM. What yer guvin' us? We don't want ter meet him face ter face. Wot we wants ter know is how not ter meet him face ter face.

CHORUS. Sure ting! You bet! Dat's de talk! etc.

HAPPY H. Hexcuse me, gentlemen, I would not say face ter face, neither would I say eye ter eye. I onct was told by a feller traveler—he died soon after, how I need not say—dat de superiority uv de human intellectt wuz shown in de power ob de human eye ter restrain de ferocity uv a wild animal. Sez I, "How would it work wid a dorg?" Sez he, "You jest try it." Tinking of me subjick here ter-day and allus bein' willin' ter try experiments fur de good uv de perfession and knowin' dis wuz a subjick which must be solved, de nex' time I cum ter a house where dey kep' a dorg, sez I, "Now's de time ter try de power uv de human eye," but when I see dat dorg, 'bout four times ez big as a decent dorg oughter be, an' a reg'lar Amazon uv a female sayin', "Sick 'em, Tige," I wisht me eye wuz a good deal bigger so it would hev more power; an' when he cum at me like er cannon-ball, I got kinder scary 'bout holdin' dat dorg wid me eye. I don't tink a pair of ox's eyes could hev held dat cur, an' I started lively fur a tree ter try to get a chanct ter kerlect me scattered thoughts and tink wot sort uv an eye would hold dat sort uv er dorg, but de dorg's eye never lost its power and he hed me

by de leg before I could shin up, and de Amazon finally had ter pry him off wid a red-hot poker. Me friends, don't deal wid de dorg wid de human eye. Generally speakin', if a dorg wags his tail pleasantly it is safe ter go nearer, but if he growls yer better make tracks and not trust to de power uv yer eye.

HUNGRY DAN. Mister Speaker, I'd like ter ax one question. If a dorg growls at one end and wags at de odder, which end are yer goin' ter trust?

HAPPY H. Honored gentleman, 'tis a question I'm glad ter hev axed, an' I will answer it in de words uv de—er—man who onct sed, "De only good Injun is a dead one." Dem's me sentiments about dorgs. De only good dorg is a ded dorg, so if ye're a good shot, dis little pome I've writ fur de occasion is de best answer to de question "How Ter Deal Wid de Dorg":

Only a dorg in de gateway,
Only a dorg, dat's all;
Only a bark at noonday,
Only a fierce, wild waul.

Only a tramp in terror,
Only a reason flown;
Only a clutch convulsive,
Only a brickbat thrown.

Only a hurried arming,
Only a hasty jog;
Only a corpse in de gateway,
Only a *safe, dead* dorg.

(*Applause.*)

DUSTY BOB. De tanks uv de audience is due dis gentleman fur his able treatment uv dis weighty subjick. De lesson we draw frum his remarks is not ter practise wid de eye when dealin' wid de dorg, but ter practise wid de arm. We are now ready fur de discussion uv de subjick. Are dere any questions er remarks about de dorg?

SUNNY MIKE. I wud like ter say dat I tink it would be safer ter try our speaker's method uv dealin' wid de dorg if de dorg wuz chained up wid an ox-chain, coz yer might miss yer aim an' de dorg mightn't miss his.

GENTLEMAN JIM. I move dat a vote uv danks be offered de

speaker fur riskin' life and limb fer de good uv de perfession in tryin' de power uv de human eye on de dorg.

CHORUS. Second de motion.

DUSTY BOB. It hes been moved and seconded dat a vote uv tanks be given our brudder fur his noble act. All dose in favor rise.

HEALTHY TIM. Aw, wot yer guvin' us? Dat's axin' too much.

CHORUS. Well, I guess. Axin' us ter git up! Tink we're goin' ter do all dat work? Not on yer life, etc.

SUNNY MIKE. Me teacher used ter say, "All things come ter him who waits," but I don't wait when I see er bleary-eyed bulldorg in de door. I allus wuz generous. I'm willin' ter let de odder feller hev him.

DIRTY JOE. I went ter a house de odder day where dey hed a dog dey called Psalm. I axed dem how dey spelled dat name and dey said P-s-a-l-m—psalm. Now, I'd like ter know why dey called a dorg such a name as dat?

HAPPY H. Dat's easy. Dey called him Psalm, becuz it wasn't a him (hymn).

TIRED TIM. Mr. Moderator, do I look like either a dorg er a monkey?

DUSTY BOB. Why are yer axin'?

TIRED TIM. I wint ter a place yesterday and de woman cum to de door, looked me all over, den stuck a little piece uv glass in wan eye and looked me over again. Sez I, "Are yer near-sighted, ma'am?" "Yes," sez she, "and I can't make out whether ye're an ape or a puppy."

(Laughter.)

HATLESS HAL. No compliment to de ape er de dorg, Tired.

DUSTY RHODES. I owned a purp onct.

TRAMPING MUGGS. Stole him?

DUSTY R. Nope, findin's keepin's. Made a good ting out uv dat dorg. Man come ter me, sez, "Yer dorg bit me mother-in-law yesterday." "All right," sez I; "s'pose yer cum ter collect damages. How much do yer want?" "Naw," sez he, "I've cum ter buy de dorg." Sold him fur twenty dollars, and de man sed it wuz dirt cheap fur sich an inteller-gent animal.

FROSTY F. I lost my dog last week. What would yer do?

SUNNY MIKE. Advertise fur him.

FROSTY F. Wot's de use? My dorg can't read advertisements.

LAZY LOGAN. I wuz walkin' down Fifth Avenue yesterday whin a dorg came out uv a swell house. He looked like de kind dat de owner would pay a good reward fur, so I jest nabbed him.

HOBO JAKE. S'pose yer bought a paper dis mornin' ter see how many plunks de guy would guv fer de safe return?

LAZY LOGAN. I did thet. I will read you de ad. (*Takes newspaper from pocket and reads.*) "Warning. De dorg dat strayed from my house yesterday is of no value, not even ter de owner, but hevin' been experimented on fur medicinal purposes wid many deadly poisons, a lick from its tongue would prove fatal, so beware."

HATLESS HAL. Wot did yer do wid de cur?

LAZY LOGAN. I let him *stray* back. Jest my luck. An honest man don't hev no chanct ter make a penny.

HUNGRY DAN. Talkin' about animals, how can yer keep a horse from foamin' at de mouth?

HOBO JAKE. Do yer horses trouble yer much dat way, Hungry?

TRAMPING MUGGS. I'll tell yer how ter keep yer horses from foamin' at de mouth, Hungry.

HUNGRY DAN. How?

TRAMPING MUGGS. Teach 'em ter spit.

FROWSY FILTHY. Ye're so good at answering questions, Muggs, try dis one —

TRAMPING MUGGS. Let her go.

FROWSY F. Wot's de difference between de quick an' de dead?

TRAMPING MUGGS. Wot's de difference between de quick an' de dead? I dunno.

FROWSY F. Anybody here tell me de difference between de quick and de dead?

CHORUS. Nope. Guv it ter us. Fire away, etc.

FROWSY F. De quick are dose who get out uv de way uv automobiles, and de dead are dose who don't. See?

TATTERED RAGONS. Dey do hev ter move mighty quick fur me numerous automobiles.

DUSTY BOB. Gentlemen, we must stick ter our subjick, the dorg. Are there any further questions er remarks about ther durned critter?

HOBO JAKE. I would say fur de good uv de gentlemen here

assembled dat de first question dey should ax when dey enter a town is, Is der any dogs in dis town?

DUSTY BOB. Ain't dey a lot of dorgs in every town?

HOBO JAKE. Nope; some towns are *cur-few* towns.

(TRAMPING MUGGS *sprawls up slowly, examines* HOBO JAKE'S *head.*)

TRAMPING MUGGS. Enlargement uv de gray matter—can't lib long.

HOBO JAKE. Shure, I'm good fer a year. Four doctors guv me tree months, and thet makes a year, don't it?

TATTERED R. Dat's like a bloke I knew, swallowed a foot rule and went off by inches.

DUSTY R. I knew a person onct dat swallered a termometer and died by degrees.

DIRTY JOE. Me pard swallered a revolver and went off easy.

SUNNY MIKE. Remember Pete?

CHORUS. Sure. Yep. Where is he? etc.

SUNNY MIKE. He drank a quart uv whiskey and departed in good spirits.

DUSTY BOB. An honor ter de perfession ter de last. I'd like ter ax a question while we're on dis subjick. Wot happens when a person's temperature goes down as fur as it kin go?

HEALTHY TIM. Has cold feet, uv course.

DUSTY BOB. Gentlemen, I must call yer ter order. Der dorg—any more remarks?

GENTLEMAN JIM. I hed an orful good dorg onct. Dat dorg could tell a bum from a respectable person.

HAPPY H. Wot did yer do wid him?

GENTLEMAN JIM. He bit me. Had ter guv him away. Couldn't lose him. Yer could take him a mile away and he'd find me every time. Only way ter lose dat dorg would be ter take a bath, and thet's agin my principles.

DIRTY JOE. Say, do yer know dem Smiths on Pine Road? No use ter ever go der fer grub. Dey are vegetarians.

HATLESS HAL. Gee, dey has a dorg wot ain't no vegetarian.

DIRTY JOE. Dat dorg's all right if you know him.

HATLESS HAL. P'raps he is, but if yer don't he's an awful backbiter.

DUSTY R. I went into a butcher shop onct and axed him

fur a pound uv dog meat, and he sez, "Shall I wrap it up or do yer want ter eat it here?"

HEALTHY TIM. I seen a man onct harnessing a dorg inter a little cart and tryin' ter make him draw it. I wanted ter be socerble, so I sez, "Will he draw?" "Yes," sez he, "he'll draw de attention of every durn fool dat passes."

DUSTY BOB. If dere are no funder remarks on de dorg we will go on to de nex' number on de program—"How Ter Git a Good Hand Out," and our esteemed brudder, Dirty Joe, has kindly consented ter guv us a little valuable advice on dis sub-jick. Dirty Joe now has de floor. Shall we guv him a hand clap fur welcome?

(A few clap very feebly, and in a tired manner.)

SUNNY MIKE. Mr. Moderator, I tink you hev proved yer-self disqualified fer de high office ye hold. Onct you axed us ter rise, now you ax us ter clap. Dey both mean work. Derefore, gentlemen, I move dat Dusty Bob be put out and Lazy Logan, who wouldn't wink if he could help it, take his place.

CHORUS. Dat's de talk! Dusty wants ter work us too hard, etc.

DUSTY BOB. I deserve de disgrace, and I ax yer pardon, gentlemen.

LAZY LOGAN *(stretching, yawning, partly rising, then sinking back)*. Naw, let Dusty keep it. I can't get up.

CHORUS. Guv Dusty another try, etc.

DUSTY BOB. I will be more careful of yer health in de future, gentlemen. Now, let us perceed. Dirty Joe, will you lie down on de floor while youse makes yer remarks?

DIRTY JOE *(getting up slowly and lazily)*. Naw, I kin stand a few minits.

(Slouches on one foot, then on other, then puts hands to stomach as if in pain.)

DUSTY R. Better lie down, Dirty; I wuz afeered it would be too hard work fur youse ter stand.

DIRTY JOE. No, I've just et a square meal.

HOB0 JAKE. Wot's dat got ter do wid yer doubling up like er jack-knife?

DIRTY JOE. Well, yer see, it wuz a square meal, and de corners hurt me.

DUSTY BOB. Better call in a doctor, Dirty.

DIRTY JOE. Wot's de use? I know more about it dan de doctor.

DUSTY BOB. How do you know more about it dan de doctor?

DIRTY JOE. Haven't I inside information?

HATLESS HAL. I hed a doctor onct.

TRAMPING MUGGS. Did he cure you?

HATLESS HAL. Didn't guv him a chanct ter try. Axed him his name and he sed, "Killpatrick." Dat settled it. I told him ter leave at onct.

TRAMPING MUGGS. Wot difference did de name make?

HATLESS HAL. Me name is Patrick, and did yez tink I wuz goin' ter let him kill Patrick?

LAZY LOGAN. Why are doctors allus bad characters?

TIRED TIM. Dey ain't—allus.

LAZY LOGAN. If dey's a success dey are.

SUNNY MIKE. Wot's eatin' you? Wot do yer know about success? As a success you've been a failure.

LAZY LOGAN. Well, as a failure I've been a howling success. Yer didn't answer my question. Why are doctors allus bad characters?

CHORUS. Guv it up. Chirp de answer, etc.

LAZY LOGAN. Becoz de worse people are de more dey are wid them. (GENTLEMAN JIM *throws something at LAZY LOGAN, hitting him in the stomach.*) Dat's de first thing I hev had in me stomach ter-day.

HEALTHY TIM. Kin any one here tell me what's good fur a bald head?

HAPPY H. Dat's easy. Plenty uv hair is de best ting fur a bald head.

DIRTY JOE. Dey corners hab rubbed down now, so I will perceed. "How Ter Git a Good Hand Out" is me subjiek, and I will firstly say dat de size and quantity uv de hand-out depends on de size and quantity uv de gray matter in de brain uv de person axin'. First apply a large amount of taffy like dis. A sour-lookin' woman uv uncertain age opens de door, you bow and say, "Is yer mother at home, miss? Perhaps she wouldn't like ter hev me ax so young a girl fur something ter eat. It might not be proper." Sez she, "I'm de mistress uv de house." Sez you, "Do my eyes deceive me? I tought youse were about sixteen." Sez she, "I do look young fer me age. I'm sometimes taken for my granddaughter." Sez you, "I don't doubt it." Sez she, "Sit down, me good man.

Wot would you like?" Dat's jest what I did onct. I set down when she axed me wot I liked, and sez I, "I'm not perticeler; yer beauty dazzles me so I don't care wot I eat. I'd like a little of everything." "Well, here's a piece uv mincepie," sez she; "that's a little of everything—but don't you want something before ye hev your pie? You shall have a good dinner. Will you eat it here or do you want ter take it out?" "If you don't mind," sez I, "I'll do both. I'll eat it here, then take it out." "I hev calves' brains, chicken liver, pigs' feet," sez she. "Were you born dat way?" sez I. "And I hev some salad," sez she. "I'll hev some salad." She brought it on and de first mouthful I took I got a collar-button. "Wot's dis?" sez I. "Oh, dat's part uv de dressin'," sez she. Den she brought me some watermelon, but I wouldn't eat dat.

TATTERED R. Don't yer like watermelons?

DIRTY JOE. Yes, I like it all right, but I hate ter eat it 'cause it wets me ears. Agin me principles ter wet de outside uv me body.

SUNNY MIKE. I rise—jest imagine I do, feller members—ter remark dat Dirty Joe's methods don't allus work. I went ter a house de odder day, and sez I, "I won't trouble yer, beautiful maiden, ter cook a special order fer me, but hev you any cold vittles?"

DIRTY JOE. Didn't that touch her?

SUNNY MIKE. Naw, I didn't even get de cold vittles. All I got was de cold shoulder.

GENTLEMAN JIM. I struck nine places fer me breakfast yesterday mornin', an' all de womin sed dey didn't hev nothin' 'cause it was *Lent*.

HEALTHY TIM. Why, dat's wot dey told me in de odder town!

CHORUS. Me too. Just me luck, etc.

TIRED TIM. Cuz it wuz *lent*. Wot bothers me is who borers all dat grub. I'd like ter find dat place.

FROSTY F. I must hev found de place, cuz a woman sed I looked deservin' and guv me a big piece uv pie.

LAZY LOGAN. Deservin' of wot, Frosty?

FROSTY F. Aw, come off. I sed, "I'm much obliged ter yer, but me muddler never allowed me ter eat pie widout a fork." "Well," sez she, "you jest amble along and you'll find a *fork* in de road a little further along."

DUSTY BOB. Some folks is cruel. Our fraternity wouldn't

hev ter ax fer a hand-out ef dey could only get a hand-in—ter some one's pocket.

HATLESS HAL. How'd yer get de black eye, Frowsy?

FROWSY F. After dinin' sumptuously from de refrigerator, de merchant's wife pelted me wid flowers.

TATTERED R. Dat doesn't tell how yer got chopped up so. Flowers wouldn't mash yer mug.

FROWSY F. Jest a little oversight. She forgot ter take dem out uv de pots.

DUSTY R. You've a pimple on yer nose, Frowsy. Wot's dat fur?

FROWSY F. Ter warn yer thet I'm sore on dat point.

HOBO JAKE. Hard luck, Frowsy.

FROWSY F. Yes, I've hed hard luck lately. Went up ter a man wot hed a beneverlent face and sez I, "I'm crippled." "Too bad, too bad," sez he. "How are yer crippled?" "Financially crippled," sez I. "Can't yer guv a poor feller a lift?" "Not very well," sez de old guy, "cos I've only me slippers on, but if a little push will help yer any here it is," an' he shoved me inter de gutter. Den he sez, "Where are yer goin'?" and I sez, "I'm goin' ter Canada, if my pants hold out."

TRAMPING MUGGS. I struck one of dem beneverlent kind and axed him fer a nickel and he sez, "Tell de truth, now. Yer a perfessional beggar, ain't yer?" "I used ter tink dat I wuz, but since two cents is all I hev ter show fer me day's labor, I am forced to de sad conclusion dat I am merely a bungling amatoor."

DUSTY BOB. I tink dat Dirty Joe hed another point ter guv us on de food question. Dat so, Dirty?

DIRTY JOE. Yep. I told yer ter pile on de taffy thick, praise her eyes, her hair, her purty hands an' her dainty foot, den if dat don't work jest try a little gag about wot de neighbors say, and de hand-out 'll cum all right. I struck a town onct where de doors slammed kinder lively in me face, so I set me down and tinks wot ter do at de nex' place. Den I knocks at de door, de door opens and I sez, "Madam, hev you er dinner fer a hungry man? I don't tink you hev, though. De woman next door sed you didn't hev enough fur yourselves. Excuse me, madam, fur axing. I mistook de house." Gee, I got de best meal dere I'd hed fur a month.

HUNGRY DAN. I used part of dem same words onct. I sed, "Madam, hev you er dinner fur a hungry man?" An' she

sez, wid fire in her eyes, "Yes, I hev, an' he's comin' home very soon ter eat it."

DIRTY JOE. Anodder point I would like ter make is if yer strike foreigners and dey don't understand de language, make signs and you will get wot youse wants.

HATLESS HAL. I must disagree wid de elerquent speaker on dat point. I wuz in Mexico onct an' I wanted a glass of milk. I went through all de motions but de leddy didn't catch on, den I drew a picture of a cow on de door and she smiled, nodded her head, went off and brought me back two tickets fer a bull fight.

FROWSY F. Guess yer artistic talent was never developed, Hatless. Say, I see a millionaire ter-day.

HAPPY H. Wot did he look like?

FROWSY F. Not er bit fatter'n you an' me.

SUNNY MIKE. Some turrible hard-hearted folks in dis cold world. Can't seem ter touch 'em any way.

(Shakes head dejectedly.)

HUNGRY DAN. I run up agin a guy de odder day—looked as if de sympathy gag would work wid him, so I sez, in pleadin' tones, "Please, mister, I didn't hev no dinner." "Well, yer in luck," sez he. "I hed one an' it's given me dyspepsia so bad I kin hardly walk. You're a lucky dog," an' off he walked.

DIRTY JOE. Anodder way is ter tell 'em yer will make de food go as fur as possible. Dat appeals to de thrifty people. And, gentlemen, allus keep dat promise. I promised a thrifty woman onct dat I would do dat and she guv me a hull loaf of stale bread, so I jest left it in de car.

TIRED TIM. I don't see how dat kep' yer promise.

DIRTY JOE. Sure ting! Wasn't that makin' it go as fur ez possible? It went to de end uv de car line. Den try de good family an' better days gag on some uv de blokes. Tell 'em yer come frum a very fine family.

TATTERED R. Dey family wuz tickled ter death when yer cum, I bet, Dirty.

DIRTY JOE. I told dat to a lady onct, an' she sez, "Poor feller, could yer eat some honey in de comb?" "Yes, madam," sez I, "I could eat it in de brush." After I got me clutches on it, she sez, "Wot family did yer come from?" "From de Van Dusens—nex' door. I cum quick, too, fer

Mr. Van Dusen kicked me most uv de way over." Den she unfeelingly slammed de door in me face.

FROWSY F. I told some one onct I could trace me ancestry back ter Noah, and sez she, "I don't doubt it; yer look as if yer were afraid of water."

HOBO JAKE. A leddy told me onct dat I looked ez if I hed seen better days. "Yes," sez I, "onct I wouldn't hev et such miserable soup as dis you've handed out. Dat wuz a purty light meal fur me, though, fer she knocked de soup out uv me hands, called her old man, an' he made me eat me words, so den I jest et a piece uv sponge, drank a glass uv water an' hed a swell dinner.

TIRED TIM. I met a generous woman de odder day—guv me a boiled dinner.

HATLESS HAL. Corned beef an' cabbage?

TIRED TIM. Nope, boiled water—good and hot, too.

HUNGRY DAN. Hear about Tramping Muggs?

CHORUS. Naw. Wot's he been doin' ? etc.

HUNGRY DAN. He wuz passin' a dry-goods store, saw some Turkish towels in de winder, went in an' axed how much dey wanted a pound fer de tripe.

TRAMPING MUGGS. Come off! Dat wuzn't so bad as de break yer made.

CHORUS. Wot did he do?

TRAMPING MUGGS. He saw some cocoanuts in a store an' axed de price uv de pertaters wid de hair on.

LAZY LOGAN. Say, here's a good one on Frosty.

CHORUS. Spit it out. Cough it up, etc.

LAZY LOGAN. He axed de hired girl if he could get a bite dere. "Naw," sez she, "we ain't got anything on de place dat would bite such a dirty-lookin' ting as you."

DIRTY JOE. One point in conclusion—tell dem dat you are lookin' fer food like mudder used ter make, and dat she looks like de person dat could cook it dat way. Dat usually brings out de best in de house, but onct when I tried it de pie she brought out wuz a disappointment. Sez I, "Madam, dis pie is jest like wot me mudder used ter make." "Yer don't say," sez she. "Yes, ma'am," sez I; "it was dat thet druv me from me happy home." Dese few points I hev given yer I hope will prove uv benefit ter yer in gittin' a good hand-out. I tank youse all fer yer kind attention ter me remarks.

FROWSY F. Ye're all right, Dirty; dem wuz mighty good idees.

DUSTY BOB. Yer kin imagine tremendous applause, Dirty. I know dey feel it in der hearts if dey are too weary ter express it wid der hands. De time is goin', so we will hurry on to de nex' number. We hev disposed uv de dorg, hed something ter eat—now about something ter drink. Our beloved friend and co-worker will guv us his thoughts on dat subjick. I hev de pleasure uv presentin' ter yer Hobo Jake.

HOBO JAKE (*slouching up*). I'm afeered me voice is not in de best uv trim—ahem—fer public speakin', owin' ter de many demands dat hev been made upon it. De reason Dusty Bob axed me ter speak on dis subjick here is becuz he knows I resemble de camel in one respect;—I kin go a long time widout water either internally or externally. I hev a few remarks ter make jest ter formally open de discussion. Dey say whiskey has killed more men dan bullets ever did. My only answer to dat is thet I would ruther be full uv whiskey dan bullets. In fact I'd like ter be a straw hat, coz it's gettin' "blowed-off" all de time. I don't like ter visit Nantasket when I haven't de price uv a drink in me jeans 'cause de waves make me so thirsty.

TIRED TIM. Hexcuse me fer interruptin' dis most interestin' number on de program, but I'd like ter know why de waves make you thirsty? Dey's only water.

HOBO JAKE. De foam on dem, me friend, de foam. De foam reminds me so strongly uv beer.

HEALTHY TIM. How'd yer like ter be one of them 'ere swell dudes wot has their alcohol bath every day?

HOBO JAKE. Inside er out? I'll take my alcohol bath inside—like dat kind uv er bath several times a day.

SUNNY MIKE. Did yer know a man could get drunk on water, Hobo?

HOBO JAKE. Wot yer givin' us?

CHORUS. Come off! Yer can't get drunk on water.

SUNNY MIKE. Sure ting! Can't yer git drunk on water as well ez on land? Guess you've never been off on one uv dose swell yachts.

HOBO JAKE. Well, give me booze. I ain't hed no respect fer water since I saw de sign, "*Water Works*."

TRAMPING MUGGS. Dere great people up in Schoodic. Dey guv me more dan I could drink last time I wuz there.

LAZY LOGAN. Say, Muggs, wot did yer say wuz de name uv dat place? Guess I'll beat it fer dere. Guv you more'n yer could drink! Wot did yer ax 'em fer?

TRAMPING MUGGS. Axed fer a glass uv water and dey chucked a hull bucket over me.

HOBO JAKE. Served yer jest right fer axin' fer such a ting. I heard de odder day dat Mr. Johnson got knocked out by hard drink.

TATTERED R. Mr. Johnson! I tought he wuz one of dem prohibition guys—knocked out by hard drink! How did it happen?

HOBO JAKE. Got hit on de head by an icicle—knocked him senseless. Ain't dat bein' knocked out by hard drink? Mighty hard if I hed ter drink it. De minister sed to me onct, "I hear dat you inherited yer taste fer liquor. I'm sorry fer yer." "Yer needn't be sorry fer that, mister," sez I; "jest be sorry dat I didn't inherit anyting ter pay fer de liquor."

CHORUS. Dat wot's de matter. Right yer be, Hobo.

DIRTY JOE. Onct I hed more money dan I knew wot ter do wid.

CHORUS. Wot yer givin' us? Come auf! etc.

DIRTY JOE. Fact. I found a quarter in a temperance town.

HATLESS HAL. Dat wuzn't in Bingville.

TIRED TIM. A lady offered me a dime onct if I'd promise not ter get drunk on it.

GENTLEMAN JIM. Did yer take it?

TIRED TIM. Sure! I *couldn't* get drunk on a dime, could I?

HOBO JAKE. A word uv advice about choosin' beer. Good beer is allus dark. Beware of adulterations. Don't get *pale* beer.

DUSTY R. Yer git more dat way.

HOBO JAKE. Wot way?

DUSTY R. In a pail, uv course.

HOBO JAKE. I hev only a few words more ter say. If I wuzn't so highly civilized I'd ruther be an Esquimo den any odder kind uv a savage, cuz I wuz just readin' dat dey don't take a bath but onct a year.

CHORUS. Onct a year? Golly! I wouldn't be no Esquimo, etc.

FROWSY F. Onct I went down ter Coney Island wid me chum—saw all de swells in bathing.

HATLESS HAL. S'pose yer went in, hey, Frowsy?

FROWSY F. Not on yer life. Me chum wanted me ter try it, but I looked up de street a little way an' saw a sign wot saved me life.

LAZY LOGAN. Wot wuz de sign?

FROWSY F. "Cleanin' and dyin'." "Dere," sez I ter him, "'Cleanin' an' dyin'.' I allus sed dey went tergether." "Well," sez he, "I'll make a bet dat I am dirtier dan you." "Why not?" sez I. "Ain't yer tree years older?"

HUNGRY DAN. A woman onct axed me how old I wuz. "Twenty-seven," sez I. "Mercy," sez she, "how could you get so dirty in twenty-seven years?"

HEALTHY TIM. Better go out in a rain-storm, Hungry. Out in our country it rains sometimes fer three months steady.

SUNNY MIKE. Not fer me. Wot do dey raise dere?

HEALTHY TIM. Umbrellas, mostly.

TIRED TIM. I'm nervous about dis bein' on de water. A feller hasn't much chanct if de boat sinks.

FROSTY F. Not er blamed bit. If it sinks it puts yer right down in de water and you've jest got to take a bath whether yer want ter or not.

TATTERED R. If I wuz ter commit suicide at sea I'd jump from de bow uv de boat.

DUSTY R. Wot difference would dat make? Why not jump from de stern?

TATTERED R. If I jumped from de stern I couldn't avoid de wash. See?

HOBO JAKE. Jest let me guv yer anodder pointer. If yer find yerself near a saloon wid no coin, jest try workin' de saloonkeeper—make him tink you used ter know him, wuz a member uv his lodge, onct saved his life unknown ter him, den tell him he doesn't look like de kind uv a chap dat would see a feller brudder sufferin' fer a drink and——

TRAMPING MUGGS. Aw, I tried that racket onct but it didn't work. I sez, "Yer wouldn't see a man sufferin' fer a drink, would yer?" "Are you sufferin'?" sez he. "Yes," sez I. "Well, go outside and suffer," sez he. "I don't allow it in here."

HUNGRY DAN. I went inter a drug store de odder day ter git something ter brace up me nerves. Sez de fly clerk at de soda fountain, "What'll yer hev?" Sez I, "I don't know. Wot would you take if you were me?" He looked at me a minute and sez he, "Poison."

HOBO JAKE. I tink I hev given yer all de help I kin on de drink question. My partin' words is, Let water alone, externally, internally, now and forever. I'm no hog myself. I don't want de earth, jest guv me de land and I'll let de odder feller hev de water.

HUNGRY DAN. I told me wife onct dat I wuz allus gittin' inter hot water.

HATLESS HAL. Did she believe it?

HUNGRY DAN. Dunno. Sed she didn't believe it would do me much harm ter get inter it a little oftener jedgin' by appearances.

FROWSY F. Didn't know you were married, Hungry.

HUNGRY DAN. Oh, yes, I'm married and my wife is allus axin' me fer money—money, money, money all de time.

GENTLEMAN JIM. Wot does she do wid it all?

HUNGRY DAN. I *dunno*. I ain't never give her any.

FROWSY F. Dese wives makes lots uv trouble fer a poor man. My wife is allus scoldin' if I'm out late er take a drop. Got ahead uv her good one night.

HEALTHY TIM. How'd yer do it?

FROWSY F. I been out late, hed a little ter drink and knew I'd get a lecture if de old woman wuz awake, so I tuk off me shoes and crept up, but she wuz half awake, and sez she, tinkin' it wuz de dorg, "Is dat you, Fido?"

SUNNY MIKE. Guess you got de lecture all right.

FROWSY F. Naw, I didn't; I hed great presence of mind and jest licked her hand, and she turned over and went ter sleep. Are yer married, Lazy?

LAZY LOGAN. Yep.

FROSTY F. How'd yer meet yer affinity?

LAZY LOGAN. She wuz sittin' on a rock near de shore one day readin', an' wuz so interested dat she didn't see de tide come in till it wuz all around de rock. Den she hid her face in her hands and cried. I wuz out in a boat and see a woman dere, so I rowed up ter help her. She didn't see me comin', an' wuz sobbin' an' yellin' out—"Am I to get no succor? Am I to get no succor?"

FROSTY F. Oh, I see, you were de sucker.

LAZY LOGAN. Yep, I wuz de sucker. Are you hitched, Frosty?

FROSTY F. Nope; come pretty near it onct.

TIRED TIM. Tell us about it.

FROSTY F. I'd been goin' wid a girl fur some time and tought she wuz dead mashed on me, but I couldn't get up me courage ter perpose ter her—ev'ry time I tried it me heart would come up in me troat big as a watermelon. I finally tought I'd perpose by telephone, so I called her up an' sez, "Is dis Miss Amelia Manley?" "Yes," sez she, sweet as honey. "Will

you marry me?" sez I. "Marry you? Yes, sartainly," sez she. "I'll marry you any time yer want me ter, but who is dis gentleman wot's axin' me?" I didn't marry her. Me faith in woman was destroyed forever.

LAZY LOGAN. Hard luck, Frosty.

FROSTY F. Yes, it wuz; she hez a good job now, and might be supportin' me in fine style.

TATTERED R. I see by de papers dat dey are tinkin' uv doin' away wid all de telegraph poles. Ain't it a shame ter deprive so many men uv der sole means uv support?

HOBO JAKE. A man guv me a counterfeit half dollar de odder day. S'pose he tought dat would support me.

TRAMPING MUGGS. Why is dat counterfeit half dollar like Murphy's saloon?

HOBO JAKE. I don't see why it is like Murphy's saloon.

TRAMPING MUGGS. Cos yer can't pass it and yer can't pass de saloon.

HUNGRY DAN. I hed a swell lookin' guy hand me a measly nickel de odder day. "My man," sez he, in a top-lofty manner, "here is a nickel fur you." "One question, sir," sez I. "Are youse Mr. Rockefeller?" "Why, no," sez he. "Den I will accept yer gift wid pleasure. I wuz afeerd it wuz tainted money," sez I.

HATLESS HAL. I axed a bloke if he could change a dollar fer me. "Yes," sez he. "Tanks," sez I, "and now kin yer tell me where I kin git de dollar ter change?"

FROWSY F. Did he hand it over?

HATLESS HAL. Nope; he handed me over ter de perlice.

DUSTY BOB. Hatless Hal's remark leads naturally to de nex' number on our program: "How Ter Deal Wid de Perlice." Gentleman Jim hez kindly offered ter open dat discussion. Gentleman Jim.

GENTLEMAN JIM. I've been so busy dodgin' de cops dat I haven't had time to give dis matter de attention it deserves.

HEALTHY TIM. Tought I hedn't seen yer since yer stole dem shoes more'n a month ago.

GENTLEMAN JIM. Nope, dey *pinched* me. Dey took me into court and de judge sed, "Wot brought yer here?" "Two policemen," sez I. "Drunk, I suppose?" sez he. "Yep, both of them," sez I.

CHORUS. Bright boy, Jimmie. Good fer you, etc.

SUNNY MIKE. Wot was de charge again youse?

GENTLEMAN JIM. I swiped a handful uv peanuts off a fruit

stand, an' de charge wuz impersonating Policeman Tilson (*local*). Der wuz anudder guy wot hed been arrested an' de jedge sed ter him, "Where do you lib?" "Nowhere," sez he. Den he axed me, "Where do you live?" "I've got de room above him," sez I. "Do you associate wid dis man?" sez he. "Naw," sez I. "I never associate wid me inferiors, do you?" He put one of dem one-eyed jiggers in his eye, looked me over and sez he, "Really, I can't say. I don't think I've ever met any of your inferiors."

SUNNY MIKE. Wot was de udder guy up fer?

GENTLEMAN JIM. Fer stealin' a bicycle. He tought he'd try de pious gag—said he belonged to de army uv de Lord.

DIRTY JOE. Did it work?

GENTLEMAN JIM. Naw; de jedge jest told him he wuz a mighty long ways from headquarters den.

TIRED TIM. How do we know dat Job had a bicycle, gentlemen?

FROSTY F. Who wuz Job?

LAZY LOGAN. Wot wuz his odder name?

TIRED TIM. Aw, come off. Job wuz a man in de Bible.

CHORUS. Oh, is dat so? How'd you know? etc.

TIRED TIM. I axed yer how we knowed Job hed a bicycle.

TATTERED R. Yer'll hev ter put us wise on dat.

TIRED TIM. Coz he said, "Oh, Lord, let out fer my safety." Here's anodder: When is baseball first mentioned in de Bible?

CHORUS. We don't know nothin' about dat.

TIRED TIM. When de prodigal made a home run, uv course.

GENTLEMAN JIM. I got arrested onct fer stealing nine bottles uv beer, but dey couldn't hold me.

HAPPY H. Why not?

GENTLEMAN JIM. Dey couldn't make a case out uv nine bottles, could they?

HAPPY H. I fell down hill onct wid ten bottles uv beer an' I never broke one.

HATLESS HAL. How did dat happen?

HAPPY H. I had 'em all inside uv me.

HOBO JAKE. Why should Dentist Smith (*local*) belong to our fraternity?

TRAMPING MUGGS. Of course he can't—he works.

HOBO JAKE. He lives from hand ter mouth, don't he? Say, Tramping Muggs, are dose tears runnin' down yer face?

TRAMPING MUGGS. Yep; I wuz tinkin' of me brudder. A

horse run away wid him, threw him out uv de wagon an' he's been laid up fer six months.

HOB0 JAKE. Cheer up, Muggsie, me brudder hed a turrible accident, too, only his wuz different. He run away wid de horse and he's laid up fer ten years an' yer don't see no briny runnin' down me face, do youse?

DUSTY R. Yer didn't tell us wot de jedge did ter yer, Gentleman Jim.

GENTLEMAN JIM. Naw, dese guys broke in on me story. Den de jedge sez ter me, "How did yer lose yer hair? Lice?" "No," sez I, "worry." "Worry about wot?" sez he. "About losin' my hair," sez I.

HUNGRY DAN. Speakin' uv hair makes me tink uv de time I went in ter hev me hair cut.

HATLESS HAL. What're yer givin' us? Youse never had a hair cut in yer life.

HUNGRY DAN. Naw, but I tried ter onct. Went inter a barber shop and de barber said, "Do you want a hair cut?" "I tink I'll hev 'em all cut." "All right," sez he, "dat will be fifty cents." "Why, yer sign says 'First-Class Hair Cut, Twenty-five Cents.'" "Dat's all right," sez he, "but yer don't call yer hair *first-class*, do yer?"

TIRED TIM. I wuz walkin' down de street one day when a boy axed me wot time it wuz. "Ten minutes ter twelve," sez I. "Well, at twelve o'clock get yer hair cut," sez he, den he run and I run after him. A perliceman stopped me and axed me wot was de matter. "See dat boy?" "Yes," sez he. "He axed me wot time it wuz, and when I told him ten minutes ter twelve he told me ter get me hair cut at twelve," I sed. "Well," sez he, "wot are yer runnin' fer? You've got eight minutes yet."

GENTLEMAN JIM. Mr. Moderator, dese folks keep interuptin' me talk on de court.

DUSTY BOB. Will de gentlemen come ter order? Dat janitor will be comin' back before we hev finished dis valerble meetin'. Go on, Gentleman Jim.

GENTLEMAN JIM. De jedge sed, "Jedgin' frum de appearance uv your nose I should say you hed been drinkin' pretty hard." "Yer honor," sez I, "it is wrong ter jedge by appearances." "Yes," sez he, "maybe yer nose is like our gas meter—it registers more dan it consumes." His insultin' remark made me mad an' I began yellin'. "Wot are yer yellin' at?" sez he. "At de top of me voice," sez I.

FROWSY F. Used some pretty high words, Jim, I reckon?

HAPPY H. (*who has been asleep and snoring, wakes up*). I hear dat 'Teddy Roosevelt gets a dollar a word.

GENTLEMAN JIM. Dat's nuthin'. De jedge give me ten dollars a sentence.

HAPPY H. I sued a man onct fer defamation uv character—sued him fer a tousand dollars, and de jedge gave me thirty.

SUNNY MIKE. Gee, thirty thousand!

HAPPY H. Nope, thirty days.

DIRTY JOE. How fast hab you ever traveled, Happy?

HAPPY H. Oh, I've traveled at de rate uv sixty miles an hour.

DIRTY JOE. Dat's nuthin'. I've traveled so fast I couldn't see trees or telegraph poles.

TIRED TIM. How was dat?

DIRTY JOE. I wuz locked up in a box car.

DUSTY BOB. Dis is worse dan a church sewin' circle. I shall hev ter call dis meetin' ter order again. Gentleman Jim, perceed.

GENTLEMAN JIM. I want ter hold up ter yer fer an example Hungry Hooker, who is a credit to de fraternity, an' I want yer ter emulate his noble deeds. He could steal de soda right out uv a biscuit widout breakin' de crust. De only men wot are sure uv escapin' de cops, de jedges and de court are men such as dis little pome tells about. In conclusion I will read it to yer. (*Reads.*)

"WE ALL KNOW 'EM

" There is a man in our town, his like is hardly known,
He never drinks nor smokes nor swears, and always stays at
home,
He never chews nor lies nor fibs nor does a thing that's
wrong,
That's why I write this little verse, to remember him in song.
He's paralyzed.

" There is another man in town who also is all right,
His wife can always tell you where you'll find him any
night,
He never flirted, praised nor fawned upon a maiden fair,
Won't even look at beauty, nor at wealth of golden hair.
He's blind.

" 'There's a man who lives on Cay-Hill Street, won't listen to a thing,
The gossips may keep gossiping until they make things ring,
Won't go to hear good preaching, nor music, nor the band,
Won't cross the street if Sembrich were singing at the
'Grand.'

He's deaf.

" 'There also was a man in town who combines them all above,
And went a step beyond them—wouldn't even fall in love.
He was a model man for sure, as you may well suspect,
Belonged to a peculiar class—just one of the Elect.
He's dead."

HOB0 JAKE. I rise ter remark dat de subjick uv cops, courts and judges is very distasteful to me esthetic nature, an' I move we say no more about them.

CHORUS. Dat's so! Choke it! Can it! Cut it out! etc.

DUSTY BOB. As we don't lib in de Garden of Eden and can't wear fig leaves, de matter uv clothes is a troublesome one and Frowsy Filthy will next tell us some methods uv gettin' our clutches on dem.

FROWSY F. (*with outer pair of pants half way to knees; bowing to floor*). I'm not a tramp. I'm a lily. I toil not, neither do I spin and yet I venture ter say old Solomon in all his glory wuz not arrayed like unto me. Look at me pants. I axed a woman if she hed any old pants and she handed dese out and sez, "Here's a pair uv me husband's yer kin hev. I washed dem and dey shrunk so he can't wear 'em." "I'll take dem, ma'am," sez I, "and I'll take care not ter shrink dem any more." If any uv de members here assembled are in need uv underclothes I kin help dem in dat line. I notis dat de odder speakers guv us a lot uv hot air, but I will give you de goods.

HEALTHY TIM. I need a pair uv trousers, Filthy. Me courage is rather poor about axin' fur dem articles since me last experience.

FROWSY F. How's dat?

HEALTHY TIM. I went up ter a door and read de door-plate which sed Dr. Brown. "Jest de one," sez I; "he'll hev plenty." So I rung de bell an' a pretty young lady opened

de door. Sez I, "Will yer kindly ax de doctor if he hez a pair uv old trousers he will give ter me?" "I'm de doctor," sed she, smilin', an' I skidooed.

FROWSY F. (*taking off one pair of pants*). Here you are, Healthy, I berlieve in practical philanthropy.

SUNNY MIKE. If you've got a coat ter spare, Filthy, I could use it. De las' place I stopped at de woman sez, "Dat coat you hev on is pretty well worn out." "Yes," sez I, "I fear it is on de bum." "It surely is on a bum," sez she. I thought her remarks were gettin' too personal an' I left in haughty silence.

FROWSY F. I hev plenty uv coats. (*Takes off one.*) Does dis one match yer complexion?

SUNNY MIKE (*trying on, looking it over carefully*). I tink it is very becomin' an' I tank you, Frowsy.

TIRED TIM. Ain't got an extry overcoat, hev yer, Filthy?

FROWSY F. Nope, I'm a little shy on dat article at present. Ain't hed very good luck on dem. Went up to a door de odder day an' saw de name Jones on de door so I rung de bell and sed ter de leddy dat come, "Madam, yer husband, Mr. Jones, hez sent me fur his overcoat." "Oh, he tid, did he? Well, he's been dead five years and I'd been expectin' he'd send fur his linen duster an' a palm-leaf fan."

FROSTY F. Any extry underclothes?

FROWSY F. Now yer talkin'. I've got on eight suits uv underclothes and I'm so hot I kin hardly shiver when tryin' ter touch some guy fer a nickel.

FROSTY F. I kin take care uv one fer yer. One'll last me a year. I'll meet you round de corner after dark.

LAZY LOGAN. How do yer like dem new-fangled combination suits dey call dem?

TATTERED R. Aw, it's all right but I've worn one two years an' I can't get it off.

LAZY LOGAN. Why not?

TATTERED R. Oh, I've lost de combination.

HOBO JAKE (*pulling bottle out of TRAMPING MUGGS' pocket, whispering to HUNGRY DAN*). Here's Tramping Muggs' bottle. I'm burnin' wid thirst but if I take a drink out uv it he'll be noticin' it right away.

HUNGRY DAN. Why don't yez take it out of de bottom uv de bottle, den he won't notis it.

HOBO JAKE. Sure ting.

(Both drink and return bottle slyly to TRAMPING MUGGS' pocket.)

FROWSY F. I axed a woman fer a pair uv shoes yesterday and she sed she'd jest lost a five dollar bill and couldn't afford ter give me any shoes. "Where did you lose it, ma'am?" sez I. "I tought I put it in de dictionary," sez she, "but I can't find it." "A five dollar bill," sez I; "did yer look among de V's?" "I never tought uv that," sez she, so she looked and dere it wuz, an' she guv me dese shoes, den I went to a clothin' store and tried on a coat and vest. De boss hed ter go ter de back uv de store fer something, so I run out uv de store wid de coat and vest on. De boss called "Thief! thief!" and de cop pulled his revolver an' chased me. Dat revolver scared de boss an' he yells out, "Shoot him in de pants! Shoot him in de pants! De coat an' vest berlong ter me."

TRAMPING MUGGS. Did de cop get yer?

FROWSY F. Nope. Ever know a cop ter catch anything?

HUNGRY DAN. I went into a store onct an' looked over some shirts. I sed ter de fresh lookin' young guy dat acted as if he hated ter come near me, "Hev you any clean shirts ready ter wear?" "Yes, plenty uv them," sez he. "Well," sez I, "you'd better go and put one uv dem on," an' I went out. Guess dat took a little conceit out uv him.

FROWSY F. Any one else who would like er coat, vest, pants, stockin's, er any other articles uv clothin'?

CHORUS. I'll hev a coat. I'll hev a pair uv pants. I'll hev some stockin's, etc., etc.

(FROWSY F. takes off coat after coat, vest after vest, pants after pants, stockings, caps, and fits them all out.)

FROWSY F. Actions speak louder dan words, an' I tink I hev solved de clothes problem for dese gentlemen fer de winter, Mr. Moderator, so I will perceed ter set down after remarking dat I still hev several suits uv underclothes which I will give ter any members who will meet me in de dark.

DUSTY BOB. Dis meetin' is truly wot might be called a howlin' success. Hatless Hal hez kindly consented ter sing ter us and will now favor us wid a selection.

(HATLESS HAL sings any song desired.)

HAPPY H. How I envy Hatless Hal.

GENTLEMAN JIM. Wot fur? I tought he hed a mighty poor voice.

HAPPY H. It isn't his voice I envy. It's his nerve.

DUSTY BOB. Don't be alarmed, gentlemen, when I announce dat de nex' number on de program is Work.

CHORUS. We don't want ter hear dat. What kind uv a preserdent are yer? etc.

DUSTY BOB. Not how ter get work but how ter get rid uv it. Does dat suit de assembled congregation?

CHORUS. Dat's all right! Speel away, etc.

DUSTY BOB. All right. Tattered Ragons will now perceed ter tell us "How 'Ter Get Rid uv Work When Offered."

TATTERED R. I know, gentlemen, dat I come ter you under a cloud, as it were, as de word work comes in de title uv me subjick, but if you will kindly guv me yer attention, I tink I kin convince you that me an' work ain't an' never has been on friendly terms, and I tink also I kin guv yer a few tips on how ter avoid it as I hev been very successful in dat line fer many years.

CHORUS. Dat's de talk! Tatters is all right! Blow off yer steam! etc.

TATTERED R. Dis little article I will read ter you in de first place as it expresses me sentiments. (*Reads.*) "How much pleasanter it is to swing in a hammock and watch a man struggling with a lawn-mower, and *think* how much pleasanter it is to swing in a hammock and watch a man struggling with a lawn-mower than it is to struggle with a lawn-mower and think how much pleasanter it would be to swing in a hammock and watch a man struggling with a lawn-mower than it is to struggle with a lawn-mower."

HEALTHY TIM. Wot do yer know about a lawn-mower, Tattered?

TATTERED R. Ain't de leddies allus sayin' dey'll give yer a good meal if you'll mow de lawn? Now fer me first point in avoidin' work, look over de place carefully ter make sure dere ain't a blade uv grass ter be cut, den ring de bell an' ax if dey will give you a dinner if you will cut de lawn. Dey will tell yer dey hevn't any lawn ter cut; den you kin chirp, "Well, leddy, won't yer give me a piece uv pie fer bein' willin' ter cut yer lawn if yer hed one?" Dat'll fetch 'em.

SUNNY MIKE. I tink dat is a good point an' I shall profit by it in de future. A leddy onct wuz tryin' ter mow her lawn wid a squeaky lawn-mower, so I cum out from me retirement,

an' sez I, "Guv me dat lawn-mower fer a few minutes."
"Wot," sez she, "are yer really goin' ter work it fer me?
How nice uv you!" "Don't malign me character, madam,"
sez I. "I hev no idee uv pushin' it, but I will put a few drops
uv oil on it if you will kindly hand me the oil can. De
squeakin' disturbs me slumbers back in de strawberry patch."

DIRTY JOE. Some folks are allus disturbin' our slumbers—
I wuz hevin' a nice nap in a haymow one afternoon an' de old
guy farmer come out and sez, "Wot are yer doin' in my hay-
mow in de middle uv de day?" "Sleeping," sez I. "Wa-a-l,"
sez he, "you kin get out uv here all fired quick. Dis ain't
Parson Jones' (*local*) church."

TIRED 'TIM. I hab me troubles in de sleeping line too. I
went up ter a bloke an' sez I, wid tears in me eyes, "Kin yer
tell me where I kin git fifteen cents fur a bed?" "Certainly,"
sez he. "Bring der bed ter me an' if it's worth it I'll give yer
fifteen cents fur it."

TATTERED R. You all hev met wid de lady who when yer
ax fer a little help will cum at yer wid dis remark, "Why
don't yer work fer a livin'?" Try dis fur an answer: "Work?
Me dear woman, I wuz onct worth several millions, but consid-
erin' it a sin ter die rich I guv it all away, den I didn't die as
soon as I expected an' hence hev ter descend ter dis."

FROSTY F. Dat's a good idee.

TATTERED R. Den anodder time try de strike gag. Say
dat youse hed a ten-tousand-dollar job, but owin' ter labor
troubles yer lost de position.

LAZY LOGAN. I ain't got no sympathy wid a strike.

TATTERED R. But yer don't blame folks fer not working,
do yer?

LAZY LOGAN. Yer can't strike 'less you've gut a job, kin
yer? Dey hed no business ter work, den dere wouldn't be no
strikes.

DUSTY R. Say, Lazy, why will yer feel perfectly at home
when yer git ter de good place?

LAZY LOGAN. Why will I feel at home when I git ter de
good place? I allus tought I'd feel kinder strange dere.

DUSTY R. No, we're de only folks dat'll feel natural.

LAZY LOGAN. How do yer make dat out?

DUSTY R. Ain't it a place uv eternal rest?

FROWSY F. Religion is all right as fur ez it goes, but it
doesn't go fur enough.

HATLESS HAL. Explain yer remarks.

FROWSY F. It only commands man not ter work on de *seventh* day—don't say nuthin' 'bout de odder six days.

HUNGRY DAN. Did yer know dat Mr. Rubens, de labor leader, resigned from Parson White's church?

HOB0 JAKE. Wot wuz de row?

HUNGRY DAN. De parson preached about de creation uv de world in six days.

HOB0 JAKE. Wot hed thet ter do wid Rubens' resignin'?

HUNGRY DAN. Rubens claimed if he created de world in six days de days were over nine hours long and dat's against de laws ob de labor union.

DUSTY BOB. Say, I dreamed onct I wuz an angel.

TATTERED R. How'd yer like it?

DUSTY BOB. Rotten! Couldn't get me shirt on over me wings.

TATTERED R. I wud also advise ez many as could ter migrate ter Central Ameriky. A man don't hev nothin' ter do dere—whole country's covered wid bananas—noddin' ter do but lay under a tree an' eat dem.

TRAMPING MUGGS. I tink dat I will start ter-morrer.

HUNGRY DAN. Don't be rash, Muggs. Look before yer leap. I wud like ter ax de speaker one question. Do yer hev ter pick dem bananers off de trees?

TATTERED R. Yes, yer do.

TRAMPING MUGGS. Dat settles it. Dat's work, ain't it? Tought youse wuz tellin' us how ter avoid it.

HATLESS HAL. I've got a patent fer makin' shoes out uv banana skins.

FROWSY F. Come off! Yer can't make shoes out uv banana skins. Yer can only make *slippers*.

DUSTY BOB. Dat scheme won't work, Hatless.

HATLESS HAL. Well, it wouldn't belong ter me if it *worked*, would it?

TATTERED R. Dis audjence am very imperlite ter interrupt de speaker. Here's anodder ting ter try. Make a deep bow like dis when de door is opened, place yer hand on yer heart an' say, "Will yer kindly guv me a little money? I lost everyting in last week's storm." When she inquires how dat wuz, jest tell her dat you wuz dreamin' yer hed money ter burn and de wind an' rain waked yer. Den try dis. When dey offer ter guv yer a meal if yer saw wood say, "Yer can't expect me ter saw wood on an empty stomach, can yer?"

HAPPY H. I sed dat onct and she sed, "Oh, no, me man. Dere's a sawhorse in de shed, saw it on dat."

TATTERED R. Close de openin' in yer face, Happy, while I perceed. You say dat after you hab a good meal yer will be glad ter saw a cord uv wood, den after yer hab downed de grub jest prepare ter depart. She will probably trow dis at yer: "Ain't yer goin' ter saw dat wood?" "No, indeed, me dear leddy." "But yer said yer would while yer were eatin' dat fine dinner I guv yer." "Yes'm," sez you, edgin' off, "a few good jokes while eatin' is a great aid ter degestion."

DUSTY BOB. Mister Speaker, I wud like ter ax one question. Do you agree wid Edison dat hard work neber hurt nobody?

TATTERED R. Well, speakin' fur meself, I kin say it never did me no harm, but Happy Hooligan over dere looks thin and pale. Wot's got yer, Happy?

HAPPY H. Work, work, work from mornin' till night and only one hour's rest.

TATTERED R. Is dat so? How long hab you been at it?

HAPPY H. I begin next year.

GENTLEMAN JIM. How is business in de country, Tattered?

TATTERED R. Awful, awful! Dere's work fer everybody.

FROWSY F. Dat's so. I went ter a house an' sed, "Madam, I hev come out uv de wilderness ter locate work." "Humph, I kin giv yer plenty," sez she. "Beg pardon, ma'am," sez I, "I wuz merely tryin' ter locate it. Now dat I know it still exists I will return to de wilderness."

HEALTHY TIM. Sometimes I'm tempted ter try de Ar'tic regions.

SUNNY MIKE. Too cold fer me.

HEALTHY TIM. Well, yer nerves get a rest. None uv dem Eskimos is lookin' fur farm hands.

SUNNY MIKE. Wot is yer fav'rite occupation, Healthy?

HEALTHY TIM. Dat depends on where I am. Ef it's in Alaska it's pickin' oranges, an' if it's Floridy, shoveling snow is me specialty.

TATTERED R. Speakin' uv farm work makes me tink uv a lady wot axed me if I wouldn't like ter hoe de onion patch. "Why not take an example frum de little busy bees?" sez she. "I'm willin' ter, mum," sez I; "jest ez soon as I see a little busy bee grab a hoe and start fer de onion patch I'll do de same ting." Den she slammed de door reel spiteful like. Can't please dese women nohow. Anodder point, don't let

dem impose on yer good nature. Onct I axed for a piece uv meat an' wuz passed out a piece uv steak. I worked at it fur some time but I couldn't make er dent in it, so I rang de bell, and when she come to de door I handed de steak back to her an' sez, "Madam, I axed for meat. I did not ax yer fer work." "Work," sez she; "I don't believe yer ever went ter work." "Oh, honest, leddy," sez I, "many's de time I've went fur it, but I'm such a strenuous feller dat every time I start ter go ter work I go clear past it." "Den you've never done anyting in yer life?" sez she. "Yes'm, I've done time," sez I.

DIRTY JOE. Dey ax sich foolish questions dey make me tired. Onct I knew a man wot set out some trees fer a leddy. She comes out rubberin' round and sez she, "Diggin' out de holes, I see; dat is very good." "No, mum," sez he wid dignity, "I'm diggin' out de *dirt* an' leavin' de *holes*."

TIRED TIM. I hear you an' Weary wuz calm and collected arter de dynamite explosion at de quarry, Frosty.

FROSTY F. Well, it wuz like dis: I wuz calm and Weary wuz collected—in small pieces.

TRAMPING MUGGS. Look at dat fat man. (*Points to some one in the audience.*) He must hev a good time uv it.

HUNGRY DAN. Mebbe he has, but I shouldn't care ter be in his skin.

TRAMPING MUGGS. Why wouldn't yer like ter be in his skin?

HUNGRY DAN. Becuz it would be too big fer me.

DUSTY BOB. I tink we shell hev ter close dis discussion if der are no odder questions ter ax.

HATLESS HAL. I'd like ter ax one more. Wot would yer do, Tattered, if a woman brought yer out a rug?

TATTERED R. Dat's easy. *Beat* it—quick fer de road.

DUSTY BOB. We will now perceed to de final number uv our program. As you know we select one, an' only one, member each year ter our most exclusive circle—de Ananias Club. As several uv de bredren hev applied fer membership, is it yer pleasure ter see which one you tink is best qualified fur dat 'ristocratic sassiety?

CHORUS. Try 'em out. Yep, we'll jedge, etc., etc.

DUSTY BOB. Healthy, you first.

HEALTHY TIM. Excuse me, gentlemen, while I tremble. I wuz out ridin' in me new automobile and a guy in anodder benzine buggy stopped me an' sed, "Who are you?" "I'm Reggie Vanderbilt," sez I, "out fur a ride in me new auto,"

"Where do yer come from?" sez he. "Indiana," sez I; "me fader is a millionaire farmer out dar. He raised a cabbage last year dat weighed a tousand pounds. Now who in de devil are youse?" sez I. "Why, I'm Andrew Carnegie in my private car," sez he. "I'm going back to de factory ter supervise de manufacture of a boiler so big dat it takes tree hundred men ter drive one uv de rivets." "Go easy, dere," sez I. "Wot could dey do wid a boiler like dat?" "Why, dere's goin' ter boil dat cabbage yer fader raised," sez he.

CHORUS. He's a good un. Who kin beat dat?" etc.

DUSTY BOB. Sunny Mike, yer try.

SUNNY MIKE. I wuz out in Dakota onct in a turrible wind storm.

FROWSY F. Great place fer wind out dere.

SUNNY MIKE. It sure is. Dis wuz a terrific gale. Would yer believe it, it blew so hard stoves were drawn up right through de chimneys an' went sailin' off through de air, blew into de neck uv a bottle and blew de bottom of de bottle out, a molasses barrel dat wuz standin' in front uv er grocery store wuz sucked right out uv de bunghole and turned inside out like er glove, de dirt blew out uv a posthole an' left de hole stickin' out uv de ground 'bout two feet wid no dirt 'round it at all. Wust cyclone I ever see. Fact.

(Chorus of exclamations and laughter.)

HATLESS HAL. Father Murphy told me at confession onct dat I wuz de best man dat ever lived.

HUNGRY DAN. Aw, come off! De best man dat ever lived. Excuse me while I smile.

HATLESS HAL. Yes, in my line—since Ananias—but he hedn't heard 'bout Frowsy's cyclone.

DUSTY BOB. De nex' applicant is Tired Tim.

TIRED TIM. Frowsy's cyclone makes me tink of de sudden changes uv de New England climate. I wuz hevin' a little argument wid a friend uv mine onct when dere wuz several inches uv snow on de ground, an' gittin' a little riled I picked up a snowball an' trew it at him. He wuz about ten feet frum me an' de wedder changed so quick—got so tarnation hot, dat instead uv bein' hit wid a snowball, he wuz scalded wid hot water.

TRAMPING MUGGS. I tink Tired takes de cake.

DUSTY BOB. Don't be too hasty in yer jedgments. Give de rest a try out. Frosty, you now.

FROSTY F. Frowsy an' Tired's wedder stories make me tink of me travels last summer. One place I visited de ground is frozen so hard de year round dat when dey want ter bury a man dey jest sharpen his feet an' drive him in wid a pile hammer.

CHORUS. Can't beat dat! He's got it! etc.

FROSTY F. But dat wuzn't so bad as anodder place I visited. De hotel where I wuz stayin' got on fire—no fire escapes or ladders dere—staircase burned away. I kept me presence uv mind, emptied a tub uv water out uv de winder an' slid down on de icicle ter de ground in safety.

CHORUS. He's Ananias hisself! Youse de one! etc.

DUSTY BOB. Not yet. Dusty Rhodes hez a little ter say.

DUSTY R. Me home is out in Kansas. Great corn country, but it's dangerous, awful dangerous.

HOBO JAKE. Wot's dangerous about it? Too easy ter get work?

DUSTY R. Me brudder climbed a corn stalk onct ter see how de sky looked, an' de stalk grew so much faster dan he could climb down dat he's never been able ter reach de ground.

HOBO JAKE. How long ago was dat?

DUSTY R. Tree years.

HATLESS HAL. Should tink he'd starve ter death.

DUSTY R. Nope, lives on corn; hez trown down a tousand bushels uv cobs. No danger uv starvin', but de corn is so high now dat dey are afraid he'll freeze ter death. I'm now solicitin' funds ter attempt his rescue wid an aeroplane. If any of yer would like ter aid in a good cause any contributions frum a million dollars down will be accepted.

FROSTY F. Say, youse *are* a liar, Dusty Rhodes.

DUSTY R. You're de same.

HATLESS HAL. Dat's de first time I ever knew either one uv yer ter tell de truth.

TRAMPING MUGGS. I hev a little dog story ter tell. Dogs are orful intelligent animals. I hed a dog onct dat wanted ter sleep on me bed, an' I didn't want him ter cuz he hed fleas. One night when I got home I found him on de bed an' I guv him a good lickin'. De nex' night when I got home de dorg wuz on de floor side uv de bed, but I felt de bed an' it wuz warm, so I knew he'd been on it agin, so I guv him anodder lickin'. De nex' night I got home a little earlier dan usual, and dere wuz dat dog sittin' before de bed blowin' on it wid all his might ter cool it. Orful smart dorg.

HUNGRY DAN. Kinder fishy, Muggs. I wuz fishin' onct up near Newfoundland—wuz fishin' fer—er—er — Wot do yer call 'em? Orful big fish.

HATLESS HAL. Whales.

HUNGRY DAN. No, we wuz baitin' wid whales.

DUSTY R. Hatless Hal is de last applicant, but he don't stand much chanct uv beatin' de previous ones. Will yer hev a try, Hatless?

HATLESS HAL (*rising slowly and solemnly*). Gentlemen, I never told a lie in all me life.

CHORUS. He's got it. Dat settles it.

DUSTY BOB. All dose in favor uv electing Hatless as de new member uv de Ananias Club please raise one finger. It is a unanimous vote.

HAPPY H. Cheese it! I hear de janitor comin'. Out wid yer, quick. (*All start for door.*)

CURTAIN

JOINT OWNERS IN SPAIN

A Comedy in One Act

By Alice Brown

Four female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single easy interior. Plays twenty minutes. A very humorous sketch of high literary quality by a well and widely known author; an almost guaranteed success in performance. Has been produced at The Bijou Dream, Boston, and at The Little Theatre, Chicago, and can be recommended without reserve. Its story is told of three old inmates of an Old Ladies' Home, and grows out of the clash of their elderly eccentricities. Royalty, \$5.00 a performance.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MRS. MITCHELL,	<i>a Director of the Old Ladies' Home.</i>
MRS. FULLERTON	} <i>Inmates of the Home.</i>
MISS DYER	
MRS. BLAIR	

THE CHRISTENING ROBE

A Comedy in One Act

By Anne L. Estabrook

One male, three female characters. Scenery, an easy interior; costumes, modern. Plays thirty-five minutes. A humorous and entertaining piece for four Irish characters in the style of the well-known plays of Lady Gregory; a seriously intended picture of Irish character, not a travesty of it. Nora Mulvey lends the robe that her husband's sister, Sarah, has given her for her baby's christening, to Mrs. Leahy, and her husband, Barty, has pawned it for drink; upon this basis is cleverly built a little domestic comedy full of humor, pathos and character. Strongly recommended. Performance free.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

NORA MULVEY.	MRS. RYAN, <i>Nora's mother.</i>
PATRICK MULVEY, <i>Nora's husband.</i>	SARAH MULVEY, <i>Patrick's sister.</i>

AMERICA PASSES BY

A Play in One Act

By Kenneth Andrews

Two male, two female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, an easy interior. Plays thirty minutes. Originally produced by the Harvard Dramatic Club, April 12, 1916, with success. A comedy of high class that can be strongly recommended. The story of a little love affair that flourished in the romantic atmosphere of Japan, but that, transplanted to prosaic Chicago, withers and dies. Good character drawing and strong dramatic interest. Royalty, \$5.00 a performance.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

A YOUNG MAN.	HIS FIANCEE.
A YOUNG HUSBAND.	HIS WIFE.

CLOSE TO NATURE

A Farce in Four Acts

By Norman Lee Swartout

Author of "The Arrival of Kitty," "Half-Back Sandy,"

"One of the Eight," etc.

Nine males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior and one exterior. Plays a full evening. Royalty for amateur performance, \$10.00 for one or \$15.00 for two performances. Levasso Wellman, an unusually healthy individual, is persuaded by his wife, who has private reasons for the change connected with her daughter's engagement to the man of her mother's choice and the elimination of "the wrong man," to go to a remote health resort—Farm Springs. His experiences in this somewhat fraudulent institution are very funny and the defeat of mamma's matrimonial politics turns out all right for the daughter. Well recommended.

Price, 50 cents

CHARACTERS

LAVASSO WELLMAN, *a lawyer.*

TED, *his small son.*

DOCTOR BOXILL, *Mrs. Wellman's brother.*

CLAYTON HOLMES, *a poor young man.*

HUGH KILLROY, *a rich young man.*

ALONZA K. DEWSNAP, *editor of a health magazine.*

SIDNEY MUIRHEAD, *a Canadian farmer.*

JIM JARKS, *a backwoodsman.*

A CHAUFFEUR.

MRS. WELLMAN.

BARBARA, *Wellman's daughter.*

CARRIE, *a maid.*

MRS. MUIRHEAD.

MIKE, *Ted's dog.*

The part of Ted, who is supposed to be nine years old, may be very effectively played by an older boy of small stature, by a girl or by a child.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. Mr. Wellman's Library, New York. An evening in June.

ACT II. Farm Spring Hotel, Canada. Two days later.

ACT III. Same as Act II. A few minutes later.

ACT IV. Same as Act I. Five days later.

JACK'S BROTHER'S SISTER

A Sketch in One Act

By Pauline Phelps and Marion Short

One male, one female. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. No royalty. Petunia, visiting her brother Jack in his college room, encounters his chum, who has never seen her, and falls under suspicion of being mixed up in some Junior-Senior politics. Their interview, complicated with a red skirt and a riding habit, is most ingeniously and amusingly conducted. Very bright and strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

THE SUFFRAGETTES' CONVENTION

An Entertainment in One Scene

By Fessie A. Kelley

One male, twelve females. Costumes, modern and eccentric ; scenery, unimportant. Plays an hour and a quarter. Another of Mrs. Kelley's popular assemblages of the floating humor of the Suffragette question. Just a string of humorous lines and characters and local hits aimed to raise a hearty laugh without hurting anybody's feelings. Suited for women's clubs and for general use in private theatricals.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MRS. JOHN YATES, *presiding officer.*
MRS. SILAS CURTIS, *suffragette speaker.*
MRS. EBEN ALTMAN, *suffragette speaker.*
MRS. ELDON KEENER, *anti-suffragette.*
MRS. OSCAR DAYTON, *anti-suffragette.*
MRS. JONAS HARDING, *anti-suffragette.*
MISS ROSABELLE HYACINTH, *engaged.*
MISS PRISCILLA PRUDENCE, *would like to be engaged.*
MISS ANNA HELDER, *great on style.*
MRS. CHARLES BATES, *anti-suffragette.*
MRS. RUSSELL SAGER, *suffragette.*
MRS. FRANCIS WOOD, *suffragette.*
SILAS CURTIS, *who becomes an ardent advocate of woman suffrage*

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

A High School Comedy in One Act

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Three males, three females. Costumes, modern ; scenery, a single interior. Plays one hour. Three seminary girls go to the masquerade on the sly, get mixed up there with some students and have a narrow escape from detection. Their later anxieties are complicated by the fact that they discover that one of the younger members of their own faculty was also there ; but this later suggests a plan by which they escape. Very bright and breezy and full of fun and action.

Price, 15 cents

LOOK OUT FOR PAINT

A Farce-Comedy in Three Acts

By Cornelius Shea

Five males, four females. Costumes, modern ; scenery, one interior and one exterior. Plays an hour and a half. An elderly maiden, making a "flash" at a summer boarding-house, runs into a young artist with whom she has corresponded through a matrimonial bureau. He is an admirer of the landlady's daughter and tells her the facts before the lady has seen him. She induces Roamer, a tramp house-painter, to exchange identities with his fellow artist with side-splitting results. A capital piece, full of humor and very easy. Recommended for schools.

Price, 25 cents

THE CRIMSON COCOANUT

And Other Plays

By Ian Hay

This collection contains the following titles, all of which can be confidently recommended for amateur performance in schools or elsewhere as high in tone and exceptionally amusing. Mr. Hay is well known as a novelist and literary man.

THE CRIMSON COCOANUT

An Absurdity in One Act. Four males, two females. Costumes, modern; scenery, an interior. Plays thirty-five minutes. Mr. Pincher, of Scotland Yard, in pursuit of some dangerous anarchists, entangles the lady of his choice and her father in some humorous perils, but ends by capturing both the criminals and the lady. Author's royalty of \$5.00 for amateur performance.

A LATE DELIVERY

A Play in Three Episodes. Three males, two females. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. Plays forty minutes. Bill, a middle-aged admirer of Marjorie, learns just as he has finished a letter to her proposing marriage that Tim, a young man, is also in love with her. He assumes her to love his rival and does not mail the letter. She finds it on his desk and opens it, and learning the truth makes choice of the older and better man. Royalty for amateurs, \$5.00 for each performance.

THE MISSING CARD

A Comedietta in One Act. Two males, two females. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. Plays thirty minutes. Two elderly admirers of Mrs. Millington decide to deal the pack to see which shall first propose to her, the one who gets the Queen of Hearts to win. She privately takes this card out of the pack and when they have gone through it in vain, announces her engagement to another man. Royalty for amateurs, \$5.00 a performance.

Price, all three in one volume, 50 cents

THE MARRIAGE OF JACK AND JILL

A Mother Goose Entertainment in Two Scenes

By Lilian Clisby Bridgham

Forty children. Costumes, wedding; no scenery required. Plays forty minutes. A Mother Goose wedding and reception carried out by the smallest children. Very pretty and easy to get up; strongly recommended. Not a pantomime merely, but calls for some speaking parts.

Price, 25 cents

H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

MID-CHANNEL Play in Four Acts. Six males, five females.
Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors.
Plays two and a half hours.

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH Drama in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors.
Plays a full evening.

THE PROFLIGATE Play in Four Acts. Seven males, five females. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS Farce in Three Acts. Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY Play in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

SWEET LAVENDER Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Scene, a single interior, costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE THUNDERBOLT Comedy in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Scenery, three interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE TIMES Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females. Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

The William Warren Edition of Plays

Price, 15 Cents Each

AS YOU LIKE IT Comedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

CAMILLE Drama in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

INGOMAR Play in Five Acts. Thirteen males, three females. Scenery varied; costumes, Greek. Plays a full evening.

MARY STUART Tragedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females, and supernumeraries. Costumes, of the period; scenery, varied and elaborate. Plays a full evening.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE Comedy in Five Acts. Seventeen males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery varied. Plays a full evening.

RICHELIEU Play in Five Acts. Fifteen males, two females. Scenery elaborate; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

THE RIVALS Comedy in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER Comedy in Five Acts. Fifteen males, four females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL Comedy in Five Acts. Ten males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

14
NO PLAYS EXCHANGED

BAKER'S EDITION OF PLAYS

THE VILLAGE POST OFFICE
PRICE 25 CENTS



WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
BOSTON

H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

THE AMAZONS Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, not difficult. Plays a full evening.

THE CABINET MINISTER Farce in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Costumes, modern society; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

DANDY DICK Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours and a half.

THE GAY LORD QUEX Comedy in Four Acts. Four males, ten females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening.

HIS HOUSE IN ORDER Comedy in Four Acts. Nine males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE HOBBY HORSE Comedy in Three Acts. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery easy. Plays two hours and a half.

IRIS Drama in Five Acts. Seven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

LADY BOUNTIFUL Play in Four Acts. Eight males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, four interiors, not easy. Plays a full evening.

LETTY Drama in Four Acts and an Epilogue. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery complicated. Plays a full evening.

THE MAGISTRATE Farce in Three Acts. Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interior. Plays two hours and a half.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

The Village Post-Office

By JESSIE A. KELLEY

*Author of "The Pedlers' Parade," "Squire Judkin's
Apple Bee," "Her Weekly Allowance," "Miss
Prim's Kindergarten," "Santa's Surprise," etc.*

BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

The Village Post-Office

CHARACTERS

WILLIAM JONES, *postmaster.*

JERUSHY JONES, *his wife.*

ELYZABYTHE JONES, *their daughter, just home from boarding school, very affected.*

JAMES HENRY JONES, *their son, about sixteen years of age; a green country boy.*

COLONEL GIBSON, *big story-teller.*

JOSEPH ROBINSON, *bigger story-teller.*

SILAS HARDHACK, *still bigger story-teller.*

DEACON SLOCUM, *horse trader.*

LIZY ANN SLOCUM, *his wife.*

BETSEY WINSLOW, *dressmaker.*

REV. TOBIAS DUSENBERRY.

REUBEN RICKS, *who stutters.*

SUSAN SMITH, *who helps Mrs. Jones.*

WIDOW GRAY.

LEE SING, *a Chinaman.*

MRS. JOSEPH ROBINSON.

MARY ANN STEDMAN, *deaf.*

CYRUS DEPEW, *town philanthropist.*



COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

The Village Post-Office

CHARACTERS (*continued*)

SAMANTHY DEPEW, *his wife.*

MANDY BAKER, *believer in Woman's Rights.*

JOB BAKER, *her meek husband.*

PATRICK O'MULLIGAN.

DOCTOR DOLLIVER.

DELILAH MARTIN.

MRS. BRIGGS, *who has recently come from the city.*

CLAUDIUS BRIGGS, *her son.*

NORAH CASSIDY, *Mrs. Briggs' hired girl.*

ITALIAN.

JONATHAN ABNER, } *who have visited the city.*

CYNTHIA ABNER, }

MARTHY REYNOLDS, *a comforting friend.*

HANS SCHNEIDER, *a German.*

FRANCIS ST. CLAIR BIGELOW, *agent; very dudish.*

MATILDY HOXIE, *who knows all the news.*

ZEKE HINES, *who isn't very bright.*

HENRY WITHROW,

KATIE DUSENBERRY,

ANNIE GOODWIN,

BOBBIE ROBINSON,

JENNIE BROWN,

JOHNNIE DOLLIVER,

MARY SLOCUM,

} *children.*

One person may take several parts. Widow Gray, Mrs. Robinson and Matildy Hoxie can be taken by one, Reuben Ricks and Zeke Hines by one, doctor and minister by one, German and Italian by one, Joseph Robinson and dude by one. Other parts may be doubled also and some characters may be easily omitted if desired.

COSTUMES

The costumes should be such as are usually found in a country town, women with calico wrappers or dresses, shawls, bonnets, etc.; men with overalls, long-legged boots. James, Henry and Reuben should have suits partly outgrown, Zeke a rather grotesque get-up, doctor and minister ordinary suits, Lee Sing, Chinese dress, Mrs. Briggs quite dressy, her son, a large boy dressed Lord Fauntleroy style, Norah, very slatternly.

STAGE ARRANGEMENT

The stage arrangement is very simple. Some tables with dark cambric tacked on falling to floor will answer for counters. A small-paned window with one light out and pigeon holes arranged with pasteboard forms the post-office. A few hanging shelves can be arranged on which place empty boxes of breakfast foods, empty cans of various kinds which can easily be saved by the society and a few pieces of cloth which can be borrowed from a store. Men's overalls, rubber boots, brooms, anything to make it look like a typical country store may be hung around and various signs and posters tacked up. A small stove around which the men sit is an addition but may be dispensed with. Kegs will answer for chairs. Have showcase containing candy, spools, etc., on counter if possible. Arrange one side for groceries, etc., the other side for dry goods.

RECITATIONS

"Priscilla Prim's Views on Woman's Rights" may be found in Number Twenty-seven One Hundred Choice Selections, price thirty cents, and Maud Muller in Number Thirty, price thirty cents. Other recitations and songs may also be introduced. A few stories and jokes have been used by courtesy of Judge Publishing Company, New York.

The Village Post-Office

SCENE.—*See note on page 4.* MRS. JONES *is discovered arranging some goods on shelf.*

MRS. JONES (*calls*). Susan, Susan.

SUSAN (*poking head in door*). What d'ye want, Mis' Jones?

MRS. J. Susan, you git the fire started and put on some pertaters to bile. It's most six o'clock and William will be gitting home purty quick with his load of goods an' the mail, tired and hungry, and some good fried salt pork and biled pertaters'll taste drefful good to him, I reckon.

SUS. Yes, all right, Mis' Jones, I'll have 'em on in a jiffy. (*Sus. goes out but returns immediately.*) Mis' Jones, I can't cook the taters. There ain't no wood cut. It's all gone.

MRS. J. Well, Susan, why didn't you tell me 'twas all gone before this time of day?

SUS. Well, it wasn't all gone before and when it wasn't all gone, how could I tell you it was all gone when it wasn't all gone.

MRS. J. I'll call James Henry and see if he's got some cut as I told him to.

SUS. (*goes out, muttering*). That lazy good-fer-nothin' clown, don't believe he's got a stick cut.

MRS. J. (*going to door, calls, louder each time*). James, James Henry, James Hen-e-ry—James.

JAMES HENRY (*outside*). What ye want now, ma?

MRS. J. Where's that wood I sent ye to cut two hours ago? Here it's time to git supper and not a stick of wood in the wood-box and your father'll be here in a few minits and no vittles ready fer him. Come along quick now and bring in an armful and some kindlin'.

JAM. (*with few pieces of wood on one arm, something in other arm held behind back*). Here ye are, ma!

MRS. J. Is that all the wood you've got cut?

JAM. Yes, maw, that's all I've had time ter.

MRS. J. What's that you've got behind yer?

JAM. Nothin'.

MRS. J. (*takes hold of arm and jerks it round front; wood falls on floor*). That tells the story, you shiftless creature, you've bin wastin' time diggin' those air wigglin' worms 'stead of cuttin' wood as you're told. Now take that wood inter the kitchen, then hustle out to thet woodpile and work till supper time or I'll tell yer fater and he'll dust yer jacket. (JAM. *picks up wood, takes it into kitchen, then passes through store, out other door, where a few strokes of the axe are heard, then silence. Enter MARY SLOCUM.*) How-de-do, Mary? What d'you want ter-night?

MARY. Ma wants two pounds of butter 'zactly like you sent her 'fore and if it isn't jest like that she told me not ter take it.

MRS. J. Did she like the last very much? I thought your ma was makin' her own butter now.

MARY. Yes, she is, we've gut some ellegant butter she made but yer see some of our city relations are rubberin' round to see if they want ter light on us fer the summer but ma says she's onto 'em and she's gut some eggs the old hen's bin settin' on fer a week and some skim milk, kinder sour, she was a goin' to give to the pigs and if she can git some of thet butter like yer sent her before she thinks it'll fix 'em so they wunt stay long.

MRS. J. Here's yer butter, Mary, and tell yer ma I hope it'll do the work. (*Exit MARY.*) I don't blame Lizy Slocum a bit. The way those forty-second cousins of hern do try to git free board fer the summer beats all. I notice there are never no invitations fer Lizy to visit them in the winter. Some folks is sponges. Susan—Susan. (*Sus. enters.*) Got the fire made?

SUS. Yes, Mis' Jones, I've gut it made but 'less Jim Henry brings in some more wood purty quick 'twon't stay made long.

MRS. J. Isn't there some lettuce in the pantry, Susan?

SUS. Yes, Mis' Jones, I think I seed some in there.

MRS. J. I reckon we'd better hev that 'fore it's all wilted. You can wash thet while the pertaters are bilin'.

SUS. All right, Mis' Jones. (*Goes out but reappears at once.*) Mis' Jones, I guess I'll have to hev some soap to wash the lettis with. Used up all the soap I hed in the kitchen.

MRS. J. Don't you know any better than to wash lettis with soap? Use clear water and plenty of it. (*Sus. starts*

to go out.) Say, Susan, hev you made thet puddin' I told yer to?

Sus. Gut it in the oven and it looks fine as a fiddle, but how'll I know when it's done?

MRS. J. Stick a knife into it and if it comes out clean, it's done and you can take it out.

JAM. (*coming in door with armful of wood*). Say, Susan, if thet knife comes out clean, stick all the rest of the knives in the house in, then p'raps we'll have 'em clean fer once.

Sus. Think yer smart, don't ye? Come here and let me put your head in to see if 'twould clean yer face.

(*Sticks out tongue at him and goes out. JAM. chases her with stick of wood. Calls of "Whoa! Whoa there!" outside. Two men bring in large box, set it up on end, showing printed on it in large letters: "Bill Inside."*)

MRS. J. What on airth is thet great box? (*Reads.*) "Bill Inside." (*Shrieke and wrings hands.*) Oh, Bill Jones, Bill Jones, what has happened to you? Oh, Liz! Liz! Jim Henry! Jim Henry! Liz! Come quick! Come quick!

(*JAM. rushes in. ELYZABYTHE enters slowly.*)

ELYZABYTHE. Mama, will you kindly remember that my name is Elyzabythe and so designate me when you have occasion to communicate with me.

MRS. J. Oh, Liz—Elyzabythe, do you hear? Your poor father has been killed and his poor remains are inside that box 'cause it says on it "Bill Inside." Jim Henry, run quick, run quick and get some one to open it and take the poor man out. Oh, dear! Oh, dear me!

(*JAM. rushes out but returns. ELYZ. coolly walks over to box and examines.*)

ELYZ. Mama, this box simply contains some wearing apparel which I purchased before coming home from college and had the bill sent with the goods. The *bill* of the goods is *inside* the box.

MRS. J. Is that what it means? It did give me an awful start! Well, I'm thankful if yer father is still alive but p'raps when he sees thet air bill it'll be the death of him arter all. Do you mean to say thet box is full of "wearing 'parel" as ye call it?

ELYZ. Yes, those are a few of the many articles which I found it necessary for me to purchase in order to present an attractive appearance among my associates in the high institution of learning upon my return. *[Exit ELYZ.]*

MRS. J. If a body ever wants to bring down ther gray hairs in sorer to the grave they jist want to send their darters off to boarding school. Sich nonsensical, high-faluting ideas as they git into their heads. Their fathers and mothers ain't good enough fer them to wipe their feet on. Wearing 'parel, indeed. Jim Henry, you take that air box of wearing 'parel out of my sight lively.

(JAM. takes out box. Team heard outside; cries of: "Whoa! Whoa thar, Molly!")

MR. JONES *(outside)*. Jim Henry! Jim! Hi, there, Jim, hurry up out here and take these horses. *(Enters with mail-bag over shoulder.)* I'm stiff as an old horse settin' on thet hard wagon seat so long. Got supper most ready, mother? I'm half starved. Ain't et nothin' sence breakfast but a leetle cracker and cheese.

MRS. J. Yes, supper's all ready, I guess. Lots of mail ter-night, ain't there? You go right out and git supper, and James Henry and me will git this mail stamped and put up 'fore the folks begin comin' in.

(MR. JONES goes into kitchen. JAM. enters. MRS. J. closes office window and she and JAM. stamp and put letters and papers in boxes. Enter JOSEPH ROBINSON, walks around store, then seats himself by stove. Enter COLONEL GIBSON.)

JOSEPH. Evenin', Colonel. We 'air goin' to hev rain, I reckon. My old jint's been achin' all day and it allus storms when the rheumatiz ketches me like that.

COLONEL. Looks like a storm. Dunno but'll be snow.

JOS. Guess not, 'tain't Sunday. Snow-storms allus dew here 'bout Sunday night.

COL. Think ye're a weather prophet, do ye? Well, I hope ye strike it righter offener'n them air fellers at Washington. If it says rain when I'm a hayin' I jist hustle 'round and git down a good lot of grass 'cause I'm purty nigh sartain to hev good weather.

JOS. I don't sot up to be no great of a weather prophet but

my wife allus washes Monday even if the circus comes to town that day and, by jiminy, I never knew it to fail thet I didn't hev to git up and shovel a path Monday mornin' so's she could hang out thet pesky washing. Jest my luck!

COL. Speakin' 'bout rain reminds me of a rain we had onct when I was in the army. It began with big drops, kinder scatterin' like, and kep' a growin' harder. I was outside my tent, about as fer away frum it as across this room and thought I'd better be making tracks fer it so I picked up a bucket I hed, swung it on my arm and run fer that tent and before I gut half way there, thet bucket was runnin' over, plumb full and runnin' over. Yes-sir-ee and it wan't further then across this store. Thet was a rain.

JOS. That makes me think of a rain we hed onct when I wuz a boy. I stood looking out the winder watchin' a flock of wild ducks go over and would you believe it, Colonel, it rained so hard them ducks jest simply folded their wings and swum along in the air. Don't hev any sich rains nowadays.

Enter DEACON SLOCUM and wife, LIZY ANN.

MRS. SLOCUM. Good-evenin', Colonel. Good-evenin', Joseph. (DEA. *also speaks to both.*) How air all your folks, Joseph?

JOS. Purty well, thank ye. My wife's bin over to spend a few days with her mother but she gut back las' night. Her mother's bin kinder sickly this winter and Phrony went over and did a batch of cookin' that would sorter help out fer a spell.

MRS. SLO. There, I told Phineas when we druv by your house yesterday that I didn't b'lieve Phrony was to hum 'cause ev'ry curtain in thet house was pushed up to a diff'rent angle. Knew thet wan't Phrony's housekeepin'. She's sich a worker. How's your wife, Colonel?

COL. She's well. Betsey Winslow's bin sewin' fer her to-day, bin makin' her a new dress.

MRS. SLO. Dew tell. Well your wife'll know all the news fur ten miles 'round if she's had Betsey a day. (*Mail window opens. COL., JOS. and DEA. get papers and return to stove. MRS. SLO. gets letter which she turns over and over, tries to read postmark, etc.*) Well, now, I dew wonder who this can be frum; more folks thet love their country cousins. I'll hev five yards of crash fur a couple of roller tow'ls, Mis' Jones.

(MRS. J. and MRS. SLO. go over to other side of store.)

MRS. J. How'd you come out with them relatives ye hed to supper, Lizy?

MRS. SLO. (*laughing heartily*). Oh, I fixed 'em all right. They'd bin a-tellin' how they doted on new butter, rich, creamy milk, fresh eggs, my lovely home-made biskits an' pre-sarves, and how they'd enjoy spendin' the summer with me and how nice 'twould be fur the men-folks to cum down onct in a while to spend Sunday. Well, I jist made some biskits green with sody, put on some of my ras'berry presarve thet had fo-mented, cooked some eggs the old yaller hen had been a-settin' on nigh onto two weeks, some sour, skim milk and thet air butter you sent me and sot 'em down to supper, and if ever you see a disgusted lookin' lot of mortals them was and I didn't hear another word about spendin' the summer with me. Guess I'll see what this letter says. (*Opens and reads.*) "DEAR COUSIN ELIZA." Humph! "It is with great regret that I realize how long it is since I have written to you." Not sence she wanted to spend the summer with me before. "How we do neglect even those whom we love the best, but now we are going to make amends. I know how lonely you must be on the farm; we have decided this year that John, myself and our six lovely cherubs"—imps, I call 'em—"will spend our entire summer with you. Blood is thicker than water and we all love to see our dear cousins. We shall have eight trunks and shall need seven sleeping rooms as I like to have each of the children have a separate room. If you have not already a bath-tub, you will probably want to get one before we arrive. I hope you have plenty of cows and hens so we may have an abundance of milk and eggs and also a couple of horses that we may enjoy the beautiful drives. I know how delighted you will be to have us and how eagerly you will await our arrival. Ever your own loving cousin."

MRS. J. I've gut some more of thet butter, Lizy.

MRS. SLO. And I've got some more of the other stuff. Guess I kin arrange it so their stay'll be brief. Even a worm will turn at last. I want some spool cotton, Jerushy, guess I'll hev one black and one white, 'bout number forty, and I want somethin' to make Phineas some shirts. I tell him he's awful hard on socks and shirts. His shirts are allus comin' holes in the elbows and I've knit him five pair of socks this winter and he got his toes through ev'ry one of 'em.

(*Mrs. J. takes down cloth. Mrs. SLO. examines.*)

Enter JOHNNIE DOLLIVER, *with very dirty face.*

MRS. J. Well, Johnnie, what'd yer ma send you fer? My sakes alive! What a dirty face you've got! Why don't you wash it?

JOHNNIE. You bet yer life I don't wash my face no more. Looked at the water through pa's microscope last night and the water was full of little crawly bugs. Bet I'm not goin' to hev them things crawlin' all over my face with their funny little legs.

MRS. SLO. An agent's bin 'round leavin' cakes of soap fur samples. Saw him leave one at your house, Johnnie.

JOHN. Gee, I guess I'd better not go home for awhile. Ma'll want to be tryin' it on me.

MRS. J. What did you say your mother wanted, Johnnie?

JOHN. She wants two pounds of sugar, a pound of soda and a pound of raisins. (*Mrs. J. gets them; JOHN. stands looking in showcase.*) I'll have a stick of that striped candy and a piece of gum. Ma says you'll have to charge 'em 'til some of these folks that have been sick pay dad their bills.

MRS. J. All right, Johnnie. Don't forget to try that sample of soap.

(*Takes down account book and writes the charge.*)

JOHN. (*to COL., who has got up and is standing before stove, very bow-legged.*) Hi, Colonel, you'd better get away from that stove. You're warping.

(*JOHN. dodges out. COL. starts to follow but comes back.*)

COL. Young 'uns nowadays has no respect fer their betters. S'pose he's making fun of my bow-legs. They did good service for my country, if they be a little crooked.

Enter MR. J.

MR. J. How-do, Lizy? How-do, folks? (*Goes over to stove and sits down.*) Well, Deacon, bin tradin' hosses to-day?

DEA. Yes, did do a leetle tradin'. Know that air insurance chap that's bin hanging 'round here fer some time? Wall, he decided he could do more bizness if he hed a hoss, could kiver more territory, he sed. Ruther guess he will, when thet hoss

gives one of his kicks! reckon he'll kiver consid'able more territory—ha—ha—ha.

MR. J. You don't mean to say he bought that ring-boned, balky old kicker of yours you've bin tryin' to sell fer five year.

DEA. Well, I'll tell you how it was. I showed him all the hosses and told him I'd sell him any except that one, but I didn't want to sell him at enny price, but sich is the contrarieness of human natur that after I'd sed that nothin'ud do, but he must hev that one, so as I allus try to be obleegin' when I kin, I finally let him have it.

MR. J. Bound to please him, hey, Deacon?

COL. That was a purty good joke on that there other city chap that bought your old balky roan, hey, Deacon?

DEA. (*chuckling*). Ever hear 'bout that, Bill?

MR. J. No, don't believe I hev, Deacon.

DEA. This air city chap wanted to buy a hoss and liked the looks of thet balky roan so well I thought to be sure he'd buy it, but when he wanted me to hitch up and try the critter I thought the trade was off, 'cause you know that old roan would stop ev'ry other thing. Finally he sez, sez he, "What ails your hoss? Is he sick?" "Oh, no," sez I, "he's so 'fraid he wunt do as he's told that he stops ev'ry little while to hear if I've said Whoa." The blamed idjut didn't know a balky horse when he see one and was so pleased "with sich intelligence in a dumb animal," as he called it, thet he bought him right off. (*Laughter.*)

Enter BETSEY WINSLOW ; bows to men.

BETSEY. Good-evenin', Mis' Jones—good-evenin', Mis' Slocum. Any mail fer me to-night, Mis' Jones?

MRS. J. Yes, I think I did see a letter for you.

(Gives her letter.)

BET. (*opens letter*). Huh, it's frum a dry goods firm in Bosting. Printed. They needn't print their letters to me, guess I kin read writin' if I do live in the country. City folks seems to think we don't know nothin'. I've been sewin' fer Mis' Gibson all day. She's bin heving a new dress made fer the weddin' and I want to git a few hooks and eyes and a little lace to finish it. (MRS. J. *shows hooks, eyes and lace.* BET. *holds lace in hand while talking.*) Coopid is pretty busy 'round these parts lately.

MR. J. Better look out, Betsey, he'll be hitting you.

BET. Yes, I'm getting kinder scairt, myself. You knew Sally Hoskins and Bijie Todd were united in the holy bonds of wedlock last night, didn't you?

MRS. J. Yes, I heerd so. What did Sally wear?

BET. Her weddin' dress was that old green serge of her mother's and she and her mother made it over themselves, and it kinder wrinkled some between the shoulders, seeing as how her mother weighs a hundred pounds more'n Sally, and they thought it wouldn't pay to rip it apart, and the skirt was kinder short 'cause her mother is about four inches shorter'n Sally, and they didn't hev no new cloth to piece it down. She wore a long, green veil, caught up with a bunch of dandelions, and carried a shower bouquet of them. Sally says she read that was the style now, and young folks will have style nowadays, no matter what it costs.

MRS. SLO. How'd Bijie look? Pretty spruce?

BET. He had on a pair of black and white check pants, good big checks that a body could see. They were kinder short, too, and he'd bought a second hand black coat over to the city. The sleeves of that were pretty short, too, and it wuz so tight I was 'fraid 'twould bust if he laffed hard, but 'twas a rale good coat, not worn much of any, and he wore a green necktie to match Sally's veil. Yes, they both looked rale sweet.

MRS. J. S'pose they hed refreshments.

BET. Yes, the parson sed he'd marry 'em fer fifty cents ef he could stay to the weddin' supper, so they jist spread themselves on the supper. Had doughnuts and cheese, apple, mince and squash pie and gingerbread. After the supper they played Copenhagen and Drop the Handkerchief, then the boys give them a bellin' and they slied away and started on their weddin' tour. Went over to Bijie's sister to spend the night. That's nearly five miles and Bijie sed he didn't know as it 'ud pay bein' as how they'd hev to get up pretty early to git back in time fur work but Sally sed it wouldn't seem like gitting married at all 'less they went away on their honeymoon. Yes, it wuz a brilliyunt affair and I hope they'll hev a pleasant voyage on the sea of matrimony with roses thickly strowed along their path and may the yoke set lightly on their necks as they travel the long broad highway of life together. How much is this lace a yard, Mrs. Jones?

MRS. J. That one is ten cents a yard and this one is eight.

BET. This one is rale purty and I guess I'll have half a yard if 'tis ten cents. Mis' Gibson wants somethin' pretty rich and dressy to finish the neck and she don't mind if it is ruther expensive. And I'll take a dozen of them hooks and eyes and a spool of white cotting, number fifty. (MRS. J. *does them up.* BET. *after much trouble gets pocketbook out of pocket in petticoat.*) What'll that come to, Mis' Jones?

MRS. J. Just twenty cents.

BET. Here's a quarter. Kin you change that? I ain't got nothin' smaller.

MRS. J. I think I've got five cents. Yes, here's one.

Enter ELYZ.

MRS. SLO. How-do, Lizzie? S'pose ye're delighted to be back hum agin.

ELYZ. (*aside*). When will these dreadful people ever learn to designate me by my proper appellation?

(MRS. SLO. and BET. both shake hands with ELYZ. ELYZ. *shakes hands languidly with arm held high in the air.*)

MRS. SLO. Land sakes, Liz, what's happened to yer arm? Can't you git it down no lower'n that? I'd rub it with Snider's Liniment. It's rale good fer stiffness. Phineas uses it on his hosses and it helps 'em amazingly.

(ELYZ. *tosses head disdainfully but says nothing.*)

BET. I s'pose you found it ruther warm in the city, Lizzie.

ELYZ. (*affectedly*). Yes, the heat was exceedingly debilitating and the humidity was so excessive that some days I felt nervously prostrated.

MRS. SLO. You oughter take a leetle sulphur and molasses when you feel like that and it will brace you up in no time.

(ELYZ. *sits down and reads book.*)

BET. S'pose you're fond of reading them air new novels, Lizzie.

ELYZ. No, I find the new novels sadly lacking in an intelligent grasp of life and character, without a psychological insight into the temperamental distinctions of sex, wanting all familiarity with the euphonious juxtapositions of words and

therefore foolish and futile as an exposition of human probabilities.

MRS. SLO. (*holding up hands*). Dew tell. I allus thought 'em bad but I didn't know they was so bad as all thet. I'll never read one of the pesky things. It's enough to bring one's soul down to perdition.

Enter Mr. DUSENBERRY.

MR. DUSENBERRY. Any mail for me to-night, Mr. Jones? (MR. J. *goes to look, hands out letter and paper*. MR. D. *then goes over to women and shakes hands with all*.) Well, Lizzie, you're back with us once more. Presume you came off with flying colors on that essay of yours. What was your subject?

ELYZ. "The Essentials of the Essentially Essential."

MR. D. (*smiling*). It must have been deeply interesting. Hear you brought home a new dog for a pet.

JAM. (*comes over*). Mr. Dusenberry, ye jest ought to see Liz's new dorg, new kind. He's a Spitz.

ELYZ. James Henry, did I not tell you that only vulgar people called them Spitz dogs. Mr. Dusenberry, he is an ex-pectorating dog.

MR. D. (*turning aside to smile*). Indeed, I shall surely want to see this wonderful dog.

MRS. J. S'pose you went to Mis' Briggs' tea-party as she called it. She's interducing a good many of her city idees here. I couldn't go sence I couldn't leave the store.

MR. D. Yes, it was quite a grand affair.

MRS. SLO. They do say as how she sarved sassafras tea and pigs' feet and wore a new gown and vanilla bean earrings and persided like a queen. You know she's sent out cards saying she will receive her friends Mondays. I s'pose thet's to let folks know she don't do her own washin' no longer. S'pose she has thet heathen Chinees that's cum into town do it. I'd like to see myself wear anythin' after he'd washed it.

BET. Nor I, either. Well, I must be a-goin'. Folks thet hev to sew fer their daily bread can't dissipate much. Good-night, everybody. [*Exit BET.*]

MR. D. (*to ELYZ. who is still reading*). Are you fond of literature, Elyzabythe?

ELYZ. Yes, passionately fond of the high class. Nothing shallow appeals to my nature.

MR. D. You admire Scott's "Lady of the Lake," I presume.

ELYZ. It is perfectly lovely.

MR. D. And Scott's "Marmion"?

ELYZ. It is an intellectual feast.

MRS. SLO. How do ye like Scott's Emulsion, Lizzie?

ELYZ. I think it's the best thing he ever wrote.

JAM. (*takes down bottle from shelf*). Well, Liz, here's a bottle of Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. Jest try it and see if 'tis the best thing *you ever took*.

(*All laugh. ELYZ. confusedly reads a minute, then goes out.*

Enter SUS. and sits down on settee after speaking to folks.

JAM. sits beside her, trying to make love in shy awkward fashion, puts arm around her, SUS. pulls away, pretends to slap him, etc. MR. D. goes over to stove where men are reading papers. MRS. J. and MRS. SLO. seated, apparently talking.)

MR. D. Well, gentlemen, what's the news? You all seem much interested.

COL. I've jest been a readin' 'bout the doings in Washington. Mighty smart president we've got. Here's a special message he's jest sent to Congress. Ain't read it yet but expect it's a powerful fine one.

MR. D. Read it aloud to us, Colonel. I'm sure we'll all enjoy it.

COL. (*reading*). "During the past year 22,326 new applications for army and navy pensions have been received and it has been discovered that kerosene will answer for a piano polish if rubbed on with a red flannel rag. It also cleanses and preserves from the ravages of insects. During the year 3,264,657 acres of public lands have been given over to settlers and you will save money by patronizing Robinson's clothing store. Great bargains in shop worn goods. Come to the blue front store. There are 17,452 survivors of the Mexican War, all of whom are on the pension roll and Brown & Houston have just received another lot of those wrappers at seventy-nine cents each. They are the equal of any ninety-eight cent wrapper bought elsewhere."

JOS. That message sounds jest about as sensible as you'd expect from a Republican.

DEA. Well, I confess it does sound ruther queer fer a

special message to Congress, but I'd bank on that there president anyway. Guess he knows what he's about. Prob'ly wants ter make it practical fer the common people.

MR. D. Guess the editor and the advertising manager must have had a little mix-up. Did you know we are going to lose Brother Hopkins of the Baptist Church? He read his resignation last Sunday morning and his people are feeling rather sore about it, but I don't know as I blame him any. He's been there laboring with them for fifteen years at three hundred dollars a year, paid quarterly, or supposed to be, and last quarter Deacon Harlow, acting as an officer of the church, paid him his salary with a promissory note at six months, and then as a private individual offered to discount it for him at ten per cent. if he'd take part of it in potatoes and pumpkins, half rotten ones at that. Brother Hopkins had a heart-to-heart talk with me and he said he had meekly stood their donation parties for fifteen years, but his spirit rose in rebellion at that and he thought the Lord called him elsewhere.

MR. J. Don't blame him a bit. I remember Sister Potter took him eight clothespins fer his last donation and said she would take ten cents off the amount she usually paid toward his salary.

COL. Deacon Smith gave four phosphorescent herring and ain't never give a cent sence.

MRS. J. Yes, and Mis' Solomon hed some sausage meat she'd sweetened an' some mincemeat she'd peppered by mistake and she took that over. Said she hated to give it to the pigs and her folks wouldn't eat it.

JOS. Believe thet was the time Jane Hastings gave the minister a box of hairpins. I'm glad he had sense enough to git up and git.

MR. D. Don't know as his folks would care so much if it wasn't for his farewell sermon, but I'm afraid they'll never forgive him that.

MRS. SLO. I ain't heard a word about it. Guess they've been keepin' pretty mum.

MR. D. Well, it read something like this: "Brothers and sisters, I am going to say good-bye to you. I have labored among you nigh onto fifteen years, and I think it would take more years than are left to me here on earth to prepare you for a heavenly home hereafter, so I advise you to get a younger man to take up the heavy task. I don't think you love me because you don't pay my salary; your donations are moldy

fruit and wormy apples, and by their fruits ye shall know them. I am going to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary. I go to prepare a place for you. Good-bye." (*Laughter.*)

COL. Well, that was kinder rubbin' it in, wa'n't it?

MRS. J. Sarves 'em jist right. That sassiety allus was drefful mean with their pastor.

MR. D. I must be going home to get that sermon ready for you to listen to next Sunday. Oh, Mrs. Jones, my wife told me to bring home half a pound of tea. (*Gets tea, pays.*)

Enter REUBEN RICKS.

DEA. Hello, Reuben, how's that dog of yours to-night?

REUBEN (*stuttering*). H-h-he's a-a-all r-r-right. T-th-that d-do-dog g-g-gu-gut the k-ke-keen-keenest sc-sc-scent of any d-do-dog I ever s-s-saw.

DEA. How do you know he has, Reuben?

REU. Why, y-yes-y-yesterday he t-t-tracked mu-mu-me after I had g-g-gone s-s-seven m-mi-miles f-f-from the h-h-house. W-w-what you t-t-think of t-th-that?

JOS. I should think you needed a bath, Reuben.

REU. N-n-no, I d-d-don't. T-t-took one la-la-last su-s-summer. (*Laughter.*)

MR. D. Good-night, everybody. Hope to see you all at church Sunday morning.

CHORUS. Good-night, parson. Good-night, Mr. Dusenberry.

REU. A-a-any le-l-letter f-f-for m-m-me to-night, M-M-Mis' J-J-Jones?

MRS. J. No, Reuben, nothin' to-night. Was you expecting anything pertickeler?

REU. Y-y-yes. Y-y-you k-k-know the v-v-valves of my c-c-cornet s-st-stuck so I w-w-wrote to t-t-the o-o-ones I b-bought it of a-a-and t-t-they s-said to use s-s-sa-saliva, so I w-w-wrote and t-t-told t-t-them to s-s-send t-t-ten c-c-cents worth of s-s-saliva and I a-a-ain't g-g-got it y-y-yet.

MR. J. Perhaps it'll come to-morrow, Reuben.

REU. H-h-hope it w-w-will s-so I c-c-can b-b-blow m-m-my c-c-cornet.

(*REU. goes over to settee, sits on other side of SUS. JAM. glares at him, gradually pushes SUS. along until REU. falls off.*)

SUS. Don't you know no better'n that, Jim Henry Jones. Guess you'd better go and larn some manners.

JAM. My nose seems to be out of jint. Two's company and three's a crowd, and I seem to be the crowd. Susan Smith, you are a heartless flirt. (*Aside.*) I'll write her a letter and let her know she can't trifle with my affections.

(*Goes to other side and writes busily.*)

REU. (*sits close to SUS.*). Y-y-you are g-g-going t-t-to b-be m-m-married.

SUS. Land sakes alive, me married. Who is it I'm agoin' to marry?

REU. M-m-me. I c-c-came o-o-over on p-p-pup-purpose to-night to t-t-tell y-y-you.

SUS. Do you s'pose I'd marry any one that drinks like you do?

REU. I r-r-resolved la-last y-y-year t-t-that I w-w-wouldn't d-d-drink anything s-st-stronger than b-b-b-bub-buttermilk b-but my st-st-st-stuttering is a g-g-great b-b-bother to m-mu-me. W-w-when I w-w-want a g-gl-glass of b-b-bub-buttermilk they always t-t-think I w-w-want bu-bu-beer, and be-before I c-c-can s-say bub-bub-buttermilk they g-g-give m-m-me b-b-beer, and r-r-rather t-t-than h-have a f-f-fuss I d-d-drink the b-b-beer, b-but if y-y-you'll m-m-marry m-m-me I'll t-t-try to s-s-say b-bu-buttermilk q-q-quick.

(JAM. hands SUS. the letter. She opens and reads aloud.)

SUS. "Susan Smith, you hev throwed me down fer thet stutterin' clown of a Reuben Ricks, but some day you will be sorry and beg on your knees fer me to take you back but I will cast you scornfully aside and tell you you are ded to me forever. There are plenty of other gurls who are dyin' to hev me but I shall leave this place now to seek my fortune but shall sune return and bring with me a charmin' bride decked in dimonds and satings, then sadly you will say It might hev bin me. Fairwell, forever, false-harted one. I will return your tintipe and your lock of hare. J. H." Lot I care. Let's go ter walk, Reuben.

(*Takes hold of REU.'s arm, and they go outdoors, SUS. tossing her head at JAM. as they pass.*)

MRS. SLO. Deacon, it's time we wuz startin' hum. Got your galluses yet?

DEA. I vum, I nearly forgot 'em. (*Gets up and goes to counter.*) What've you got fer galluses, Bill?

MR. J. I've got a new kind here, Deacon, jest got 'em tother day, a patent 'rangement so's you kin pull 'em up good and tight.

DEA. Them look purty good. Guess I'll try 'em on. (*Takes off coat, puts on suspenders. MR. J. gives them a yank and pulls them up very high.*) Thar, thar, Bill, don't choke me to death. Better let 'em down a'leettle. (*MR. J. tries but unsuccessfully and finally has to cut them.*) That patent sartainly holds 'em up well but I reckon I'd better stick to the old kind a spell longer. I'll take this pair. How much be they?

MR. J. Twenty-five cents.

(DEA. *pays.*)

MRS. SLO. Hev you had the molasses jug filled and got the pound of sody I told you about, Deacon?

DEA. Yes, got 'em out in the wagon. Come along, old woman. Let's be making tracks. It's past my bedtime.

(WIDOW GRAY *rushes in, milkpail on arm, man's straw hat on head with crown out and hair sticking through, calico dress, badly torn. Carries key with huge board attached, talks quickly and excitedly while running from one side of store to other.*)

WIDOW GRAY. Oh, will some one come quick, my cow's fell down, and she can't get up and I'm afraid she'll die and she can't get up and I can't get her up and I don't know what to do 'cause she can't get up and I can't get her up. Deacon, come quick and help me and everybody else come. Oh, dear, dear.

(*Rushes out, followed by DEA. and wife.*)

MR. J. Jim Henry, you go along and help, too. Thet's what comes of a woman tryin' to run a farm alone. She's allus rushin' in here to git some one to help her git some of her pesky animals out of trouble. See she's got a hull plank walk on her door-key now. She's allus losin' that and gettin' some one to hunt round fer it.

Enter JENNIE BROWN.

JENNIE. Ma wants ter know if you hev any juicy lemons, coz if you hev she's goin' to buy two of 'em to-morrow.

MR. J. You tell yer ma I've gut some fine uns and they're juicy as my old pipe.

JEN. Yes, sir. Is there any mail fer ma?

MR. J. (*looks*). No, no mail fer any of your family.

JEN. Is there any mail fer paw?

MR. J. No, I said there was no mail for any of your family.

JEN. Is there any mail fer my brother John?

MR. J. Didn't I tell you there wasn't anything. Nothin' fer any of the Browns, long or short, fat or thin, old or young, not a thing fer any of them.

JEN. Is there any mail fer my sister Mary?

MR. J. No, for none of 'em, straight or cross-eyed, knock-kneed or bow-legged or club-footed, so don't ask any more questions.

JEN. Please is there any mail for my grandmother?

MR. J. No, nor for your great-grandmother or your great-grandfather or your great-great-grandmother or your great-great-grandfather or your uncles or your aunts.

JEN. Is there any mail for my Cousin Susie?

MR. J. Nothing for your first, second, third, fourth or forty-fourth cousin. Now are you satisfied?

JEN. Please, when will there be some mail for 'em?

MR. J. You'd better run home quick, little girl.

JEN. Yes, sir. [*Exit JEN.*]

Enter LEE SING followed by BOBBIE ROBINSON and JOHN. pulling his braid, calling "Chinamanee eattee rattee, etc."

LEE starts to chase, when they rush out, but return soon and sly in behind stove out of sight.

LEE SING. Me killee bloys if catchee. Me wantee chickee allee livee.

JAM. *enters.*

MR. J. Did the widdy git her cow up, Jim Henry?

JAM. Yes, wan't a thing the matter with it. 'Twus up before we got there.

MR. J. You go git a couple of chickens out of the hen house and bring in here, Jim Henry. How's business, Lee?

Not very rushin' I reckon. Most folks round here do their own washing and we're not much fer wearin' biled shirts.

LEE. Bizness velly poor but I do cheep. I wash ladees twoee dollees a dozen, I wash gentlemenee once and halfee dollees dozen. Velly cheep.

JAM. (*brings in two young roosters and places on counter*). Here you air.

MR. J. Will they lay there, Jim Henry?

JAM. (*giggling*). Reckon not. They're roosters.

MR. J. Feeling kinder smart to-night, ain't ye?

COL. Say, Lee, can't you speak a piece fer us?

JOS. Go ahead, Lee, speak a piece and I'll let you do up my biled shirt some time.

LEE. Me speakee piecee allee samee Melican manee. (*Speaks "Maud Muller"—Chinese version. Applause. Picks up chickens.*) Me goee homee, choppee headees offee.

MRS. J. Don't you hate to cut those poor chickens' heads off, Lee?

LEE. Oh, noee, me noee doee thatee. Me choppee chickee offee headee, thatee allee. [*Exit LEE.*]

(*Boys emerge from behind stove.*)

MR. J. Lucky you kept out of sight till Chinaman got out.

JOHN. Huh, we ain't afraid of him.

Enter SILAS HARDHACK.

SILAS. Evenin', gentlemen. What's the news?

COL. I've jest been readin' that a medical man says yaller fever comes from the bite of a femail muskeeto.

JOS. Don't doubt it a bit, not a bit. Did you ever hear of enny trouble that there wasn't a female at the bottom of? Ever since the days of Eve, females have been upsettin' things and I'll bet dollars to donuts thet this rheumatiz of mine cums from some pesky female fly and if you hunt round you'd prob'bly find every ill thet flesh is heir to can be traced to plaguey females. Wish we could ketch all the females and shet 'em up and keep 'em shet up. The only way is fer man to rise in his might and show his power over them.

SIL. (*chuckling*). Bobbie, where's thet compersition I heerd you read in school this arternoon? Gut it with you? Guess you'd better read it so yer pa can hear it.

BOBBIE (*takes dirty paper out of pocket. Watches father out of corner of eyes. Reads*). Cowards is men thet run away so's to live to fite another day. 'There are very many kinds of cowards such as married men. My father is married and he is a coward up hoam and a brav man down to Jone's store. When he sits round the stove down there he tells how he makes woman keap her proper plais and when he cums home he says, Why shudent man be head of his house, then ma starts talkin' to him and he takes it all back and says he won't never talk like that enny more.

JOS. Bobbie, I will take you out in the woodshed for that. You know my word is law and your mother does as I say allus.

BOB. Pa, ma said to tell you if you wan't 'home in ten minutes she'd be down after you. Guess the ten minutes most up. You'd better be rolling your hoop.

JOS. Bobbie, you go home an' tell your mother I'll cum home when I git good and ready and not a minit before.

MRS. ROBINSON (*enters with sleeves rolled up, shawl over head*). 'Joe Robinson, ain't you started yet? (*Walks over to husband and takes him by the ear*.) You lazy, loafin' scoundrel. Didn't I tell ye I wanted you to get some water and chop some wood, and here you're a settin' round here tellin' yer big lies. You march along home now and git to work.

(*Marches him out by ear.*)

SIL. Better put up your umberell, Joe, to keep off the storm. Ain't much danger of breakin' the commandment 'bout coveting yer neighbor's wife in Joe's case. Heerd you hed a compersition, too, Johnnie.

JOHN. Yep, I whacked Bob over the head with my slate in school and he let out a yell and the teacher made me write a compersition of fifty words but it didn't take me long. I wrote "Bobbie's dog Fido run away and he called Fido, Fido, Fido, Fido." (*Continues until fifty words.*) Don't git ahead of this kid. Say, Mr. Jones, ma wants to know what you've got in the shape of cucumbers.

MR. J. Tell her we ain't got nothin' in the shape of cucumbers except bananas. Them's pretty near the same shape. Heard 'bout Zeke Hines eatin' bananas, Colonel?

COL. No, what fool trick's he been cuttin' up now?

MR. J. His mother wuz in here the day this bunch cum

and she bought half a dozen and took 'em home to Zeke. I never kept any afore and Zeke hed never seen one so he et 'em, skins and all, at one settin' and was taken with vi'lent pains in his stomick so's they hed to call Dr. Dolliver and he said fust he guessed he'd have to cut out Zeke's appendix and Zeke began to holler but his mother told him how Zeke had et bananers with the skins on, so he give him a big dose of castor oil and brought him out of it all right.

JOHN. Ma wants a dozen of eggs, but she says she finds two bad ones in ev'ry dozen you send her.

MR. J. Tell her to only git half a dozen to onct, then she'll only git one bad one.

BOB. I want a package of breakfast food.

SIL. I'd like to know when you hear so much of a hoss feeling his oats why you never hear of a pusson feelin' his breakfast food.

COL. Give it up, Silas.

BOB. Do you keep matches, Mr. Jones?

MR. J. Oh, yes, all kind of matches.

BOB. (*walking toward door*). Well, I'll take a trotting match.

(*Dodges out, followed by JOHN.*)

MR. J. I'll give him a trottin' match with my right trotter if I ketch him.

Enter MARY JANE STEDMAN.

MRS. J. How'd ye do, Mis' Stedman.

MRS. STEDMAN. Hey?

MRS. J. How'd ye do?

MRS. STED. No, nothin' new. Same old bunnit and shawl I've wore fer ten year.

MRS. J. What will you have?

MRS. STED. Salve? No, I've got part of that last box left yet. I brought over some butter and thought I'd change it fer some caliker. Here's five pound of butter and it's very good if I do say it as shouldn't. How much be ye payin' fer butter?

MRS. J. Fifteen cents a pound.

MRS. STED. (*putting hand back of ear*). Hey?

MRS. J. (*yells in ear*). Fifteen cents.

MRS. STED. Purty low. Well, let me look at some caliker. (*MRS. J. takes down several pieces.*) This air piece is kinder purty. S'pose it'll wash well.

MRS. J. Yes, the colors are fast.

MRS. STED. It wunt last—I don't want it then. Don't want to go to the work of makin' it and not hev it last.

MRS. J. (*in ear*). I said the colors are fast and it will wash well.

MRS. STED. Oh, did ye? I wonder how much I need fer a wrapper.

MRS. J. About ten yards.

MRS. STED. (*hand back of ear*). Hey?

MRS. J. (*very loud*). About—ten—yards.

MRS. STED. Well, I'll take it.

(MRS. J. *measures cloth*. MRS. STED. *gets butter out of box*. MRS. J. *weighs it*.)

MRS. J. Looks like snow.

MRS. STED. Yes, Sally's got a beau. Comes to see her regeler. Likely young feller, he is, too.

MRS. J. 'There's only four pounds of butter.

MRS. STED. Yes, thank ye, my cold is better.

MRS. J. (*in ear*). I said there was only four pounds of butter.

MRS. STED. I weighed it by that five pounds of sugar I bought here last week, anyway.

MRS. J. 'There'll be enough to pay for your caliker and ten cents more.

MRS. STED. No, I ain't goin' to no other store. I want something to darn John's socks with. 'The way that man wears out his socks is somethin' dredful.

MRS. J. That makes it just right.

MRS. STED. Yes, good-night.

[*Exit* MRS. STED.]

Enter CYRUS DEPEW and wife, SAMANTHY. CYRUS goes over to stove with men, speaks and sits down, apparently talking. SAMANTHY goes to other side.

SAMANTHY. How-do, Mis' Jones. Nice evenin'. I'd like to see some spool silk if you've got any. I'm a-tryin' to make over thet old black silk dress I hed when I wuz married. Gut any black?

MRS. J. Yes, we've got a few spools but it's so turrible high now we didn't get many. Fifteen cents a spool.

SAM. Dew tell neow. I never heern tell of sich a thing. I never paid more'n ten. What on airth makes it so high?

MRS. J. I understand the silk worms air all dead.

SAM. Well, I s'pose I'll hev to git it seein' as I've gut the dress all ripped up but I do hate to pay sich prices. Don't know whatever we're a-comin' to. I want a piece of black tape. How much is that?

MRS. J. Thet's ten cents a piece.

SAM. Land sakes, I never used to pay but five fer thet.

MRS. J. Thet's riz too. I hear the tapeworms are all dead so I s'pose 'tis hard to git tape, too.

SAM. A hull lots of our chickens hev been caught by hawks. Guess the price of eggs oughter go up. Cyrus, did you bring in that air box of eggs?

CYRUS. No, mother, I'll go and bring 'em in now.

(CY. brings in box of eggs. MRS. J. and SAM. make great work of counting and reckoning.)

SIL. Thar's a lot of helpful advice in this 'ere paper, but they do seem to git a leetle mixed sometimes. Here's some one asked how to assist twins through the teethin' per'od and the editor ses, "If you are unfortunite enough to be plagued with these little pests the quickest way of settlin' 'em is to cover them with straw and set the straw on fire," and another one asked how to get red of grasshoppers and he tells 'em the best method of treatment is to give them each a warm bath twict a day and rub their gums with paregoric.

COL. Guess 'twould keep a man purty busy ketchin' 'em if they's as thick as they be in my front field sometimes.

CY. Wonderful things they dew in the medicul lines nowa-days. I wuz readin' las' night 'bout a remarkable case.

SIL. That so, what wuz it?

CY. Wall, it seemed a man hed lost his nose, and seein' as how he had ten fingers and no nose, he thought p'r'aps he cud have the tip of his little finger grafted on fer a nose. Told the dockter about his idee and he said it cud be done slick as a whistle. It worked fine and now thet man has a nose as good as ennybody. Only trouble wuz in the rush that air dockter furgut to yank out the fingernail and it kinder bothers the man 'bout cuttin' it. Science is striding forrard wonderful. Been fishin' lately, Colonel?

COL. Yes, went over to the stream tother day.

CY. What luck did ye hev?

COL. Purty fair. Caught 'bout twenty-five pick'rel, biggest one 'bout two feet long and hed a big fish hook in his stumick.

SIL. Say, Colonel, did I ever tell you 'bout the pick'rel I

caught onct? He was a whopper. Wuz over a yard long and hed an anchor in his stumick.

CY. Ever hear tell of George Washington, Silas? How'd yer corn turn out this year, Colonel? Most ev'rybudy hed purty poor luck.

COL. Purty poor, purty poor. 'Tain't much use to try to raise corn with them pesky crows. I put up scarecrows all over thet air field and my boy Pete and me tuk turns a-watchin' thet piece all day. Pete 'ud start out 'fore daylight with his shotgun and stay thar till noon, then I'd go and stay till after dark. Thought we'd git ahead of them air crows for onct and they did keep away all day but ev'ry mornin' we'd find corn dug up.

CY. How'd you account fer that?

COL. Couldn't account fer it at all till me and Pete watched one night and I swum, if them air confounded crows didn't ketch fireflies and hop over thet corn-field with them fireflies in their mouths fer lanterns so's to see where the corn wuz. When they'd find a hill, they'd drop the firefly and dig up the corn, then pick up their lantern and find another hill. Beats all, them crows.

SIL. Them air fellers in Washington sent me some seed but it was so tarnation dry thet the stalks all dried up an' I thought there wa'n't goin' to be no corn so I turned my old hogs in thar to root. Bin in thar a leetle while an' I thought I'd walk over to see they hadn't gut out and I swanee if they hedn't rooted up big ears of corn from the foot of them air dried stalks. Well, I jist heaved to and went to work diggin' jest like I would a field of pertaters and gut the best crop of corn I ever hed. Must hev bin new kind of seed.

CY. Corn ain't what it used to be 'round here. I remember when corn used to grow thirty or forty feet high, hed ears two feet long and three or four of 'em made a bushel. Hed to cut the stalks with a cross-cut saw. Yes-sir-ee. I mind the time five year ago I hed a purty good garden of cabbages an' I spent a lot of time workin' over 'em. One day I lost my watch thar and Samantha an' me hunted that air piece over time and agin but we couldn't find hide ner hair of it. I felt powerful bad 'bout it 'cause it was a drefful ackret time piece. Well, it went along 'til 'most Chris'mus an' one day we wuz goin' to hev a biled dinner so Samantha went down cellar and brought up a big cabbage and started to cut it open when her knife struck somethin' hard so she cut 'round kinder keerful like and

there wuz thet watch. Tuk it up and looked at it an' I vum if it wa'n't runnin' and right on time, hedn't lost a minit.

SIL. How on airth could it be runnin' if it hed been lost all thet time?

CY. Well, it was one of these air curly heads of cabbage and the leaves kept a-growin' and a-twistin' 'round thet air watch stem and kept it wound up tight. Couldn't wind it a bit when I found it.

MR. J. Jerusha, where is Lizzie—soarin' away on the wing of poetick fancy as usual?

MRS. J. No, I see her out in the kitchen a minit ago gnawin' on a chicken wing. Guess she's a-comin' now.

Enter ELYZ., with book.

MR. J. (*eating something and smacking lips*). Gut thet chicken all et, Liz?

ELYZ. Papaw, I do wish you would stop smacking your lips when you eat.

MR. J. You wouldn't want me 'round smackin' other people's lips, would ye?

SAM. You seem to be fond of reading, 'Lizbeth. S'pose you hev read the "Last Days of Pompey." I allus liked ter read thet.

ELYZ. No, I haven't read the "Last Days of Pompeii," at least not all of them, but I've read all the "Arabian Nights." Mamma, was there any letter for me to-night?

MRS. J. Why, yes, I think I did see one. (*ELYZ. goes to office, finds letter, goes aside and reads several times with great joy, then puts in dress when it drops to floor and is found by JAM., who reads it to himself almost splitting his sides over it.*) How high is thet air thermom'ter, Lizzie? Seems kinder chilly here.

ELYZ. The thermometer is about five feet from the floor, but perhaps what you wish to know is the altitude of the mercury. That stands at sixty-eight degrees.

SAM. S'pose you heerd Jim Smith's boy, Sam, has started to larn dent'stry, Jerusha.

MRS. J. No, dew tell; why I seed him here in the store jist a day or two ago. When did he go away to school?

SAM. Oh, he's studyin' to hum. One of these air cor'spondence schools, they call 'em. Larn it all by writin'. Kinder inconvenient I shud call it. Got Henry Jenkins in the cheer t'other day, guv him the gas, then remembered he hedn't gut as

fur as knowin' how to pull out a tooth, so hed to write to the school ter find out and it tuk three days to git an ansur. Kep' givin' Hen gas all that time coz he said he was afeared if Hen onct got out he'd never come agin and he wa'n't goin' to take no risks 'bout losing a patient. Said he needed the practiz an' the fifty cents.

MRS. J. Kinder take off the profits usin' so much gas.

(ELYZ. *has been uttering exclamations of annoyance, fidgeting, etc.*)

SAM. 'Lizbeth seems to be sufferin' with a narvous complaint.

MRS. J. No, she's only sufferin' with the family grammer. Reckon she'll git over it in time.

JAM. Oh, gee, jest listen to the guff some one's been writing Liz.

(ELYZ. *feels in dress for letter, finds it gone, then frantically tries to get it from JAM., who holds it high above head.*)

ELYZ. You horrid boy, you give me that letter at once.

JAM. Think pa and ma ought to hear it fust. (*Reads.*)

"For some remote time past a secret passion has been firing my bosom internally with loving for you. I have navigated every channel in the magnitude of my extensive jurisdiction to cruelly smother the growing love-knot that is being constructed in my heart, but the humid lamp of affection trimmed by Cupid's productive hand still nourishes that love-sickened organ. Needless is it to numerically extemporize the great conflagration that has been generated in my reason and my heart. My educational capabilities have abandoned me and I can only cling to the hope that a reciprocal passion has been engendered in your lovely being. You are the sweetest ——"
(ELYZ. *gets letter.*) Guess you'd better take it out, Liz, it's so sweet I'm 'fraid the honey'll be drippin' all over me.

(ELYZ. *goes out.*)

MR. J. Did ye ever hear sech rot?

MRS. J. Guess thet explains where 'Lizbeth gits all them big words of hers.

Enter ANNIE GOODWIN.

ANNIE. Ma wants a package of dye and she wants it a fashionable color.

MRS. J. What's she goin' to dye? Some of her dresses?

AN. No, Dr. Dolliver says ma has stomach trouble and she ought to diet, and ma says if she's got to dye her stomach she might as well dye it a fashionable color.

MRS. J. Thet's so. Here's a package of green dye. I read the other day thet green was goin' to be dreadful fashion'ble this year. Anything else, Annie?

AN. (*hesitating and embarrassed*). Ma said to tell you I need a biscuit and I told her I was ashamed to tell you that.

MRS. J. You need a biscuit! You need a biscuit! Oh, I guess I know what she meant, a package of Uneeda Biscuits. Here they are.

AN. Mother says she'll pay you in butter next time she comes to the store.

MRS. J. That'll be all right, Annie. I'll give you a stick of candy if you'll speak a little piece for me. Can't you speak "Twinkle, twinkle, little star"?

AN. Oh, I don't say it that way now. Ma says that's old-fashioned. I say

"Scintillate, scintillate, globule orific,
Fain would I fathom thy nature's specific,
Loftily poised in ether capacious."

MRS. J. Here's two sticks of candy, Annie. Guess you earned 'em with them jaw-breakers, but I'd ruther hear it the old-fashioned way.

[Exit AN.]

CY. You know, we wuz a-talkin' of startin' a lib'ry and I've bin a-talkin' to a few pussons about it and they all agree it's not only a lux'ry but a necess'ty. Think how much better 'twould be these long winter evenin's to be absorbin' nolledge than to be swappin' lies 'round this air stove or staying to hum and goin' to bed 'cause there ain't nothin' else ter do. What do you folks think on it?

COL. I think 'twould be a turrible good idee and I'm willin' to help it along all I kin. I'm a leetle short on ready money jest now, bein' as I'm sufferin' frum finanshal stringency, but I'll give a copy of *Scribners' Magazine* thet one of the summer boarders left at our house twenty year ago. We prize it greatly not only fer its intrinsick value but on account of the associashuns clustered 'round it, but I allus said we should be willin' to make sacrifices fer our native town and the lib'ry shell hev it.

SIL. Wall, I reckon I'd better give ready money. Here's ten cents to help the good cause along.

CY. I give fifteen cents t'other day, but to show how awful anxious I am to git the lib'ry started I'll give ten more makin' a grand total of twenty-five cents.

SAM. Cyrus is so dredful lib'ral with his money thet I expect we'll die in the poor-house.

MR. J. I've got an old 'rithmetic I studied when I wuz a boy in school. Guess I'll give that.

MRS. J. Think there's an old reader up in the attic too. One your grandfather hed. You'd better give 'em that too. Some real purty pieces in it.

SAM. I've got a copy of a fashion plate I've bin cutting my skirts and polonaises by fer ten year but I've bin real keerful of it and I'll give 'em that.

CY. I'm glad we've got sich publick-spirited people. Jonas Townsend, the justice of peace, said he'd donate a copy of Blackstone on law to give the risin' generation a chance to becum lawyers. He said his children had tore out 'bout half the pages but the rest wuz all good. I know the doctor and the minister'll give something so I think we've got a turrible good start and shell hev a fine lib'ry in a short time.

SAM. Cyrus, we must be going hum. When thet man gits started on lib'ry he don't know when ter stop.

CY. Wall, Samanthy, I'm all ready. Gut your egg-box?

SAM. Yes, and all the rest of my bundles. Good-night, folks.
[*Exeunt SAM. and CY.*]

Enter KATIE DUSENBERRY, stands in centre of floor.

MRS. J. Is there anything you want, Katie?

KATIE. Oh, yes, I want a gold watch and a di'mond ring and sealskin sacque and lots of things but pa sent me for some cough medicine.

MRS. J. Here's the cough medicine, Katie, but I guess you'll hev to wait till ye grow up and marry a furrin nobleman fer the rest of the things.

MR. J. Your pa's been havin' the grip, ain't he, Katie?

KAT. Yes, and we're all tired out waitin' on him. He's groanin' all the time, says his head'll split and his back'll break and his legs are sore and he told ma he knew he was goin' to die but ma told him he was too cross to die and the doctor said there wa'n't much the matter with him and then pa got mad

and told her he didn't want none of her lip. I guess we'll all be glad when he gets better. He told me to hurry home with this dope so I'll hev to run or I'll git it. [Exit KAT.]

Enter MANDY BAKER, followed by husband, a meek-looking man who quietly sits behind stove and says nothing.

MRS. J. Good-evenin', Mandy.

MANDY. Good-evenin', Mis' Jones. Any mail for me?

MRS. J. Nothing for y^e. Here's a letter for Job.

JOB (*coming to office, his letter*). May I open it, Mandy?

MANDY. No, put it in your pocket and I'll read it first when we get home and see if I want you to read it.

(JOB goes back to stove.)

MRS. J. When did you git back from your Woman's Rights Convention, Mandy?

MANDY. Got back last night. How I wish every woman in this town could hev gone to that meeting, then the bright day would soon dawn when downtrodden woman should have her rights. (*Strikes attitude.*) But, mark my words, in spite of tyrant man who seeks to oppress us, some day we women will arise in our might and demand the vote. But 'twon't do fer us to rest easy and keep settin' quiet. We want the women of this day and generation to live to see thet glorious day but death is stealing on us unawares and with ev'ry breath I draw some one drops dead.

COL. Say, Mandy, you'd better take something fur your breath if it's as bad as that. They do say as how coffee is powerful good fer it. Jest chew up a mouthful onct in a while.

MANDY (*looks at him scornfully but does not deign to reply. Others laugh*). What does man know about woman's work which is never done?

SIL. Guess that's right in your case, Mandy.

MANDY (*continues, gesticulating*). Is there one man here who has ever done anything to lighten his wife's burdens, who gets up in the mornin', cooks the breakfast, washes the dishes, gets the children off to school, sews on buttons, bakes, mends and does the thousand and one duties thet belong to a wife and mother. Is there one such man here?

JOB (*rising*). Yes, Mandy, I'm right there, and I've done all them things fer fifteen year so's you could attend your

woman's rights meetin's but even the patience of Job is gitting purty nigh exhausted.

MANDY. Job Baker, who asked you to speak? You sit down and keep quiet.

JOB. Yes, Mandy.

(Meekly subsides.)

MRS. J. I hear you recited a pome to the Convention. Couldn't you let us hear it?

(MANDY recites "Priscilla's Views on Woman's Rights," Price, 30 cents.)

MANDY. I'll hev two pounds of crackers and a half pound of cheese. *(Gets them.)* Job, come along home now quick. You ain't washed your supper dishes yet.

JOB *(sighing)*. Yes, Mandy. *[Exeunt JOB and MANDY.]*

MR. J. Ever see a reg'stered letter, colonel?

COL. No, I've heerd of 'em but I never see one on 'em.

MR. J. Here's one come fer Dr. Dolliver. Some one's been sending him some money.

SIL. Let's see how the thing looks, Bill.

(MR. J. hands out letter. SIL. and COL. examine closely, hold up to light, etc.)

COL. Looks about like enny letter. Wonder how much is in it.

SIL. *(feeling)*. Should say 'bout five dollars by the feel.

(MR. J. puts letter back. Enter PATRICK.)

PATRICK. Good-avening, gintlemen, and how do yez be afther foinding yerselves? Is there a letter for me, Mистер Jones?

MR. J. Nothin' to-night, Patrick.

PAT. Well, here's tin dollars I want to be sending to me auld mother in Ireland.

MR. J. Just fill out this blank, Pat, and we'll send it along.

(Gives him blank.)

PAT. Phwhat's this?

MR. J. It's a sorter letter of advice about the money.

PAT. Phwhat's that got to do wid me sending me auld mother tin dollars?

MR. J. Oh, it's just a rule of the post-office that a letter of advice must be sent to the postmaster when the money is sent then.

PAT. Arrah, thin, I'll be afther wroiting a letther of advice to Michael O'Flynn and glad he'll be to be afther hearing frum me, for begorra we wint to school together in auld Ireland.

(Takes paper to counter and writes.)

Enter DR. DOLLIVER.

DOCTOR. Good-evening, everybody.

MR. J. Good-evenin', Doctor. How's all your patients? Keepin' you purty busy.

DOCTOR. Lots of colds round. I tell folks they wouldn't have grip if they'd keep their feet dry.

SIL. How do you account for Tim Small heving grip five years runnin', Doctor, when he's gut two wooden legs?

DOCTOR. Must have wet his stumps.

COL. Lot in the papers lately 'bout folks bein' buried alive. Take any stock in it, Doctor?

DOCTOR. No, not a bit. I'm sure it never happens to any of my patients.

MR. J. Guess you're right there, Doctor. No hope for 'em if you git hold of 'em, eh?

DOCTOR. Any mail for me to-night?

MR. J. Yes, got a reg'stered letter fur you, Doctor. Fust time we ever had one come to the office.

DOCTOR. That so? Guess it must be conscience money. *(Looks at letter and puts in pocket. Walks up to notice and reads.)* Deacon wants to sell his old black horse, don't he? Guess that horse must be having another spell of sickness and the Deacon don't want to risk giving him any more medicine. *(Laughs.)* Don't s'pose the Deacon ever told you about that time he give the horse that dose of calomel? *(Laughs.)*

COL. No, never heerd a word. Knew Deacon hed a spell of sickness awhile ago.

DOCTOR. That was the time. *(Laughs heartily.)* He came and asked me what he'd better do for the horse and I told him to give him a dose of calomel, about ten times the dose for a man. "Can you get him to take it?" says I. "Oh, yes," says he, "I'll fix up a way to get it down his throat. Well, the next morning his wife come running over for me to

come quick 'cause the Deacon was dying. (*Laughs.*) You see he'd put a big chunk of wood in that horse's mouth to keep it open, then he put the calomel in a piece of hose, put one end in the horse's mouth and the other end in his own, all ready to blow it down the horse's throat but the old horse was too smart for the Deacon and gave a good hard blow first and blew every bit of that calomel down the Deacon's throat. About finished him. (*Laughter.*)

SIL. Guess we'll hev a leetle fun with the Deacon 'bout that when we see him.

DOCTOR. I've got to run in to see how Granny Brown is before I go to bed. Good-night. [*Exit DOCTOR.*]

PAT. Well, I've written the lettther of advice and I'll be afther rading it to yez. "Dear Dennis, I'm towld I must be afther wroiting you a little advice if I do be sinding me mother tin dollars, so I'll advise ye to hand it over at onct or I'll give ye a black oiye whin I see yez. Do yez moind the foine toimes we used to have courtin' the gurrles in auld Ireland, but shure, they're han'somer in Ameriky, and I advise ye to be comin' over to this glorious land of the free for it's rich I'm after ghetting here. Oi've done as the law says and written ye some good advice, so hand over the tin dollars to me mother."

Enter DELILAH MARTIN, excited.

DELILAH. I druv over alone and I met one of them awful automobileels and it scairt me most to death. A body don't take no comfort drivin' nowadays.

MRS. J. Thet's jest so. Wuz your hoss very much frightened of the horrid thing?

DEL. Wall, he got mighty narvous but I ain't jest sartain whether it's the autermobeel that skeered him or them creeturs rigged up with goggles and sich like in 'em. I think one looks 'bout as bad as t'other.

MRS. J. Thet's jest what I think. What any human bein' wants to rig themselves up like that for is more'n I can sense. There's a postal here for you, Delilah. (*Looks but can't find it.*) Well, I don't know where I did put that but it don't make no diff'rence. I read it and it wuz from your Cousin Jane saying she wuz goin' to be married. Is she going to make a good match?

DEL. I didn't think no great of him when she hed him here last summer, but she says she's given it ser'us thought, bin to

a 'trologer, a medjum, two hand-readers, and two card-readers, and they all say to go ahead and marry him—Jane never was one of the reckless kind—allus looks 'fore she leaps. Bein' as I'm in here I might as well git her weddin' present. Didn't you hev some little vases left from Chris'mus? Guess one of 'em would do. (MRS. J. *takes down several vases.* DEL. *examines.*) These are kinder purty. How much is this one?

MRS. J. That one is ten cents.

DEL. Well, now, I call thet reel han'sum and I reckon she'll be tickled to death to hev it fer her parlor. I allus try to give my relatives somethin' handsome fur a weddin' present. Here's your ten cents. Pay as you go, is my motto.

MRS. J. S'pose you went to preachin' Sunday. You're allus one of the faithful uns.

DEL. Yes, I went, but we hed a drefful short sermon.

MRS. J. How'd that happen? Parson Dusenberry is usually pretty lengthy.

DEL. Wall, he sorter 'pologized fer it. His little gal Katie has got a little puppy and he got into parson's study and chewed up part of the sermon so he could only give us what was left of it. Simon Fraser happened to be there and you know he goes to the Advent Church and their preacher is turrible long winded, so what does Simon do after preachin' but go right up to Parson Dusenberry and ask if he couldn't buy that pup to give to his preacher.

MR. J. Huh, should think they would want to do something to stop him. You've heerd about the time he talked on the prophets, ain't you? He talked and talked 'bout the minor prophets as he called 'em 'til ev'ry one was achin' fer him to get through. Finally he finished 'em and his people drew a sigh of relief, thought he'd got to the end, then he waded in agin and said: "Now, I hev finished with the minor prophets, but what about Nehemiah? Where is Nehemiah's place? What room is there for Nehemiah? Where is his place?" 'Thet wuz too much fer Simon so he riz up and sez, "Nehemiah can have my place, I'm goin' hum." Made the parson awful mad but Si didn't keer a bit.

PAT. Shure, he's the wan I wint to hear one morning and he kapt a-sayin' over and over, "Who'll be the shape and who'll be the goats? Who'll be the shape and who'll be the goats?" And no one would be ayther so I riz up and says, "I'll be the shape and this man be me soide will be the goat. Now go on and till us the joke."

MRS. J. I heerd you hed the Methodist and Advent minister both to tea the other night.

DEL. Yes, I'm a Methodist and James is an Advent, so I thought I'd make one gittin' ready do for both of them, and I never thought of the blessin' till we got set down to the table and I didn't know which one to ask fur fear of offendin' the other, but my boy Tommy, quick as a flash, began countin' out "One, two, three, mother caught a flea, the flea died and mother cried, one, two, three," and ended by pointin' his finger at the Advent one and called out, "You're it, go ahead and ask the blessin' 'fore the biskits git all cold," and that settled it all right.

COL. Purty good preacher, thet Methedist parson, ain't he?

DEL. Yes, he's a good preacher, but his deafness does trouble him turrible. Why, only a fortnite ago come Sunday he asked Deacon Solomon to give out a notice about some new hymn books and also about some children thet wuz goin' to be baptized. Well, the Deacon forgut all about the hymn books, but gave out the notice about the christening, said: "All those who have children to be baptized, please send their names at once to the parson." The parson never heerd a word but surmised he wuz talkin' 'bout the new hymn books, so he sez, "I will say for the benefit of those who haven't any yet that they may obtain them at the sewing circle next Wednesday, the little ones at twenty-five cents and the larger ones at fifty cents." (*Laughter.*) That old hoss of mine'll be tired standin' while I'm a-gossiping here. Guess he's got over his skeer now and I'd better be a-going. Hev to look out not to break this air vase. [Exit DEL.]

SIL. Are you working now, Pat?

PAT. No, I'm afther lukuin' for a job. Do yez know of anny one that nades a foirst-class man?

SIL. What can you do? Can you take care of horses?

PAT. Shure, 'twould warrum your heart to see the care I'd be afther takin' of them.

SIL. Know anything about pigs, Pat?

PAT. Shure, and didn't we alway have a houseful of the craturs in auld Oireland.

COL. Si Poland is buildin' a new house. P'raps you could get a job there? Know how to make an Italian blind?

PAT. Shure, that's aisy as rollin' off a log.

COL. How would you go to work at it, Pat?

PAT. Shure, I'd poke my two fingers in his two oiyes and he'd be blind as a bat in a jiffy.

MR. J. Better get naturalized, Pat, then you'd get a job all right.

PAT. Shure, and that's what I troid to do last wake, and the fule axed me had I red the Declaration of Independance and I sed, "Oi hev not," thin he says, "Hev you red the Constitution?" and I says, "I hev not," then he loked ugly loike and says he, "What hev you red?" and says I, "I hev red hair on my head."

SIL. Guess you've got the Irish wit. Can you tell me the difference between wit and humor?

PAT. Begorra, it's loike the difference betwane whin yir woife tickles ye undher the chin wid a sthraw from the broom and whin she hits ye over the head with the handle of it.

COL. Wonder what Mandy Baker thought 'twas when she tackled me one day last summer. I hed the toothache and wuz a-lyin' with my face down in the grass out in the sun front of the house and she come along, didn't know me, thought it wuz some one drunk, so she began giving one of her temp'rance lectures with a hull lot of figgers telling how one glass of beer put out to int'rest in David's time would amount to millions and a lot more figgers. I was feeling purty ugly with thet old tooth aching like all possessed, so I jest turned over on my back and sez, sez I, "No, I don't know nothin' 'bout them figgers and don't want ter but I've gut a few figgers of my own I'll give you. If you don't vamoose two hundred and twenty-five feet in two seconds I'll hit you ninety-seven times and make you see a million stars," and she vamoosed lively, now, I tell ye.

PAT. Say, did yez iver see wan of these tiliphones?

MR. J. No, did you, Pat?

PAT. Yes, I wurruk in a coal-yard in the city onct and wan day the man in the office had to go out and axed would I answer the tiliphone. I'd watched him wurruk the thing so said, "Faix an' I will that." This tiliphone, you understand is a contrapshun with a sender and a recaver at each ind of the loine. You take the sinder up and put it to your mouth and ye put the recaver to yer ear and ye say hello in the recaver. (*Goes through motions.*) In a minit the bell on the tiliphone rung and I put the recaver to my ear and says, "hello." "Hello," says the other feller, "is this 649562?" "Aw, gwan," ses I, "do you think I'm a freight car?" and I hung

up the auld recaver. Thought they could be afther playing their joikes on me but I jist left 'em.

MR. J. Think you're as smart as any of 'em, don't you, Pat?

PAT. Indade and I do. I met wan of these big-faling cratur in the city onct and he wanted to know where the mayor lived so I towld him and thin jist frindly loike I axed him who he moight be and he says, "I am the Right Honorable Royal Ethelbert Sommers, Knight of the Cross, Knight of St. John, Knight of St. George, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Knight of Malta." "Shure," says I, "I'm plazed to meet you. I'm Patrick O'Mulligan of Dublin, Ireland, last noight, to-noight, noight before last, and ivery other noight in the wake." (*Enter* NORA H. CASSIDY.) Good-avenin', Norah, shure it's a sight fur sore oiyes to be afther seeing yez the noight.

NORAH. Go long wid yer auld blarney, Patrick O'Mulligan. Mrs. Jones, the missus towld me to get some marconi.

MRS. J. I wonder what that is. I wonder if she meant macaroni.

(Takes out stick of macaroni and shows.)

NOR. Shure, ma'am, be's that to ate? When I wurrucked in the city for Mrs. Gibbs they did be afther usin' wan of thim sticks to loight the gas.

MRS. J. I reckon this is what Mis' Briggs wants. She asked me to get some. Guess nobody else here uses the stuff. What made you leave your place in the city, Norah?

NOR. (*arms on hips*). Phwat made me lave? 'Tis afther insultin' me yez are, ma'am. I'd loike to see anny wan could make me lave. Oi go whin I plazes and not a day before.

MRS. J. Mis' Briggs said she'd give you a trial, didn't she?

NOR. That's phwat she said but I sed to her, Indade, and ye'll not be afther giving me a troial, shure I hed too many troials in my last place and I'll stand no more from annybody.

MR. J. How is Mr. Briggs this evenin'? He's bin quite sick, ain't he?

NOR. Shure, he's worse this avenin'. He was taken wid anny dizase this afthernoon.

MR. J. What's the trouble with him now?

NOR. I don't know jist phwat it is but the doctor do be callin' it convalescent.

MRS. J. You've bin sick yourself, hevn't you, Norah?

NOR. Yes, and mighty scared I was at foirst whin the dockter towld me the long name of the dizase but whin he only charged me fifty cents I knew it didn't be after amountin' to mooch.

PAT. Where's your Cousin Bridgit that used to bay after wurruking over beyant?

NOR. Shure, she wint to New Yorruk and she be's goin' to be married come Aister. I hear Casey is a foine man but I do be tellin' her she moight hev looked hoigher.

PAT. Indade and how's that?

NOR. Casey worruks in the cellar av wan of thim skoi-scrapers in New Yorruk and by turning over hir little finger she moight hev had Finnegan phwat worruks on the top story of that same skoiscrapper. Shure, an' I would hev looked hoigher and been after taking Finnegan.

MRS. J. Where's that beau of yours, Norah, that used to be acomin' 'round here?

NOR. Shure and niver anither worrud will I iver be after sayin' to him agin. He got hurt drivin' a hivy coal tame and they were after taking him to the hospital. Shure, me heart ached for the poor boy so I wint to see him. I wint to wan of thim dockter and says, "Oi want to say the man phwat was run over by the tame." "Yez can't," says he, "he's under the infloonce of Ann Esthetics." "Oi don't know who Miss Ann Esthetics is," says I, "but if he'll act loike that and git under some low crature's infloonce now what'll he do whin we're married. Shure, I'll not be after marrying him at all, at all," and I lift moighty dignifoid loike.

PAT. It's moighty stoylish ye're looking the noight, Norah.

NOR. Shure, the missus hed company to tay and she do be after troiying to make a great show and she says, "Norah, I hope you'll spread yirsilf." Shure, and I'm willin' to oblage so I put on this hoopskirt to spread all I could but me poor kismet do ache from being on 'em all day.

MRS. J. Your kismet ache? What on airth is your kismet, Norah?

NOR. Shure, you niver lived in the city, did yez, to larn their talk. Kismet means yer fate cause where I worruked in the city the missus had wan of them figgers, statutory she called it and whin I was dustin' it wan day I axed her what the worrud on the bottom was and she says it was kismet and meant fate.

Yes, I have some corns on me kismet. Do yez be afther selling any corn plasters?

MRS. J. Yes, this is fine fur corns. Ten cents a box.

NOR. I'll be afther having a box. I see you hev some of them mottoes loike the missus bought the other day. Shure, I think they're jist illigant. Your bhoy brought it up while the missus was out and I put it up in the parlor where it loked foine, but the missus tuk it down rale hateful loike as soon as she got her oiye on it.

MRS. J. Why, Norah, those are door-mats to wipe your feet on.

NOR. Woipe your fate on sich an illigant thing as that. It's strange things they do be doing in this counthry. It's home I must be afther gitting. *[Exit NOR.]*

Enter ITALIAN, very stiff motioned.

ITALIAN. Meester, you have eeny medeceen to purify de blood?

MR. J. Here's a bottle of sas'parilla, clean your blood and clear your complexion.

IT. Got eenything feefty cent for de blood? Don't care 'bout coompleexon.

MR. J. Yes, here's something for fifty cents.

IT. I takes eet.

SIL. Dago, what makes you so stiff?

IT. I weel tell to you. When I leetle child was, muskeetoos bite me much. My mother bathe me with, what you call eet, sodee, sodee, strong sodee. One day she got ready bathe me, no think of sodee, called my father to bring sodee, he made mistake, brought starch, mother used it, made stiff all my life.

COL. What makes your nose so red, Pat?

PAT. Shure, it glowin' with proid because it kapes out of other pape's bizness. Say, you're an Eyetalyun, ain't ye?

IT. No, no; me Frenchman; father, mother born Italy, Italians. I born in France, Frenchman.

PAT. Begorra, thin if a cat had kittens in the oven, would they be biskits? Come on, Frenchie, let's be afther going.

[Exeunt PAT and IT.]

Enter MR. and MRS. JONATHAN ABNER. MRS. ABNER goes over to MRS. J. MR. ABNER to stove.

MRS. J. Glad to see ye back, Cynthy. Hed a nice visit in the city with yer darter?

CYNTHIA. I wuz rale pleased to see Rachel but they dew hev strange doin's in the city. I never wuz in the city before and never rode on the keers and I dunno as I ever want to agin but I got along purty well. I watched other folks and did as they did and as I allus said if you use your eyes and your tongue you kin git along anywhere. I want some turkey red cotton, Jerushy, and some piller-ticking. I'm goin' to fill two pillars with my goose feathers and send 'em to Rachel.

(Examines goods.)

COL. Did ye git a good price fur your hay, Jonathan?

JONATHAN. Purty fair but money's kinder scource round here. Papers hev a good deal to say 'bout tainted money lately but as near as I kin figger it thar's just two reasons why that air money is tainted.

SIL. What's the two reasons, Jonathan?

JON. 'Cause 'tain't yours and 'tain't mine. *(Laughs.)*

SIL. Well, there's times when I don't keer fur all the money in the world, tainted or not tainted.

JON. That must be when you say with Solomon "All is vanity."

SIL. No, it's when I'm asleep.

COL. How'd you come out with thet air consarn you wuz makin' fer waterin' yer garden, Jonathan?

JON. I worked on thet tarnal thing fer days and there wa'n't a sign of rain, jist got it finished and started out to water thet garden and it began to rain cats and dogs. Can't do anything without competition these days. It rained most ev'ry day the rest of the summer.

CYN. As I wuz a sayin' I watched what other folks did. I didn't jest know how to buy a ticket but I saw a lady go up to a little gate so I jist follered her and she says Cora Vale, single and puts down her money so I put down my money and sed "Cynthia Abner, married." The man wuz reel pleasant and smilin' and asked me where I wuz goin' and give me the ticket. Wall, I got in the keer, and I confess I did feel narvous at fust but I got along purty well until I turned round and saw there wuz an injun hitched on the back of us and I'd allus heern tell it 'ud make a body sick to ride back'ards so when the man that takes the tickets went by I jest pulled his coat and says, "Couldn't you take that injun off the back? I'm afeerd I'll be sick," but he jest laffed and said it wuz a

steep place and they needed it there to push but he was reel accom'adating and hed it tuk off in a little while.

MRS. J. How'd you know when to git off?

CYN. Wall, I kep' askin' ev'ry one round me ev'ry few minits if we'd got to Oaklands, thet's where Rachel lives, and they said they'd tell me and they did but after we got off the keers we hed to ride on them pesky 'lectric keers and I got purty narvous fear they'd carry us by Rachel's on 'em but I notised the man that took the money kept callin' names and people 'ud get out. He called William and the keer stopped and a man got out, s'pose his name was William, then he called Ellis and another man got out so I knew by thet you jist had to tell him your front name and he'd tell you when to git out so I told Jonathan and he stud up and sed, "My fust name is Jonathan and we want to git out at Oaklands." The man was reel pleasant and laffed hearty like and ses he, "That's a long way yet," so we jest settled back to see the sights. People kep' a pullin' on a bell and I asked a boy thet sot side of me what thet was for and he sez, "You pull thet one when you want somethin' to eat." I felt kinder faint seein' as how I didn't eat much breakfast so I thought I'd like a little bite to eat and I pulled thet bell good and hard about a dozen times. The man came along, lookin' reel ugly and ses he, "Who pulled thet bell?" "I did," ses I, "and I'll hev a good, strong cup of tea and a doughnut." "That'll cost me about a dollar," ses he. "Land sakes," ses I, "vittles is high here be'n't they?" but he never brought 'em to me at all. I'll hev two yards of this air turkey-red and four yards of the tickin' and two postage stamps.

MRS. J. What denomination?

CYN. Wall, now, Jerushy, ye know as well as I dew thet I've bin a Methedist all my days, allus belonged to thet denomination.

MRS. J. One or two cent stamps, I meant, Cynthy.

CYN. Two cents uns. What's the price of this air thermom'ter?

MRS. J. Forty-eight cents.

CYN. Wall, we broke ourn yisterday but I guess I'll wait till next time I come 'fore I buy a new one 'cause I read in ternight's paper thet thermom'ters would drop 'fore mornin' so I might as well save a leetle on it.

JON. (*coming over to box near counter*). What kind of fish you got here, Bill?

MR. J. That's codfish. Don't you know codfish when you see it?

JON. (*holding up several long hairs*). Got so much hair on it, didn't know but it was a mermaid. Got any collars? (MR. J. *shows collars*; JON. *tries on*.) These ain't big enough. Ain't you got nothin' bigger, Bill?

COL. Say, Jonathan, you'll hev to go to a harness shop to git fitted.

JON. Dunno but I will. What'd you call them things?

MR. J. That's somethin' new. They call 'em sweaters and they say they're fine and warm fer cold weather. Knit of wool and slips on over yer head.

JON. Wall, now, I reckon one of them would be jist the huckleberry for me to wear haulin' wood. Don't you think so, mother?

CYN. Yes, looks as if it might be reel comfort'ble.

JON. Guess I'll try it on to see if it fits. (*After very much work gets it on*.) It's a sight of trouble to git the thing on but it does make you warm. (*Wipes face*.) How'd you like it, mother?

CYN. It looks rale nice on ye.

JON. (*tries to take off, after long and many contortions succeeds*). Sweaters, ye call 'em. They're well named, don't know when I've ever taken sich a sweat. Too much of a sweater fur me, guess I'll stick to my old cardigan a spell longer.

MRS. J. S'pose you went to church in the city, Cynthy?

CYN. Yes, I did and I never see sich bad manners. The hull choir wuz up thar and sung nice most of the time but when one young woman thet I s'pose they hed a spite agin begun to sing every one of thet hull choir stopped short but she wuz purty punky and went right through it alone, s'pose she wa'n't going to let on it plagued her none. She kerried the tune pretty well too but I guess she felt a leetle confused fur she kep' sayin' the same words over and over. S'pose they were mad at her fer somethin' but 'twas a mean way to spite themselves.

MRS. J. I should say so. Did you see anything of Mrs. Page, she thet wuz Betsey Ann Sampson? They do says she lives in great style.

CYN. I didn't want her to hear I'd bin to the city and hedn't called on her so I hunted her up. They dew say as how she is to hum on a hoss and I wuz kinder 'feerd she'd be

on one when I called and I shouldn't exactly know how to act talkin' to a woman in the house on a hoss but she wa'n't and I was thankful.

SIL. Jonathan, how's your son gittin' along thet went out West?

JON. Oh, he's makin' his fortin out thar. I tell you the West is the place fer a young man nowadays. Expect he'll be one of these air billionaires in a few year. He allus wuz a mighty smart boy, too smart fer this leetle town, had to git off to show his mettle.

MR. J. Thet makes me think. Thar's a letter fer you, Jonathan. P'raps it's frum him.

JON. (*takes letter, looks at it carefully*). Yes, I guess thet's frum him. Don't forgit his old father and mother in his prosperity. Prob'bly sending some money. Mother, got yer glasses? I ain't got mine with me.

CYN. No, I left mine to hum, too. Mis' Jones'll read it to us. His town people'll all be inter'sted to hear of his success.

MRS. J. (*reads*). "Dear Father, meet me at the old saw-mill to-morrer night after dark. Bring with you a quilt and a pair of shoes. I hev a hat, a collar and a pair of shoe-strings."

JON. Cynthia, do you see the time? We must git right home.

[*Exeunt JON. and CYN. hurriedly.*]

(*Great laughter.*)

SIL. Guess they wish you hadn't told his towns people of his great success, Mis' Jones.

Enter MARTHA REYNOLDS, limping.

MRS. J. What's happened to you, Marthy?

MARTHA. Thet pesky cat of mine bit my toe, bin lettin' the old tabby sleep with me sence it's bin so cold and along near mornin' last We'n'sday, no Thursdays, let me see, no 'twas We'n'sday, no 'twasn't We'n'sday, yes, I believe 'twas We'n'sday I felt somethin' hurt awful, woke me up out of a sound sleep and do you know thet old cat had bit my toe 'til it bled. I wuz so mad I jest opened the winder and throwed thet cat out.

MRS. J. Arniky is dreadful good to take out soreness.

MAR. I've bin putting thet on and it's some better. Reckon it'll be all right in a few days now.

Enter HANS SCHNEIDER.

HANS. Haf you any sauerkraut, Mester Jones?

MR. J. No, we don't keep that at all. Not enough Germans around here to eat it.

HANS. Mine vife ees sick and I vant to git something make her eet, make her vell.

MRS. J. What's the matter with your wife, Hans?

HANS. The doctors do call eet the indeegestion. We used to put up sefen barrels of sauerkraut ev'ry fall but dose cabbage were so high dis fall we could only afford to put up t'ree barrel to haf in case of sickness but mine vife and childers been sick so mooch this winter it ees all gone. I must get something for mine vife to eet to make her vell. Haf you any sausages?

MR. J. No, we're all out of sausages.

HANS. What haf you in dose can up there?

MR. J. (*takes down large tin box*). That's corn beef hash. A new lot I've jest got in.

SIL. Them's a good deal bigger cans then you used to hev, Bill.

MR. J. There ain't no more in 'em but thet air new food law makes 'em print everythin' they put in the hash so they hed to have a good, big box to git it all on.

HANS. How mooch is de hash?

MR. J. Twenty-five cents.

HANS. I take it—it vill maype make mine sick vife vell.

[*Exit HANS.*]

MAR. 'Pears to me ye're gettin' fat, ain't you, Jerushy? Look's if you'd put on thirty or forty pound the last month. Gittin' kinder chunky, tubby and double chinne. You reely ought to do somethin' fer your figger, physical torture or some sich exercises. You're gettin' old lookin' in the back. Don't think that dress you've got on is rale becomin' to you, kinder brings out the saller in your complexion. Seems jest as if some people didn't hev enny ambition 'tall. Jist give up and let themselves git as ugly as they could.

MRS. J. (*frigidly*). Was there anything you wanted, Marthy?

MAR. I want two pounds of sugar and a paper of pins.

MRS. J. William, you git the sugar, will you?

(*MRS. J. looks for pins.*)

MAR. Seems to me your darter 'Lizbeth was lookin' dreadful peaked last time I seen her. Hain't enny consumption in the family, be there? People with her complexion usually die

of consumption and I shud think you'd feel reel narvous 'bout her. Your boy, Jim Henry, purty troublesome, ain't he? I s'pose the neighbors hate to say anything to you 'bout it but they all say they believe he'll end on the gallus. Don't see what you kin do though 'cept worry over it.

MRS. J. Here are your pins.

MR. J. And here's your sugar.

MAR. Land sakes, thet's a turrible small bundle fer two pound. If you ever leave the store bizness you'd better go into the prize ring. You'd be a good light-weight; guess I'll look at some onbleached cloth, Jerushy—got to be a makin' some new sheets purty quick.

COL. (*coming to counter*). Guess I'll hev a plug of tobaccy and a few matches, Bill.

(Goes back to stove.)

Enter AGENT.

AGENT. Cawn't I interwest you gentlemen in a life insuance, something every man with a family ought to attend to. Will you give me youah attention while I explain the mewits of my company.

MR. J. Yes, go ahead if you want to.

AGENT. My company has the gweatest capital back of it of any on earth, always pays its insuance pwomptly, pays no lawge salaries, is perfectly safe and sound, wates cheaper than any company in existence, don't-cher-know. Now don't you want to take out a policy?

MR. J. No, I only thought I've give ye a chance to practice sayin' your little piece sence you wanted to so bad. I'm an insurance agent myself and got these air fellers insured.

AGENT. Cawn't I interwest you in a typewriter? Evah see one? Gweat help in makin' out your bills.

MR. J. No-sir-ee. Got stuck on them onct. Thought they'd be kinder handy seein' I'm not very knacky with the pen but they're regular swindles. Can't even write your name with it onless ye can play the organ.

AGENT. Ev'ry man who wuns a post-office ought to have a safe. Just look at this catalogue—our safes are absolutely fire-proof. We twied it—put a dog in it—suwwounded it with fire for a week, opened that safe, how do you think we found that dog?

COL. Dead, of course.

AGENT. Yes, how do you think he died? Fwoze to death. Better owder one of them.

MR. J. I reckon I don't need one of 'em yit awhile.

AGENT. Cawn't seem to make any impwession on you gentlemen.

(Goes over to women.)

SIL. I b'lieve I larned in school that an impression is a dent in a soft spot. Reckon 'twould be purty easy to make an impression in his head.

AGENT. Ladies, cawn't I sell you this beautiful book, pwofusely illustwated—a dozen of silvah forks with each ordah.

MAR. Humph, I've heern tell they use them air forks in the city but we don't never use 'em to our house. They leak. Knife's good enough fur us to eat with.

AGENT *(puts up lorgnette and inspects her, walks away disgusted)*. Aw, have you any cigawettes?

MR. J. No, we don't keep them. Got some good plug tobaccy and a T. D. Try one of 'em.

AGENT. Naw, it would be too stwong for my constitwution. *(Walks over to stove.)* What do you fellahs do when you sit aaround the stove every night?

SIL. Wall, sometimes we set and think and then agin other times we jest set.

AGENT. Could you tell me where I'd find Mr. Joseph Wobinson in the mowning?

COL. Wall, he'll likely be down in 'his orchard with his hogs. You'll know him 'cause he'll hev a hat on.

MR. J. Here's a letter fur Mr. Frances St. Clair Bigelow. Anybudy you know, mister?

AGENT. Aw, yes, that's for me. *(Opens and reads.)* "I am sending by mail the bundle containing your ulster. The buttons were so heavy I cut them off and you will find them in the inside left-hand pocket." My sistah is an awfully bwight girl. Has the bundle awwived?

MR. J. No, ain't seen nothin' of it. *[Exit AGENT.]*

Enter MRS. BRIGGS and son.

MRS. BRIGGS. I would like to look at some culinary utensils.

MRS. J. *(hesitating)*. We hev'n't any of them.

MRS. B. Why, I see some on the shelf, those kettles.

MRS. J. Oh, is thet what you mean?

(Takes down kettles.)

CLAUDIUS. Mama, what is that?

(Pointing to something on shelf.)

MRS. B. Never point at anything, my dear.

CLAUD. But supposing I don't know the name of it.

MRS. B. Then let the salesman take down everything in the store until he comes to it.

MAR. What's your little boy's name?

MRS. B. Claudius Cecil Le Baron Francis Ethelbert Briggs.

MAR. Land sakes, no wonder he looks delicate, carryin' all thet round with him. That's a purty little pin you've got on. *(Gets up and examines it.)* Reel purty fur a cheap one. S'pose your husband give it to you to keep you still 'bout thet grass widdy he's takin' to ride so much.

MRS. B. My husband does no such thing.

MAR. I told 'em I didn't believe you knew nothin' 'bout it and I thought ye oughter be told and I don't never shirk my duty. Thet hat you've got on looks a leetle young fer you, I think it's a mistake to try to look girlish after you're middle-aged and old lookin'. Well, I must be goin'. Mr. Jones, thet rockin' cheer you sold me t'other day 'ain't no good fur nothin', rockers ain't even and it keeps agoin' all over the carpet.

MR. J. *(winking)*. Jerushy, didn't Jim Henry make a mistake and take Marthy one of them new patent rockers thet move round so's not to wear out the carpet in one spot?

MRS. J. I thought I missed thet patent rocker. Guess he must have.

MR. J. Thet rocker cost a dollar more'n the other. I'll send Jim Henry over fur it in the mornin', Marthy, and send you one of the reg'lar kind.

MAR. No, you wun't neither, mistake er no mistake it's your own fault and I won't pay the extra doller and I wun't change it.

[Exit MAR.]

MR. J. Thought that ud fix her.

MRS. B. I'd like to look at some dress goods. *(MRS. J. takes down several pieces.)* I didn't want to buy any. I was just looking for my sister.

MRS. J. Oh, then here's one more piece. Let me take that down. Perhaps you will find your sister in that.

MR. J. I hear your husband got hurt, Mis' Briggs.

MRS. B. Yes he is suffering from abrasion of the cuticle, tumefaction, ecchymosis and extravasation in the integument and cellular tissue about the left orbit.

SIL. (*aside*). He got drunk and got a black eye. That's all thet ails him

Enter HENRY WITHROW.

HENRY. Ma wants to know if you've got any nursing bottles.

MRS. J. Got jest one left. S'pose you're tickled to death with thet new baby brother, ain't you?

HEN. Naw, he's no good.

MR. J. What's the matter with him, Henry?

HEN. Aw, he's a sight, his face is red all over and he's baldheaded and he ain't got no teeth and he can't do nuthin' but holler and cry all the time. I'd a good deal ruther hev a dorg. How much is the bottle?

MRS. J. Ten cents, Henry.

HEN. Ten cents jest throwed away. I want a stick uv molasses candy. [*Exit HEN.*]

MRS. J. I hear you hev Jennie Frost working fer you. You'd better watch her. She ain't exactly honest.

MRS. B. She is not as culpable as they say. She simply lacks the high intelligence which enables her to exercise fine ethical discrimination. I would like a dozen of the hen fruit.

MR. J. Meanin' eggs, I s'pose.

MRS. B. Come, Claudius Cecil Le Baron Ethelbert Francis, it's time you were in bed. [*Exeunt MRS. B. and CLAUD.*]

Enter MATILDY HOXIE with shawl over head, cup in hand.

MATILDY. Good-evenin', Mis' Jones, wuz most reddy fer bed when I thought I hedn't set my bread and I didn't hev enny hop 'east so I jest run over to borry a cupful. Got any to spare?

MRS. J. Yes, I made a new batch yesterday. (*Goes out in kitchen to get it. MAT. goes up to poster hanging on wall.*) What's this, somethin' they're a-goin' to hev at the church?

MR. J. Yes, a temp'rance talk, Tildy.

MAT. Dew tell, guess I'll hev to put on my specs and read it. (*Puts on glasses, reads aloud.*) "Leckture on temp'rance. Rev. Adoniram Moore will leckture in the basement of the

Methodist Church next Tuesday evenin', on the Evil Effects of 'temp'rance. Rev. Mr. Moore is an authority on the subjectk, bein' as how he is a drunkard hisself. Come one, come all, and hear his great leckture. No admission will be charged to nobody. Two hours' talk fur nuthin'. Them as drinks is invited and them as don't but would like to has a specshul invite to attend. Doors will be throwed open at six thirty. Leckture at seven. Come early and git good seats up front. Remember there is no charge. Here is a chance to git some-thin' fur nuthin'. The church will be het." (*Takes off glasses.*) Well, I hope a good number will turn out if the sassiety is goin' to the expense of heving the church het besides burning out keerosene.

Enter MRS. J., with cup of yeast.

MRS. J. Here's your 'east, Tildy.

MAT. Much obleeged. I'll do as much for you some tim Jerushy.

MRS. J. Wa'n't there a letter fur Tildy, William?

MR. J. Believe I did see one fur her.

MAT. That so? Don't b'lieve I've hed a letter fer five years. Wonder who can be a-writin' to me. (MR. J. *hands her letter. She opens and reads.*) Well, if it isn't from Brother Henry that went to Californy twenty-five year ago. Fust time I've heerd from him. Says he arrived safely.

MRS. J. How your grandmother?

MAT. She wuz kinder sick yesterday but she's purty well most of the time and real hearty. Et a hull mince pie and half a dozen doughnuts fer lunch 'fore she went to bed the other night. She thinks prob'bly 'twus somethin' she et kinder upset her, but she can't think what 'twuz. Purty smart fur a woman that's ninety come June. My chilblains are botherin' me turrible, guess I'll hev to rub 'em with keerosene. Ever try thet fer chilblains? Did you know Jedidy Pinkham hed left off her mournin' an' wuz wearin' gray colors ag'in an' it's roomered she hez a beau. I think it's scanderlous when her last husband's grave ain't grassed over yit. That makes me think did you know Amely Haines had given Clem Henderson the mitten, and they say Clem is turrible broke up over it bein' as he's bin courtin' her fifteen year and intended to get married 'fore many years more. Heerd about Tom Hawes? He's hed a bad cold on his chest fur some time and Mis' Withrow give him some horse liniment and told him to rub it on 'fore

he went to bed and 'twould cure him fur sartain so Tom he rubbed on a good lot of it and says he suffered the tortures of martyrs all night. 'Thet air liniment burnt him so he hed to sit up most all night and fan himself and Mis' Hawes sed she never knew before that Tom knew so many swear words. Mis' Hawes went over to tell Mis' Withrow 'bout it next mornin', so Mis' Withrow looked in the cupboard where she keeps her medicines and found 'twas the carbolick acid she'd give Tom. Mis' Withrow thought it wuz an awful good joke but Tom sed he didn't see a blamed thing ter laff about. Turrible windy weather we're a-havin'. I did a leetle extra wash Friday, washed out some of Asa's red wool shirts and socks an' I hedn't much more'n got 'em on the line when the wind tore 'em off and whisked 'em all over the yard. I finally found all the socks but I couldn't git track of thet shirt, but Asa says he knows who's a-wearin' thet red flannel undershirt of hisn and if the guilty pusson doesn't bring it back soon he'll hev the law on him.

MRS. J. Thought you were going to stay over to Mis' Skinner's all this week.

MAT. I did cal'kate ter but the next mornin' after I gut there I got up with a turrible cold in my head. Hed to sleep with the window wide open coz it stuck and Mis' Skinner couldn't git it down, noway. I kep' a-sneezin' an' a-sneezin' so much I didn't hev no time to talk, and what's the use of goin' visitin' if you can't talk, so I ses to Mis' Skinner, ses I, "I'm a-goin' right home and cum back to finish out my visit when I kin talk and not sneeze." Well, settin' here ain't makin' my bread. Come over and see me, Jerushy.

[Exit MAT.]

Enter ZEKE HINES.

COL. Hello, Zeke, s'posed you wuz in bed long ago.

ZEKE. My mother let me sit up 'cause I wuz a good boy to-day, and she give me a cent to spend and said I could come down here and get a stick of candy. (*Goes to show case.*) I'll hev a stick of thet long striped candy so's I kin suck it.

(*Gets candy, begins to suck it but makes faces as if it hurts.*)

SIL. What ails yer mouth, Zeke?

ZEKE. Went out ter the woodpile t'other mornin' and saw the axe all covered with white stuff, looked like sugar, so I

tried to lick it off with my tongue but my tongue stuck to the axe and I couldn't get it off so ma hed to pour boilin' water on it. Then she licked me 'cause I didn't know it was frost. Oh, it hurts some to suck.

COL. (*slyly places hot soapstone in chair*). Sit down, Zeke, jest as cheap as standin'. (ZEKE *sits on hot stone, jumps up yelling*.) What's the matter now, Zeke?

ZEKE. Thet chair's kinder warm. Getting hold of lots of hot things lately. Went into the blacksmith shop the other day and saw some iron thet wuz reel purty, all bright red and I thought I'd like to play with it coz it was so purty so I grabbed it when he wuzn't looking, but it wuz so hot I hed to drop it.

MR. J. You seem to be hevin' lots of trouble, Zeke.

ZEKE. Hed the toothache t'other night, too.

MR. J. That so, did you pull the tooth out?

ZEKE. I tried ter. Seth Quimby told me to tie a long string on a flatiron and t'other end to my tooth and open the door and throw the flatiron fur's I could throw it and the tooth would come out real easy.

SIL. Well, how'd it work?

ZEKE. It worked all right, only I tied it on the wrong tooth.

COL. Speak a piece fer us, Zeke. Stand right up here on this box like an orator.

(*Fixes small box on end. ZEKE tries to stand on it, falls several times but finally succeeds in balancing himself. Makes low bow and ridiculous gestures, speaks.*)

"The boy stood on the burning deck
Eatin' peanuts by the peck,
His father called, he would not go
Because he liked them peanuts so well."

(*Gets down from box.*)

MR. J. Now say that piece about Tommy Reed and I'll give you another stick of candy.

(*After several attempts, mounts box again.*)

"'I'll never chew tobacco,' says little Tommy Reed,
'I will not chew tobacco, it is a filthy weed,'
Says little Tommy Reed."

(*Great applause. Mr. J. gives ZEKE candy.*)

ZEKE. I'll hev to go home or my mother'll lick me.

[*Exit ZEKE.*]

SIL. (*rising and yawning*). Wall, I reckon it's time to be gittin' to bed.

COL. I reckon so, too. My old woman told me to git some salt so's she could churn to-morrow.

SIL. Guess I'd better hev some tobaccy.

[*Exeunt SIL. and COL.*]

MR. J. Guess we can lock up now. Nigh onto nine o'clock

(*Locks one door.*)

MRS. J. Yes, I'm clean beat out. Hed a lot of trade this evenin'. Guess 'Lizbeth, Susan and Jim Henry hev all gone to bed.

[*Exeunt MR. and MRS. J.*]

ENGAGED BY WEDNESDAY

A Farce in Three Acts

By Grace Arlington Owen

Five males, eleven females. Costumes, modern; scenery of little importance. Plays an hour and a half. Arthur Watson and Lucile Persons, long destined for one another by their respective mammas, are suddenly told, after a separation of seven years, that they are to get engaged at once. Neither likes the idea, and being personally unknown to one another, each persuades three friends to masquerade under their names for a day. The result is bewilderingly funny. Very easy, funny and effective. Strongly recommended for schools.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MARTIN HENRY, *the laziest man in the county.*

ARTHUR WATSON.

JACK, }
TED, } *friends of Arthur's.*
DICK, }

MISS ABIGAIL PERSONS. *a woman of ideas.*

MRS. WATSON, *a gentle person.*

LUCILE PERSONS.

MARIE, }
JANE, } *friends of Lucile.*
MABEL, }

MARY, *Martin Henry's aunt; cook at the Persons'.*

FIRST GIRL.

SECOND GIRL.

FIRST GYPSY.

SECOND GYPSY.

THE TEMPLETON TEAPOT

A Farce in One Act

By Grace Cooke Strong

Four males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, an interior. Plays thirty minutes. The Templeton Teapot, a priceless antique, gets tangled up with a modern love-affair and has some strange adventures in consequence, getting the hero arrested as a burglar and every one else sadly mixed up. Bright, brisk and entertaining. Recommended for schools.

Price, 15 cents

THE TURN IN THE ROAD

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgman

Nine males. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single interior. Plays an hour and a half. Hiram Skinner's cow gets mixed up with some Colton University students and, besides causing more or less fun and excitement, brings it about that the most insignificant "grind" in college is about the best man there. Sympathetic and interesting. A good high school play.

Price, 15 cents

REPRESENTING BARRETT, COX & CO.

A Farce in Three Acts

By Manley Dana

Five males, four females. Scenery, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays an hour and a half. Parts very equal in opportunity; colored comedy character. Recommended for schools. Jack Carter, a salesman, is mistaken by Colonel Reading for his nephew, the Duke of Billsbury, and is entertained in spite of his protests. Jack explains the situation to detective Herbert, who is really a crook seeking a chance to rob the house, and Herbert agrees to help Jack, and incidentally himself, by keeping the real Duke away while Jack woos the Colonel's daughter. The genuine Duke finally gets in, foils the attempt at burglary, and forces an explanation.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

COLONEL GEORGE READING, *lately retired from the army.*

WILLIAM BURNETTE, *Duke of Billsbury—his nephew.*

JACK CARTER, *a traveling salesman.*

CHARLES HERBERT, *a confidence man.*

ABNER, *the Readings' colored butler.*

MARJORIE READING, *the Colonel's daughter.*

VIRGINIA CARTER, *Jack's sister.*

MRS. HINDS, *the Readings' housekeeper.*

MAGGIE, *the Readings' maid.*

SCENE.—The Colonel's house, Richmond, Va.

TIME.—September, 1912.

JACK O' HEARTS

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Edith M. Burrows

Four males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single interior. Plays an hour and a quarter. Parts evenly distributed; an excellent light piece. John Ames, a young clergyman friend of Polly's brother, is mistaken for an expected relative and given by Polly a cousinly kiss. An astonishing number of amusing consequences follow from this mishap. Exceptionally easy, quick in movement and amusing. Recommended.

Price, 15 cents

CHARACTERS

MARY HART, *commonly known as "Polly."*

WINTHROP HART, *her brother.*

DR. HART, *father of Polly and Winthrop.*

MARY ROBINSON, *a friend of Polly's.*

BETTY DWYER, *the girl who lives next door.*

JOHN AMES, *young clergyman friend of Winthrop's.*

JACK BOTSFORD, *an unknown cousin of the Harts.*

A MAID.

A Dramatization of MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE

In Three Acts

By Ethel Hale Freeman

Fourteen males, seven females. Costumes of the period; scenery, special simplified backgrounds, amply described. Plays two hours. Royalty \$10.00 for each performance. This version of Booth Tarkington's well-known and popular novel was made, with the author's permission, for "Cap and Bells," of Smith College, where it was very successful. It is offered to other colleges, schools and amateur dramatic clubs with the understanding that performances of its text must not be given for profit or before paying audiences, save for charitable purposes. Those who remember the late Richard Mansfield's triumphant performance of its hero in the stage version prepared by the late Mrs. Sutherland will recall without difficulty the enormous charm and dramatic power of the story that is built about him. A wholly exceptional offering for girls' schools and women's clubs.

Price, 50 cents

CHARACTERS

M. BEAUCAIRE.	FRANÇOIS.
DUKE OF WINTERSET.	VICTOR.
MR. MOLYNEUX.	SERVANT TO BEAU NASH.
HARRY RACKELL.	LADY MARY CARLYSLE.
CAPT. BADGER.	LADY MALBOURNE.
BEAU NASH.	LADY CLARISE.
LORD TOWNBRAKE.	LADY RELLERTON.
MR. BANTISON.	LADY BARING-GOULD.
SIR HUGH GUILFORD.	ESTELLE.
HENRI DE BEAUJOLAIS.	MARIE.
MARQUIS DE MIREPOIX.	

Servants to Beaucaire, Marquis, Winterset and Lady Malbourne.

KATY DID

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Four males, eight females. Costumes, modern and Colonial; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and a half. Katherine Bradford, asked to choose between a husband of her parents' selection and one of her own, falls asleep pondering the matter and dreams a dream of Colonial days when her great-grandmother, as a matter of history, had to make the same important decision. She ends by making the same choice that "Katy" did. Recommended for schools.

Price, 25 cents

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

A Comedy in Five Acts

By William Shakespeare

Seventeen males, four females. Scenery varied; costumes of its period. Plays a full evening. A new version of this brilliant comedy intended for the use of schools. The text is that arranged by Mr. Winthrop Ames, director of The Little Theatre, New York, and former director of The New Theatre, New York. It is strongly recommended as the best acting version for amateur acting.

Price, 15 cents

LITTLE ACTS FOR LITTLE ACTORS

A Collection of Plays, Drills, Tableaux and other
Entertainments for Children

By Edyth M. Wormwood and Elizabeth F. Guptill

This volume, by a well-known author in this field, offers an unusual variety of excellent material for smaller children, covering a wide area of demand. It can be strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CONTENTS

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------|
| Father Time's Jubilee. 40 children. | Good Night Drill. Several very small girls. |
| Alphabetical Antics. 26 children. | Toadstools. For 4 very small children. |
| Pussy Willows. 8 small girls. | Blue Bells. 12 small girls. |
| Bo Peep and Boy Blue. 2, 3, or 4 pairs of small children. | Tray Drill. Any number of girls. |
| Miss Muffett and Jack Horner. 2 to 4 pairs of small children. | Silver and Gold. Any even number of girls. |
| Little Cooks. Any number of the smallest girls. | Bell Drill. 8 children, either sex or both. |
| At the Seaside. Any number of couples of the smallest children. | Sunbeams. Any number of little girls. |
| | Wreath Drill. 12 girls. |
| | Tableaux. |

PLAYS WITH A PUNCH

A Collection of One-Act Plays and Sketches, Serious
and Serio-Comic

A volume of short plays by various authors intended for use in vaudeville and thus appropriately brief, swift in movement, and vivid in dramatic interest.

Price, 25 cents

CONTENTS

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------|
| A Crooked Man and His Crooked Wife. 2 males, 1 female. | A Game of Comedy. 2 males, 1 female. |
| His Chance. 4 males. | A Scratch Race. 3 males, 2 females. |
| The Alarm. 2 males. | The Substance of Ambition. 3 males, 1 female. |
| A Bride From Home. 2 males, 2 females. | Her Picture. 2 males, 2 females. |
| Brother Dave. 1 male, 2 females. | Red or White. 2 males, 2 females. |
| Faro Nell. 6 males, 1 female. | |

PLAYS IN PINAFORES

A Very Miscellaneous Collection of Plays for Young
People of All Ages

CONTENTS

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------|
| Mousme of the Japanese Toy-Shop. 4 males, 11 females. | The Family Feud. 2 males, 1 female. |
| An Easter Miracle. 10 females. | Migg's Revenge. 1 male, 1 female. |
| The Prince of Poppyland. 6 males, 10 females. | The Irish Washerwoman. 1 male, 1 female. |
| The Dolls' Playhouse. 1 male, 3 females. | The Cobbler's Bargain. 1 male, 1 female. |
| School Opera. 5 males, 5 females. | Cold Water. 2 males, 1 female. |
| The Honeymoon. 3 males, 5 females. | Dialogue for Five Little Girls. |
| Left. 1 male, 1 female. | The Power of Song. 6 males, 5 females. |
| John Anderson, My Jo. 1 male, 1 female. | Learning Lessons. 2 males, 4 females and chorus. |

Price, 25 cents

THE SNOW IMAGE

And Other Plays for Children Suitable for Stage
or Schoolroom

By E. Antoinette Luques

These little plays are the work of an experienced teacher, the themes are well selected, treated with the skill, propriety and sympathy acquired through long and close experience with childhood, and are provided with full instructions not only for production on a regular stage but for adaptation to the conditions of the schoolroom. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CONTENTS

The Snow Image, 2 males, 4 females.
Hiawatha's Childhood, 13 males,
14 females.

The Spirit of Memorial Day, 4 males,
5 females.
The Story of the Poplar Tree, 7 males
15 females.

TABLEAU AND PANTOMIME ENTERTAINMENTS

For School or Public Performance

By Clara E. Cooper, Bertha Currier Porter,
Laura M. Parsons and others

This collection comprises two new and four well-known and popular entertainments of the same class. The moving tableau is steadily gaining in appreciation over the old picture-tableau and this collection offers an excellent choice of such material.

Price, 25 cents

CONTENTS

In Sleighing Time, 4 males, 3 females,
reader and chorus.
Choosing an Occupation, 6 males, 5
females and reader.
Pictures in the Fire, 4 males, 4 females,
and supers

Living Pictures of the Civil War,
ad libitum.
A. Ward's Wax Figger Show, ad
libitum.
Dramatized Readings, ad libitum.

GREEK COSTUME PLAYS

For School, or Lawn Performance

By M. Natalie Crumpton, Mrs. Mary L. Gaddess, and others

An assemblage of popular entertainments mostly on classical subjects and calling for Greek dresses. All have been popular as independent publications, in which form many are still in print. The following list of titles will amply suggest the nature of the themes.

Price, 25 cents

CONTENTS

Antigone. By Sophocles. 5 males,
3 females.
Ceres. By M. Natalie Crumpton.
2 males, 12 females.
The Convention of the Muses. By
Ella Skinner Bates. 9 females.
Pandora. By M. Natalie Crumpton
6 males 3 females.

Theseus. By M. Natalie Crumpton.
7 males, 7 females and supers.
The Ivy Queen. By Mrs. Mary L.
Gaddess. Ad libitum.
The Revels of the Queen of May
and Her Fairies. By Mrs. Mary
L. Gaddess. 1 boy, 45 girls.

CAUGHT OUT

A Farce in Three Acts
By H. Manley Dana

Nine male, two female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays an hour and a half. De Witt Boyd is jollied into making a foolish bet that he will propose to Bess Mason and be rejected. She overhears the plot and accepts him instead, thus getting both herself and him into all kinds of a mess. A baseball play, full of action and interest, recommended to high schools. Easy and effective; free from royalty.

Price, 15 cents

CHARACTERS

BILL RANDOLPH	}	<i>playing on the Carlton Springs summer baseball team.</i>
DICK ROGERS		
JACK DAVIS		
GEORGE BROWN		
KENNETH MARSH		
CHARLIE KING		
DE WITT BOYD,		<i>manager of the team.</i>
HARRY WILKES,		<i>formerly an Amherst pitcher; now wanted to pitch on the Carlton team.</i>
MR. WEAVER,		<i>afflicted with sunstroke. Has come to Carlton Springs to take the cure.</i>
BESS MASON	}	<i>both staying at the Carlton Springs Hotel.</i>
CHRISTABEL LEE		
HOTEL WAITERS.		

Remainder of team and substitutes.

A TAKING WAY

A Farce in One Act
By Innis G. Osborn

Four male, two female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays forty-five minutes. Jacobus Harwinton, a newly-wed with a very jealous better half, gets by mistake into John Halsey's flat, taking it for that of a friend that has been loaned him for his honeymoon, and inherits all of John's troubles, including Jennie, a very up-to-date typewriter, to say nothing of a casual burglar. Very swift and funny and strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE

A Farce in One Act
By H. Manley Dana

One male, six female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays half an hour. George Davis, home from Yale with a broken leg, is left in charge of the house for an hour of a rainy day, and thus anchored trouble revolves around him like a wheel, largely turned by the charming Kitty Parsons who takes this chance to be revenged upon him for a little slight. Irresistibly funny to all telephone users. Strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

PROFESSOR PEPP

A Farcical Comedy with a College Flavor in Three Acts

By Waller Ben Hare

Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scene, an easy exterior, the same for all three acts. Plays two hours and twenty minutes. Professor Pepp, on a vacation trip to Russia, is initiated by Boris Ardoff, a Russian humorist and former pupil of the Professor's, into a Nihilist Society "The Redeemers," and is so unlucky as to draw the red ball which obliges him to murder the Princess Katchakoffsky. In terror he at once flies from Russia, but Boris, to prolong the joke, writes ahead of him to a friend on the faculty, telling the story and revealing the password—"Bumski." With this weapon everybody in turn has his own way with the terrified Professor, who sees a Nihilist in every bush. A side-splitter with more good parts than any piece of its kind for years. Strongly recommended for school or college performance. *Price, 25 cents*

CHARACTERS

PROFESSOR PETERKIN PEPP, *a nervous wreck.*
MR. C. B. BUTTONBUSTER, *a giddy butterfly of forty-eight.*
HOWARD GREEN, *his son, who had the court change his name.*
SIM BATTY, *the police force of a college town.*
PEDDLER BENSON, *working his way through school.*
NOISY FLEMING, *just out of high school.*
PINK HATCHER, *an athletic sophomore.*
BUSTER BROWN, *a vociferous junior.*
BETTY GARDNER, *the professor's ward.*
AUNT MINERVA BOULDER, *his housekeeper, from Skowhegan, Maine.*
PETUNIA MUGGINS, *the hired girl.*
OLGA STOPSKI, *the new teacher of folk-dancing.*
KITTY CLOVER, *a collector of souvenirs.*
VIVIAN DREW, *a college belle.*
IRENE VAN HILT, *a social leader.*
CAROLINE KAY, *the happy little freshman.*

Students, Co-eds, etc.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. Professor Pepp's residence on the college campus.

ACT II. Same scene. Surrounded by the nihilists.

ACT III. Same scene. A double wedding.

NOT ON THE PROGRAMME

A Comedy in One Act

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Three males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single interior. Plays forty minutes. Mrs. Whitney, rehearsing for amateur theatricals with Vincent Fielding, a dramatic coach, in her own home, is misunderstood by Ophelia Johnson (colored), her maid, who summons the police to straighten out what seems to her a very criminal state of things. Rastus Brown, a plumber and admirer of Ophelia, helps Officer Hogan to muddle matters into a very laughable state of confusion. Easy and strongly recommended. *Price, 15 cents*

MASTER PIERRE PATELIN

A Farce in Three Acts

Englished from an Early (1464) French Play

By Dr. Richard T. Holbrook

Of Bryn Mawr College

CHARACTERS

PIERRE PATELIN, *a lawyer.*

GUILLEMETTE, *his wife.*

GUILLAUME JOCEAULME, *a draper.*

TIBALT LAMBKIN, *a shepherd.*

THE JUDGE.

Four males, one female. Costumes of the period, amply suggested by reproductions of contemporary cuts; scenery, very simple and fully explained. Plays an hour and a half. A popular edition of this well-known French farce for schools. Its literary and historical interest very great, it is perfectly actable and absolutely modern in its dramatic appeal to an audience, and uproariously funny in its effect if presented with even slight skill. Altogether an ideal offering for schools and colleges. Professor Holbrook's version, here offered, has been acted with distinguished success at Bryn Mawr College and at The Little Theatre in Philadelphia, and a version adapted from the Holbrook text by Professor George P. Baker was successfully given at his "Workshop 47" in Cambridge. Strongly recommended. Free of royalty for amateur performance.

Price, 50 cents

JOLLY PLAYS FOR HOLIDAYS

A Collection of Christmas Plays for Children

By Carolyn Wells

COMPRISING

The Day Before Christmas. Nine males, eight females.

A Substitute for Santa Claus. Five males, two females.

Is Santa Claus a Fraud? Seventeen males, nine females and chorus.

The Greatest Day of the Year. Seven males, nineteen females.

Christmas Gifts of all Nations. Three males, three females and chorus.

The Greatest Gift. Ten males, eleven females.

The plays composing this collection are reprinted from "The Ladies' Home Journal" of Philadelphia and other popular magazines in answer to a persistent demand for them for acting purposes. Miss Wells' work requires no introduction to a public already familiar with her wit, her humor and her graceful and abundant fancy, all of which attractive qualities are amply exemplified in the above collection. These plays are intended to be acted by young people at the Christmas season, and give ample suggestions for costuming, decoration and other details of stage production. These demands are sufficiently elastic in character, however, to make it possible to shorten and simplify the performance to accommodate almost any stage or circumstances. The music called for is of the simplest and most popular sort, such as is to be found in every household and memory. This collection can be strongly recommended.

Price, cloth, post-paid by mail, 60 cents net

CLOSE TO NATURE

A Farce in Four Acts

By *Norman Lee Swartout*

Author of "The Arrival of Kitty," "Half-Back Sandy,"

"One of the Eight," etc.

Nine males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior and one exterior. Plays a full evening. Royalty for amateur performance, \$10.00 for one or \$15.00 for two performances. Levasso Wellman, an unusually healthy individual, is persuaded by his wife, who has private reasons for the change connected with her daughter's engagement to the man of her mother's choice and the elimination of "the wrong man," to go to a remote health resort—Farm Springs. His experiences in this somewhat fraudulent institution are very funny and the defeat of mamma's matrimonial politics turns out all right for the daughter. Well recommended.

Price, 50 cents

CHARACTERS

LAVASSO WELLMAN, *a lawyer.*

TED, *his small son.*

DOCTOR BOXILL, *Mrs. Wellman's brother.*

CLAYTON HOLMES, *a poor young man.*

HUGH KILLROY, *a rich young man.*

ALONZA K. DEWSNAP, *editor of a health magazine.*

SIDNEY MUIRHEAD, *a Canadian farmer.*

JIM JARKS, *a backwoodsman.*

A CHAUFFEUR.

MRS. WELLMAN.

BARBARA, *Wellman's daughter.*

CARRIE, *a maid.*

MRS. MUIRHEAD.

MIKE, *Ted's dog.*

The part of Ted, who is supposed to be nine years old, may be very effectively played by an older boy of small stature, by a girl or by a child.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. Mr. Wellman's Library, New York. An evening in June.

ACT II. Farm Spring Hotel, Canada. Two days later.

ACT III. Same as Act II. A few minutes later.

ACT IV. Same as Act I. Five days later.

JACK'S BROTHER'S SISTER

A Sketch in One Act

By *Pauline Phelps and Marion Short*

One male, one female. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. No royalty. Petunia, visiting her brother Jack in his college room, encounters his chum, who has never seen her, and falls under suspicion of being mixed up in some Junior-Senior politics. Their interview, complicated with a red skirt and a riding habit, is most ingeniously and amusingly conducted. Very bright and strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

DIALOGUES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

For Grammar Grades

Thirteen new dialogues and nine entertainments for grammar grades, including a few items for younger children. Written by an experienced teacher.

Price, 25 cents

CONTENTS

- The Dollies' Fortune.** For 3 little girls.
A Gift to Santa Claus. For 3 little girls.
The Monomaniacs. For 3 girls.
A Willy Salesman. For 1 boy and 2 girls.
Escaped From the Zoo. For 3 boys and 1 girl.
The Little Stars. For 1 larger and 2 smaller girls.
The S. I. M.'s. For 3 boys and 3 girls.
Mrs. Webster's Address. For 1 boy and 2 girls.
Aunt Patience's Umbrella. For 1 boy and 3 girls.
The Dog, the Cat, and the Rat. For 3 little boys.
The Aqua Marina Panacea. For 9 large girls.
The Three Jacks. For 3 boys.
Answer—A Charade. For 1 boy and 1 girl.
- The World's Work.** For 8 boys.
Half an Hour With a Giant. Any number of boys.
A CARNIVAL OF DAYS.
May Day. For 17 little girls.
Memorial Day. For 6 boys and 12 girls.
The Fourth of July. For 15 boys and chorus.
Christmas. For 11 boys and 8 girls.
St. Valentine's Day. For 9 girls.
A Dream of the Centuries. For 12 boys and 6 girls.
Mademoiselle's Christmas Gifts. For 1 boy and 8 girls.
America's Birthday Party. For 9 girls.
Tell-Tale—Charade. For 9 boys and 9 girls.
Buoyant—Charade. For 5 boys and 3 girls.
Dotage—Charade. For 5 boys and 6 girls.

DRILLS AND ENTERTAINMENTS FOR CHILDREN

Thirteen pretty and picturesque entertainments, published complete with diagrams and music, and full instructions for proper production.

Price, 25 cents

CONTENTS

- A Billiken Frolic.** For 8 boys.
Teddy Bear and Johnny Bear. For 8 small boys.
"Nid Nid Nodding." For any number of little children from three to six.
The Workers. For 12 boys.
A Pop-Corn Ball. For 8, 12 or 16 girls, twelve or thirteen years of age.
Highland Echoes. For any even number of boys.
A Yard of Dandelions. For 11 little girls.
- Juvenile Fantastics.** For an equal number of girls and boys from six to nine years old.
The Butterfly. For any number of primary pupils.
The Soap Bubble Drill. For 16 girls.
The Tennis Drill. For 16 girls.
The Harvesters. For 8 boys and 8 girls.
The Bread and Milk Drill. For 20 children, boys and girls.

The incidental music for "A Billiken Frolic" is published separately and can be supplied in sheet music form.

Price, 30 cents

BAKER'S TEMPERANCE DIALOGUES

Humorous, Dramatic and Instructive

Price, 25 cents

CONTENTS

- A Drop Too Much.** 4 males, 2 females.
A Little More Cider. 5 males, 3 females.
The Man With the Demi-John. 4 males.
- Seeing the Elephant.** 5 males, 2 females.
The Tempter. 3 males, 1 female.
We're All Teetotallers. 4 males, 2 females.

H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

MID-CHANNEL Play in Four Acts. Six males, five females.
Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors.
Plays two and a half hours.

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH Drama in Four
males, five females. Acts. Eight
Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors.
Plays a full evening.

THE PROFLIGATE Play in Four Acts. Seven males, five
females. Scenery, three interiors, rather
elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS Farce in Three Acts. Nine males,
seven females. Costumes, mod-
ern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY Play in Four Acts.
Eight males, five
females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a
full evening.

SWEET LAVENDER Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males,
four females. Scene, a single interior,
costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE THUNDERBOLT Comedy in Four Acts. Ten males,
nine females. Scenery, three interi-
ors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE TIMES Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females.
Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays
a full evening.

THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males,
eight females. Costumes, modern;
scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE Comedy in Three Acts.
Five males, four females.
Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

The William Warren Edition of Plays

Price, 15 Cents Each

AS YOU LIKE IT Comedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

CAMILLE Drama in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

INGOMAR Play in Five Acts. Thirteen males, three females. Scenery varied; costumes, Greek. Plays a full evening.

MARY STUART Tragedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females, and supernumeraries. Costumes, of the period; scenery, varied and elaborate. Plays a full evening.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE Comedy in Five Acts. Seventeen males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery varied. Plays a full evening.

RICHIEU Play in Five Acts. Fifteen males, two females. Scenery elaborate; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

THE RIVALS Comedy in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER Comedy in Five Acts. Fifteen males, four females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL Comedy in Five Acts. Ten males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter D. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts



